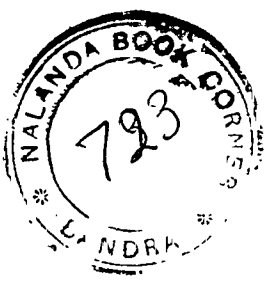
00190531



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018

)RNER

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.

LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE WRITER, HIS FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY THE LATE

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, D.C.L.

ONE OF HIS EXECUTORS.

NALANDA BOOK CORNER
723
RANDRA

AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION

CAREFULLY REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED

By W. CAREW HAZLITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET
COVENT GARDEN
1886

THE ASIATIC SOCIETY
LIBRARY

00190531

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO. TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

TO

MR. AND MRS. ADDISON

OF COLEHILL COTTAGE

FULHAM

THESE VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED

BY THEIR OLD FRIEND

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE

TO THE NEW EDITION.

THE basis of the two volumes now offered to the public is the Selection of letters made by Mr. Justice Talfourd in 1837, and the "Final Memorials" published under his care eleven or twelve years later. The correspondence was in each case accompanied by a biographical and explanatory narrative which, looking at the intimacy which subsisted between Charles Lamb and the writer, and the agreeable style in which it was composed, has been thought deserving of preservation. But as two chronological Series have here been digested into one, the necessity was created of revising the text of the connecting biography in such a way as to blend the two accounts, and to reconcile a variety of contradictions, repetitions, and mistakes. To a considerable extent, the practice has been followed of including new letters and new notes between brackets; but to have carried such a principle thoroughly out would have involved at least half the book in its operation: so extensive have been the additions of fresh material and the correction of old. Whatever lucidity or zeal my judicial predecessor may have possessed on the bench, he does not seem to have carried much into the study. His inaccuracy and slovenliness are little less than miraculous.

The correspondence of Charles Lamb, with those of Walpole and Southey, constitutes the most valuable body of

epistolary documents on a large scale in our own or any other literature; and each of these writers may be said to be independent of the others, and to occupy a station of his own. No assemblage of letters, parallel or kindred to that in the hands of the reader, if we consider its width of range, the fruitful period over which it stretches, and its topical character, has ever been produced; nor is one likely, with our altered social and literary conditions, to make its appearance in the time to come. These extraordinary productions, full of wit, beauty, pathos, and high moral doctrine, owed their existence to a multiplicity of contributing causes, which will not in all human likelihood be again found in combination; and their importance, which the celebrity of Lamb himself and his principal friends to whom they are directed, would have been amply sufficient to establish, is enhanced by the other distinguished names which occur so frequently in them, and by the light which they shed on the literary history and feeling of the period comprised.

If it is to be predicated of the Letters of Walpole that they exhibit a refinement and piquancy, an insight into high life, and a conversance with all the men and women of influence, their opinions and doings, and all the scandal and gossip, of the day about the set of which the owner of Strawberry Hill made himself the centre and the newsman, those of the India House clerk are, after all, more fertile in actual and lasting human interest, and in the bountiful illustrations which they offer to us all of the real lives and characters of contemporaries; and in Walpole there are probably no names which the world is less likely to forget than such as figure in the following pages most prominently—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Godwin, Hazlitt. These would have been much what they are, if the Letters of Lamb had never been written; but the fashionable and brilliant throng, which clustered round

Walpole, owes in large measure to him its survival. He is the pivot of a gay and well-born circle, which has reflected back on him the celebrity which he possesses through it, and it through him. If we except the tutelary influence of Coleridge, Lamb, on the contrary, is more largely indebted to the force of personal character, and to the lines of thought which he has made in a manner his own.

There is a certain parallel between Lamb and Walpole in the circumstances under which considerable portions of both their series of Letters were produced for our instruction and delight. It is said that Walpole could maintain a conversation with a visitor while he sat at his table, manufacturing some budget of gossip, scandal, and wit for the benefit of one of his distant friends, and we know that Lamb stole (a condoned theft) from his hours of irksome labour on the ledgers of the India Company the time occupied, amid continual interruptions, in adding, unknown to himself, to our national literary treasures. But the parallel halts; for what in the Minister's son was hardly more than an affectation, in the other amounted to little less than a necessity. The Earl's coronet has fallen from him, and from the clerk his official quill; and both stand equal before us. No two men of genius are absolutely comparable. Neither of these had his like.

Thomas Allsop, the common friend of Lamb and Coleridge, wrote in 1836:—"A collection of Lamb's very curious letters—more especially those written during the last twenty years—would be invaluable. Indeed, if I judge aright from the numberless letterets in my possession, and from those longer letters now I fear lost, a selection, if made from *various* sources, would be one of the most interesting in our literature."

And Mr. Swinburne has thus spoken on the subject:—"It may well be that the 'Essays of Elia' will be found to

have kept their perfume,[1] and the Letters of Charles Lamb to retain their old sweet savour, when 'Sartor Resartus' has about as many readers as Bulwer's 'Artificial Changeling,' and nine-tenths even of 'Don Juan,' lie darkening under the same deep dust that covers the rarely troubled pages of the 'Secchia Rapita.'"

To these two I may be permitted to add a third, and certainly independent, testimony, that of M. Philarète Chasles:[2]—"Pendant que les beautés eclatantes de Walter Scott et de Byron commencent à pâlir, les pages longtemps negligées et peu nombreuses de Lamb se dorent et resplendissent comme les feuilles, quand l'automne vieillit. La pensée, la reverie, la meditation, l'erudition, l'amour de l'humanitè, l'originalité profonde, que en sont la sève et la force, apparaisant dans toute leur beauté. Le premier enjouement en faveur de Byron et de Scott a fait place à une admiration réflective; à travers les rayons de leur gloire consacrée, on aperçoit ce qui leur manquait; leur incontestable genie redescend à sa vraie place, et y restera. Charles Lamb va monter à la siénne. Déjà classique, on le

[1] It is curious enough that almost immediately after Lamb's death the two series of "Elia" and the Additional Essays, with "Rosamund Gray," were published as vol. lxxxviii. of Naudry's "Collection of Ancient and Modern British Authors," 8vo., Paris, 1835, with a Biographical Memoir. This preceded, I think, the first American edition. The French edition was in English; there was no attempt at a translation. Philarète Chasles says in 1842 ("Revue des Deux Mondes," November), that "personne ne traduira jamais, et l'on fera bien." Is this true of Lamb only? The author of the account of Lamb annexed to the French edition of the "Essays" was probably Patmore, for several years editor of the "Court Journal," and celebrated for having inserted in that periodical, at the time of the Revolution of 1830, a philippic against Charles X. and monarchs in general, much to the surprise of Mr. Thomas the publisher, and subsequently proprietor, of the paper.

[2] "Le Dernier Humoriste Anglais" ("Revue des Deux Mondes," November, 1842, p. 624).

nommera bientôt le Le Bruyère ou le Michel Montaigne de cette grande generation Anglaise."

Before I dismiss these witnesses, I must revert for a moment to Allsop, whose appreciation of the subject appears to me to be so far imperfect, if not warped, that I have very slight dread lest my judgment should be overruled, when I declare that, in my opinion, it is not the group of letters from 1816 to 1834 that is most prizeable, but the group from 1796 to 1816; and that those of the eighteenth century are, on the whole, the most interesting and the most dear. Read these over and over again; think how young the writer was, how shut out from observation and experience—how friendless out of doors and at home how unhappy! and from these premisses draw your conclusion. Morally, the opening intercourse with Coleridge is perhaps worth all the rest; but in an intellectual respect we could ill spare the letters to Southey and the Wordsworths, to Manning and Barton. Some of those to the Hazlitts have within them, too, elements of durability; but the remainder is of a mingled yarn—the lode is neither so thick nor so pure. Yet, taking Lamb altogether, let us think for the moment that he was no humourist, that his Letters are not entertaining and quaint, and with all the fun and mirth pressèd out, how noble and matterful a residue should we not have!

Talfourd has spoken of the *wayward moods* of his friend here and there, as in his complaint of interruption at the Office during dinner-time by callers; but it is plain that the feeling was superficial and transient. And how wonderfully fine and affecting is that passage in the letter to Barton written shortly after his retirement, where he describes himself as having gone to Leadenhall, and sat at his "old thirty-three year' desk!" "And, deuce take me," he exclaims, "if I had not yearnings at leaving all my old pen-and-ink fellows—merry, sociable lads—and leaving

them in the lurch!" How instructively these lines read side by side with the picture which he draws of those same in his letters to Chambers of Leamington a few years previous!

The Lamb correspondence—especially the most precious part of it—the earlier letters to Coleridge, the Wordsworths, the Hazlitts, and Manning, and the series to Bernard Barton—owes its existence to the prevailing conditions of locomotion. The necessity imposed on distant friends, whose business and means precluded long journeys from home, of communicating by letter, and the difficulty and expense attendant even upon that mode of intercourse, developed the epistolary art, and brought it in the last century, and the first quarter of the present, to a high degree of perfection. One wrote at that time a letter to an acquaintance in one of the home counties, which one would only write nowadays to a settler in the Colonies or a relative in India. A brother in Suffolk or a schoolfellow in Hampshire was as inaccessible as if he had lived at Lisbon or Venice, and the time consumed in an excursion to North Wales or the Highlands would now almost suffice to take you to New York. One put one's whole heart and strength into the business, for one had to impart intelligence of all descriptions, sufficient to make the parcel worth the postage to the recipient who, as we see in what we have here christened the "Letters of the Eighteenth Century" more particularly, discovered matter enough to form a pamphlet—a diary of thoughts and feelings in the shape of an epistle—a substituted communion with a beloved intimate, who was as hopelessly beyond personal contact as if he had been in Australasia. The absence of railways and the inefficiency of the postal system reduced to a sort of equal level all men of moderate resources, who could not reach each other on foot or by hackney coach. Barton in the Eastern counties, Southey at Keswick, Wordsworth

or Coleridge at Grasmere, and Manning at Canton, were, for all practical purposes, alike beyond the radius. The Lambs, I think, never paid their letters, and perhaps it was usual for the charge to fall on the other end.

But the productions before us had a second favouring cause. It was not merely that Lamb—nay, and his admirable sister too—not merely that both happened to possess friends who resided at a considerable distance, and that their own movements were cramped by poverty and labour, but it was that the very desolation and solitude which they suffered in London at the outset, brought forth in travail the felicitous combination of qualities which has so enriched our literature and our humanity.

Gentlemen in the public service no longer write letters like Lamb, nor diaries like Pepys, nor poetry like Wordsworth. There are no Coleridges to foster and encourage the latent gifts of clerks in the India Office. Their genius, where they occasionally rise above the late Mr. Carlyle's "Dead Sea Apishness," has perhaps found other outlets.

In a letter to Bernard Barton, July 10, 1823, Lamb concludes with, "You and I are something besides being writers, thank God." This remark was more immediately an outcome from the feared effect of the recent article by Southey in the "Quarterly Review" about Lamb and his writings upon the sale of the "Elia." But the passage just quoted introduces us to one of the most striking and interesting considerations in reference to Lamb. Many others have, like Barton, combined the man of business with the man of letters; but such a singular union of the practical and imaginative in one of such high literary pretensions was probably never witnessed before, probably never will again.

Lamb's thirty-three years' drudgery at the India House was a stern reality; for the stories about his lax attendance at the office are not entitled to credence. But it was not a cruel or even a mischievous one. It was a

valuable diversion from home scenes and troubles. It removed him from an atmosphere which to his nervous and sensitive temperament was not by any means invariably healthy or safe. In a letter to Procter of 1824, he says: "I am married myself to a severe step-wife, who keeps me, not at bed and board, but at desk and board, and is jealous of my morning aberrations . . . . it is well she leaves me alone o' nights—the damned day-hag Business. She is even now peeping over me to see I am writing no love-letters. I come, my dear—where is the Indigo Sale Book?" The writings and character of Lamb have been described as being of an unique cast; but their uniqueness lay most particularly in the reconciliation of culture and humour of the most subtle and delicate kind with the harassing and sordid routine of a counting-house.

It is now nearly twenty years since I first undertook to collect and arrange the Letters.[1] At that time it seemed to me that a sectional assortment, by which the letters addressed to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, the Hazlitts, Manning, Barton, and the Miscellaneous Residue, should constitute separate chronological series, was the most expedient, as it presented to view more clearly than in any other the writer in his immediate relations to the persons or families concerned.[2]

[1] The "Mary and Charles Lamb" volume, though not printed till 1874, was ready for the press many years earlier.

[2] "The Complete Correspondence and Works of Charles Lamb" [edited by W. C. Hazlitt], 8vo, E. Moxon and Co., Dover Street, 1868, 4 vols. This edition was issued without my name, and with those of two or three persons in succession, who had next to nothing to do with it. I did not even see the proofs, which were superintended by a Mr. D. C. Higgs; and the text and notes abound with blunders. The date and even arrangement in various copies seem to differ, as the book passed through sundry booksellers' hands; and the series eventually extended to six volumes, with the two last of which I had no concern whatever.

But I have long abandoned this idea, on the ground which, it will perhaps be said, should have occurred to me in the first instance, that such a division of the work affords very serious and troublesome impediments to the true comprehension of these masterly compositions in their natural and proper sequence, and tends to lessen their worth as literary and biographical monuments, while it involves the multiplication of notes and cross-references. A change of plan has enabled me, too, to utilize the running commentary of Mr. Justice Talfourd, which is certainly recommended by its agreeable and conciliatory tone, though rather too indiscriminate in its laudation of persons—not to say fulsomely euphuistic, and redolent to excess of a benevolent, yet rather lamentable *camaraderie*. I have permitted myself to make only such alterations in the text of this thread of letterpress as the writer himself must often have seen fit to do with improved knowledge, or as the amalgamation of the two series of correspondence, and embodiment of extensive additions, positively necessitated. But the imperfect state of the undertaking, and the very numerous errors of arrangement and fact which have hitherto disfigured it, as well as what is termed the Fitzgerald edition, would have rendered anything less than a careful recension of the whole matter an unsatisfactory compromise; and a farther point, in which I have ventured to depart from former lines, is in the distribution of the letters for the first time into Three Books, making as many epochs in the career of Lamb: his correspondence with Coleridge in the closing years of the eighteenth century, which places before us, almost Montaigne-like, the thoughts and joys, and sorrows, of one young man to another—two such as are never to be again beheld: his letters to that same Coleridge between the opening of the new century and the institution of the "London Magazine" in 1820, when the writer found it possible and better

to have more friends than one, and to draw into the circle of his correspondents and sympathizers the Wordsworths, Southey, the Hazlitts, and Chinese Manning: and lastly, those which he exchanged mainly with the men to whom his obscurity and poverty were little more than a tradition.

The narrative of Talfourd supplies an intelligent, genial, and useful key to the allusions in the Letters, and here and there affords information which would otherwise have been beyond our reach. But, on the contrary, the lapse of time and the extent of recent discoveries would in any case have rendered a thorough revision imperative, even if the Editor had not been guilty, to speak the truth, of want of vigilance and care. Apart, however, from the rectification of misstatements, and also in the order of letters from internal or comparative evidence or otherwise, I have studiously refrained from wanton interference with the remarks or language of Talfourd; and indeed I accounted it my duty, when he was right, to leave him unmolested, silently correcting, however, his punctuation and orthography—nay, his grammar. For although he somewhat self-complacently dwells on the advantages of an academical training, and almost laments that his friend should have lacked them, he does not seem to have brought back from the University even an average conversance with the laws of English composition; and it is edifying to compare with the style and matter of the Judge who prided himself on having been to College those of the Clerk who had by misadventure owed all his learning to a charity school, and was merely a man of genius!

I could not forget that Talfourd's was a labour of love, undertaken for the sake of one whom he personally knew, and that in this respect I had no pretension to put myself on an equal footing with him. I am one degree removed from a relationship so close and so proud. But at the same time even to have known many who actually mingled in

that circle, is a privilege of which every succeeding day augments the rarity; and it is to be recollected, on Talfourd's own behalf, that it was scarcely possible for one who had himself been a Mitre-Courtier or a freeman of *Russell House*, to discriminate, as we can do with a lengthened perspective and a less brotherly bias. Assuredly if it had not been that Talfourd had been what he was in relation to his subject, I should have pruned far more freely his biographical essay, which is chargeable not merely with excrescences, but with declarations of opinion on religious points from which I wholly differ.

The influence to which Talfourd refers in 1848, as having enabled him to give publicity to letters or passages in letters, which considerations of delicacy induced him in 1837 to withhold, has in nearly forty years liberated the entire correspondence from such restrictions; and time has also brought within access an assemblage of new material, of which it is very doubtful whether even Talfourd in many cases was cognisant.

There is barely an individual now surviving to whom these suppressed allusions can be painful or obnoxious. On the contrary, they are often associated with names which no pleasantry or tittle-tattle of the day can now substantially affect, or such as the disappearance of about two generations has almost completely effaced. We are not going to alter our estimate of Coleridge, because a silly parson believed and circulated about him a grossly improbable story, any more than we propose to credit, with honest George Dyer, that the "Waverley Novels" were written by Lord Castlereagh; while personalities to some of Lamb's minor acquaintances can do no injury to those who are almost as utterly forgotten as the men who dug Shakespear's grave and mended Pharaoh's shoes. Talfourd's alleged Socinianism is of no vast moment to any mortal in these days of indulgence and latitude; and the

wen which grew out of Procter's neck—"an excrescence, like his poetry, redundant"—may surely be mentioned without recourse to a dash or a star.

Intrinsically and critically, the former impressions of the Letters were doubtless sufficient to qualify any one to form an estimate of the writer and his surroundings, just as Englishmen could appreciate Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespear, prior to the rise of Steevens and Malone, and the rest of the modern school: but the demand for complete texts of standard authors has of late been very pronounced, and, as Lamb himself says of Album verses, "the age is to be complied with." It is a source of gratification to me once more to see my name connected with a book in the interest of which I feel entitled to claim for my own family a not insignificant share. It was the link between the Hazlitts and many of the most eminent men, Lamb especially, which made me more willing to take the opportunity of returning to a field of research and a subject which I verily thought that I had in 1874 relinquished for ever.

It may possibly be a matter of regret from some points of view that I have been precluded by circumstances from printing all the letters extant. But of these many are wholly unimportant, and chiefly curious as samples of handwriting. Indeed, a large proportion of the correspondence with Allsop, Hunt, Forster, Moxon, Miss Betham, and Ollier, possesses no literary or biographical interest, and such specimens or abstracts as those furnished are perhaps amply sufficient. But there are, on the other hand, some half dozen or so which I should have gladly included in their entirety; and a little note to Annette Lane the actress I have not seen.[1]

The Notes are those originally supplied by Talfourd with

[1] My friend Mr. T. Dyke Campbell informed me some time since that it was sold at Sotheby's many years ago in an album with similar relics.

indispensable corrections, and with additions derived from every quarter which suggested itself to my mind.

It is with real pleasure and gratitude that I thank those friends in this country, and in the United States, who have favoured me with the use of originals in their possession and other serviceable aid and clues. Mr. F. W. Cosens, among many others, most liberally entrusted to me all his autographs; and Mr. Kegan Paul allowed me to make use of the letters to Godwin, which appear in his excellent biography of that apostle and martyr of free speech and doctrine. The British and South Kensington Museums have assisted me in adding to the store of employable material; and the same may be said of Mr. Babson's edition of "Eliana," published at Boston, 8vo, 1866, where fourteen letters, overlooked by Talfourd, occur. I have spared no labour to complete, not only the body of letters, but the texts of such as my forerunner thought proper or necessary to present in a mutilated condition. In some cases the ground for his reserve or delicacy is apparent enough; but for the most part his readers had cause to complain of a prudery quite at variance with the character and feeling of the man, whose supposed indiscretions of speech he tried to keep out of sight. I have been particularly glad to have the opportunity to exhibit the Barton letters in a more complete and genuine shape.

On a former occasion I remarked of Lamb:—"All that is needed for his biography, not to add his monument, is an edition of his essays and correspondence, with just so many notes as are necessary in strictness to explain allusions and passages which time has obscured, or is obscuring. One scarcely likes to think what he himself would have felt about such a publication; but it is the inevitable penalty upon authors, who are durable enough to have in the fulness of time editors and scholiasts." When the reader takes up these volumes, he may come to the conclusion

that this prophecy or forecast has received its fulfilment at its utterer's own hands in the completion of an edition, not of all Lamb, but of a part of him, and a good part—those unpremeditated, and often hurried, letters written at Leadenhall on rough official foolscap—with an elucidatory Clavis and Notes *variorum*.

W. C. H.

Barnes Common, Surrey,
November, 1885.

In the letter to Manning of February 19th, 1803, Lamb, warning his friend against the supposed cannibalism of the Tartars, says: "'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound: to sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat." So in "Hamlet," iv. 3, after the murder of Polonius, there is the following dialogue between the King and Prince:—

"*King.* Now, Hamlet, where is Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper. Where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten . . ."

TALFOURD'S PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST SERIES.

THE share of the Editor in these volumes can scarcely be regarded too slightly. The successive publications of Lamb's works form almost the only events of his life which can be recorded; and upon these criticism has been nearly exhausted. Little, therefore, was necessary to accompany the Letters, except such thread of narrative as might connect them together; and such explanations as might render their allusions generally understood. The reader's gratitude for the pleasure which he will derive from these memorials of one of the most delightful of English writers is wholly due to his correspondents, who have kindly entrusted the precious relics to the care of the Editor, and have permitted them to be given to the world; and to Mr. Moxon, by whose interest and zeal they have been chiefly collected. He may be allowed to express his personal sense of the honour which he has received in such a trust from men, some of whom are among the greatest of England's living authors,—to Wordsworth, Southey, Manning, Barton, Procter, Gilman, Patmore, Walter Wilson, Field, Robinson, Dyer, Carey, Ainsworth, to Mr. Green, the executor of Coleridge, and to the surviving relatives of Hazlitt. He is also most grateful to Lamb's esteemed

schoolfellow, Mr. Le Grice, for supplying an interesting part of his history. Of the few additional facts of Lamb's history, the chief have been supplied by Mr. Moxon, in whose welfare he took a most affectionate interest to the close of his life, and who has devoted some beautiful sonnets to his memory.

The recentness of the period of some of the letters has rendered it necessary to omit many portions of them, in which the humour and beauty are interwoven with personal references, which, although wholly free from anything which, rightly understood, could give pain to any human being, touch on subjects too sacred for public exposure. Some of the personal allusions which have been retained may seem, perhaps, too free to a stranger; but they have been retained only in cases in which the editor is well assured the parties would be rather gratified than displeased at seeing their names connected in life-like association with one so dear to their memories.

The italics and the capitals are invariably those indicated by the MSS. It is to be regretted that in the printed letters the reader must lose the curious varieties of writing with which the originals abound, and which are scrupulously adapted to the subjects.

Many letters yet remain unpublished, which will further illustrate the character of Mr. Lamb, but which must be reserved for a future time, when the Editor hopes to do more justice to his own sense of the genius and the excellence of his friend, than it has been possible for him to accomplish in these volumes.

T. N. T.

RUSSELL SQUARE,
26th June, 1837.

TALFOURD'S PREFACE

TO THE

FINAL MEMORIALS.

NEARLY twelve years have elapsed since the Letters of Charles Lamb, accompanied by such slight sketch of his Life as might link them together, and explain the circumstances to which they refer, were given to the world. In the Preface to that work, reference was made to letters yet remaining unpublished, and to a period when a more complete estimate might be formed of the singular and delightful character of the writer than was there presented. That period has arrived. Several of his friends who might possibly have felt a moment's pain at the publication of some of those effusions of kindness, in which they are sportively mentioned, have been removed by death; and the dismissal of the last, and to him the dearest of all, his sister, while it has brought to her the repose she sighed for ever since she lost him, has released his biographer from a difficulty which has hitherto prevented a due appreciation of some of his noblest qualities. Her most lamentable, but most innocent agency in the event which consigned her for life to his protection, forbade the introduction of any letter, or allusion to any incident, which might ever, in the long and dismal twilight of consciousness which she endured, shock her by the recurrence of long past and terrible

sorrows; and the same consideration for her induced the suppression of every passage which referred to the malady with which she was through life at intervals afflicted. Although her death had removed the objection to a reference to her intermittent suffering, it still left a momentous question, whether even then, when no relative remained to be affected by the disclosure, it would be right to unveil the dreadful calamity which marked one of its earliest visitations, and which, though known to most of those who were intimate with the surviving sufferers, had never been publicly associated with their history. When, however, I reflected that the truth, while in no wise affecting the gentle excellence of one of them, casts new and solemn lights on the character of the other; that while his frailties have received an ample share of that indulgence which he extended to all human weaknesses, their chief exciting cause has been hidden; that his moral strength and the extent of his self-sacrifice have been hitherto unknown to the world; I felt that to develop all which is essential to the just appreciation of his rare excellence, was due both to him and to the public. While I still hesitated as to the extent of disclosure needful for this purpose, my lingering doubts were removed by the appearance of a full statement of the melancholy event, with all the details capable of being collected from the newspapers of the time, in the "British Quarterly Review," and the diffusion of the passage, extracted thence, through several other journals. After this publication, no doubt could remain as to the propriety of publishing the letters of Lamb on this event, eminently exalting the characters of himself and his sister, and enabling the reader to judge of the sacrifice which followed it.

I have also availed myself of the opportunity of introducing some letters the objection to publishing which has been obviated by the same great healer, Time; and of

adding others which I deemed too trivial for the public eye when the whole wealth of his letters lay before me, collected by Mr. Moxon from the distinguished correspondents of Lamb, who kindly responded to his request for permission to make the public sharers in their choice epistolary treasures. The appreciation which the letters already published, both in this country and in America—perhaps even more remarkable in America than in England—have attained, and the interest which the lightest fragments of Lamb's correspondence, which have accidentally appeared in other quarters, have excited, convince me that some letters which I withheld, as doubting their worthiness of the public eye, will not now be unwelcome. There is, indeed, scarcely a note—a *notelet*—(as he used to call his very little letters) Lamb ever wrote, which has not some tinge of that quaint sweetness, some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim, which distinguish him from all other poets and humorists. I do not think the reader will complain that—with some very slight exceptions, which personal considerations still render necessary—I have made him a partaker of *all* the epistolary treasures which the generosity of Lamb's correspondents placed at Mr. Moxon's disposal.

When I first considered the materials of this work, I purposed to combine them with a new edition of the former volumes; but the consideration that such a course would be unjust to the possessors of those volumes induced me to present them to the public in a separate form. In accomplishing that object, I have felt the difficulty of connecting the letters, so as to render their attendant circumstances intelligible, without falling into repetition of passages in the previous biography. My attempt has been to make these volumes subsidiary to the former, and yet complete in themselves; but I fear its imperfection will require much indulgence from the reader. The italics and capitals

used in printing the letters are always those of the writer; and the little passages sometimes prefixed to letters, have been printed as in the originals.

In venturing to introduce some notices of Lamb's deceased companions, I have been impelled partly by a desire to explain any allusion in the letters which might be misunderstood by those who are not familiar with the fine vagaries of Lamb's affection, and partly by the hope of giving some faint notion of the entire circle with which Lamb is associated in the recollection of a few survivors.

T. N. T.

London, *July*, 1848.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Lamb's Parentage, School-days, and Youth, to the commencement of his Correspondence with Coleridge	3
II.	Lamb's Friends and Associates—Dyer, Godwin, Thelwall	17
III.	Lamb's Friends and Associates—William Hazlitt	29
IV.	Lamb's Friends and Associates—Barnes and Haydon	43
V.	Lamb's Friends and Associates—Samuel Taylor Coleridge	53
VI.	Lamb's other Companions—Manning, Burney, Field, Rickman, &c.—Mary Lamb—The Brother and Sister	59
VII.	Character of the two Lambs	67
VIII.	Lamb's Wednesday Nights compared with the Evenings at Holland House	74

BOOK II.

I.	Letters to Coleridge in the Spring and Summer of 1796	87
II.	Letters to Coleridge in 1796 continued	99
III.	The same continued	115
IV.	Letters to Coleridge, chiefly relating to the Death of Mrs. Lamb and Miss Lamb's subsequent condition	122
V.	Letters to Coleridge in the Autumn of 1796	130
VI.	Letters to Coleridge in the Winter of 1796—Miss Lamb still away from home—Lamb's heroic Devotion and Fortitude	142
VII.	Letters to Coleridge	153
VIII.	Letters to Coleridge and Manning in Lamb's first Years of Life with his Sister—Death of Aunt Hetty	165
IX.	Correspondence with Coleridge—Publication of the Volume of Poems by the Three Friends—Visit of the Lambs to Stowey—Departure of Coleridge for Germany	175
X.	The Volume of Blank Verse—Rosamund Gray—Letters to Coleridge and Southey	187
XI.	Letters to Southey—Annual Anthology—Lamb's Literary Occupations—His Circle of Friends	201

CHAP. PAGE
XII. Letters to Southey—John Woodvil in slow course of Composition 210
XIII. Visit to Hertfordshire—Commencement of a Correspondence with Manning—Resumed Letters to Coleridge—Visits to Stowey and Oxford—Removals to Pentonville and Southampton Buildings 222
XIV. Letters to Manning and Coleridge 241
XV. Letters to Manning and Coleridge, and beginning of a Correspondence with Wordsworth 262
XVI. Letters to William Godwin and to Manning 275

BOOK III.

I. Publication and Reviews of "John Woodvil."—Lamb's Newspaper Acquaintances—Letters to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Manning, and Godwin 289
II. Letters to Walter Wilson, Godwin, Manning, &c. . . 301
III. Letters to Coleridge, Mrs. Godwin, and Manning—Visit to the Lakes 312
IV. Letters to Manning and Coleridge 328
V. Letters to Rickman, Godwin, Southey, and Miss Stoddart 341
VI. Letters to Manning and the Wordsworths 348
VII. Beginning of the Correspondence between Lamb and Hazlitt—Letters to Hazlitt and Rickman 359
VIII. Departure of Manning for China—Letters to him and Wordsworth 370
IX. "Mr. H." brought on the Stage, and damned—Letters to Miss Stoddart, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, and Godwin . 381
X. More Literary Work in Preparation—"Specimens of Dramatic Poets" and "Adventures of Ulysses"—Letters to Manning and Godwin—Marriage of Hazlitt—"Poetry for Children" and "Mrs. Leicester's School" 388
XI. Removal to Inner Temple Lane—Letters to Coleridge, Manning, and Gutch—First Visit to the Hazlitts at Winterslow 399
XII. Second Visit to the Hazlitts at Winterslow—Letters to the Wordsworths, the Hazlitts, Basil Montagu, Rickman, and Godwin 410
XIII. "The Reflector" and Mr. Leigh Hunt—Trifles in the "Examiner"—Letters to Hazlitt, Godwin, Collier, Coleridge, and Wordsworth 418
XIV. Letters to Wordsworth continued—Letters to Him and Southey—First Acquaintance with Mr. Talfourd. . 439

BOOK I.

LAMB'S EARLY LIFE.

BOOK I.

LAMB'S EARLY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

[1775 to 1796.]

LAMB'S PARENTAGE, SCHOOL-DAYS, AND YOUTH, TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH COLERIDGE.

CHARLES LAMB was born on 10th February, 1775, in Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple, where he spent the first seven years of his life. His parents were in a humble station, but they were endued with sentiments and with manners which might well become the gentlest blood; and fortune, which had denied them wealth, enabled them to bestow on their children some of the happiest intellectual advantages which wealth ever confers. His father, Mr. John Lamb, who came up a little boy from Lincoln, fortunately both for himself and his master, entered into the service of Mr. Salt, one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, a widower who, growing old within its precincts, was enabled to appreciate and to reward his devotedness and intelligence; and to whom he became, in the language of his son, "his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his flapper, his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer."[1] Although contented with his lot, and

[1] Lamb has given characters of his father (under the name of Lovel), and of Mr. Salt, in one of the most exquisite of all the Essays of Elia—"The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple." Of Lovel he says, "He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal,

discharging its duties with the most patient assiduity, he was not without literary ambition; and having written some occasional verses to grace the festivities of a benefit society of which he was a member, was encouraged by his brother members to publish, in a thin quarto, "Poetical Pieces on Several Occasions." This volume contains a lively picture of the life of a lady's footman of the last century; the "History of Joseph," told in well-measured heroic couplets; and a pleasant piece, after the manner of Gay's Fables, entitled the "Sparrow's Wedding," which was the author's favourite, and which, when he fell into the dotage of age, he delighted to hear Charles read.[1] His

and 'would strike.' In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him, and pummelled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female—an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to excuse his interference—for L. never forgot rank where something better was not concerned. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing; had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which confirms it;) possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior; moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage-boards and such small cabinet toys to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits; and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover: and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Izaak Walton would have chosen to go a fishing with."

[1] The following little poem, entitled "A Letter from a Child to its Grandmother," written by Mr. John Lamb for his eldest son, though possessing no merit beyond simplicity of expression, may show the manner in which he endeavoured to discharge his parental duties:—

"Dear Grandam,
Pray to God to bless
Your grandson dear with happiness;
That, as I do advance each year,
I may be taught my God to fear;
My little frame from passion free,
To man's estate from infancy;
From vice, that turns a youth aside,
And to have wisdom for my guide;

wife was a woman of appearance so matronly and commanding, that, according to the recollection of one of Lamb's dearest schoolmates, "she might be taken for a sister of Mrs. Siddons." This excellent couple were blessed with three children, John, Mary, and Charles: John being twelve and Mary ten years older than Charles. John, who is vividly described in the essay of Elia entitled "My Relations," under the name of James Elia, rose to fill a lucrative office in the South Sea House, and died in 1824, having to the last fulfilled the affectionate injunction of Charles, to "keep the elder brother up in state."[1] Mary (the Bridget of the same essay) survived till 1847, to mourn the severance of a life-long association, as free from every alloy of selfishness, as remarkable for moral beauty, as this world ever witnessed in brother and sister.

On the 9th of October, 1782, when Charles Lamb had attained the age of seven, he was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, by Timothy Yeates, Esq., Governor, as "the son of John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth his wife," and remained a scholar of that noble establishment till he had entered into his fifteenth year. Small of stature, delicate of frame, and constitutionally nervous and timid, he would seem unfitted to encounter the discipline of a school formed to restrain some hundreds of lads in the heart of the metropolis, or to fight his way among them. But the sweetness of his disposition won him favour from all; and although the antique peculiarities of the school tinged his opening imagination, they did not sadden his childhood. One of his schoolfellows, of whose genial qualities he has

> That I may neither lie nor swear,
> But in the path of virtue steer;
> My actions generous, firm, and just,
> Be always faithful to my trust;
> And thee the Lord will ever bless
> Your grandson dear,
>
> JOHN L—— the Less."

[1] [The reader may remember that it was this brother who, upon seeing some Eton boys at play, gave vent to that memorable sentence, "What a pity to think that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous members of Parliament!"—*Athenæum* for 1835.]

made affectionate mention in his "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," Charles V. Le Grice, subsequently of Trereife, near Penzance, supplied me with some particulars of his school-days, for which friends of a later date will be grateful. "Lamb," says Mr. Le Grice, "was an amiable gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his schoolfellows and by his master on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild, his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think that he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not each of the same colour: one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see red spots in the blood-stone. His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness.

"His delicate frame, and his difficulty of utterance[1] which was increased by agitation, unfitted him for joining in any boisterous sport. The description which he gives, in his 'Recollections of Christ's Hospital,' of the habits and feelings of the schoolboy, is a true one in general, but is more particularly a delineation of himself—the feelings were all in his own heart—the portrait was his own: 'While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk.' These habits and feelings were awakened and cherished in him by peculiar circumstances: he had been born and bred in the Inner Temple; and his parents continued to reside there while he was at school, so that he passed from cloister to cloister, and this was all the change his young mind ever knew. On every half-holiday (and there were two in the week), in ten minutes he was in the gardens, on the terrace, or at the fountain of the Temple: here was his home, here his recreation; and the influence they had on his infant

[1] [Archdeacon Hessey speaks of Lamb's well-known liability to stammer, "though," adds the writer in his paper in the "Taylorian" for March, 1884, "he was not so grievous a Balbulus as his friend George Darley, whom I had often seen."]

mind is vividly shown in his description of the Old Benchers. He says, 'I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple:' he might have added, that here he passed a great portion of the second seven years of his life, a portion which mixed itself with all his habits and enjoyments, and gave a bias to the whole. Here he found a happy home, affectionate parents, and a sister who watched over him to the latest hour of his existence (God be with her!) with the tenderest solicitude; and here he had access to the library of Mr. Salt, one of the Benchers, to whose memory his pen has given, in return for this and greater favours—I do not think it extravagant to say—immortality. To use his own language, here he 'was tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, where he browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage.' He applied these words to his sister: but there is no doubt they 'browsed' together; they had walked hand in hand from a time 'extending beyond the period of their memory.'"

When Lamb quitted school, he was in the lower division of the second class—which in the language of the school is termed "being in Greek Form, but not Deputy Grecian." He had read Virgil, Sallust, Terence, selections from Lucian's Dialogues, and Xenophon, and had evinced considerable skill in the niceties of Latin composition, both in prose and verse. His docility and aptitude for the attainment of classical knowledge would have insured him an exhibition; but to this the impediment in his speech proved an insuperable obstacle. The exhibitions were given under the implied, if not expressed, condition of entering into the Church; the whole course of education was preparatory to that end; and therefore Lamb, who was unfitted by nature for the clerical profession, was not adopted into the class which led to it, and quitted school to pursue the uncongenial labour of the "desk's dull wood." To this apparently hard lot he submitted with cheerfulness, and saw his schoolfellows of his own standing depart, one after another, for the University without a murmur. This acquiescence in his different fortune must have been a hard trial for the sweetness of his disposition; as he always, in after life, regarded the ancient seats of

learning with the fondness of one who had been hardly divorced from them. He delighted, when other duties did not hinder, to pass his vacations in their neighbourhood, and indulge in that fancied association with them which he has so beautifully mirrored in his "Sonnet written at Cambridge."[1] What worldly success can, indeed, ever compensate for the want of timely nurture beneath the shade of one of these venerable institutions—for the sense of antiquity shading, not checking, the joyous impulses of opening manhood—for the refinement and the grace there interfused into the long labour of ambitious study—for young friendships consecrated by the associations of long past time; and for liberal emulation, crowned by successes restrained from ungenerous and selfish pride by palpable symbols of the genius and the learning of ages?

On 23rd November, 1789, Lamb finally quitted Christ's Hospital for the abode of his parents, who still resided in the Temple. At first he was employed in the South Sea House, under his brother John; but on the 5th April, 1792, he obtained an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company. His salary, though then small, was a welcome addition to the scanty means of his parents; who now were unable by their own exertions to increase it, his mother being in ill health, which confined her to her bed, and his father sinking into dotage. On their comfort, however, this, and what was more precious to him, his little leisure, were freely bestowed; and his recreations were confined to a delightful visit to the two-shilling gallery of the theatre, in company with his sister, and an

1 "I was not train'd in academic bowers,
And to those learned streams I nothing owe,
Which copious from those twin fair founts do flow;
Mine have been anything but studious hours.
Yet can I fancy wandering 'mid thy towers,
Myself a nursling, Granta, of thy lap;
My brow seems tightening with the doctor's cap,
And I walk gowned; feel unusual powers.
Strange forms of logic clothe my admiring speech;
Old Ramus' ghost is busy at my brain;
And my skull teems with notions infinite.
Be still, ye reeds of Camus, while I teach,
Truths which transcend the searching schoolmen's vein,
And half had stagger'd that stout Stagyrite!"

occasional supper with some of his schoolmates, when in town, from Cambridge. On one of these latter occasions he obtained the appellation of *Guy*, by which he was always called among them; but of which few of his late friends heard till after his death. "In the first year of his clerkship," says Mr. Le Grice, in the communication with which he favoured me, "Lamb spent the evening of the 5th November with some of his former schoolfellows, who, being amused with the particularly large and flapping brim of his round hat, pinned it up on the sides in the form of a cocked-hat. Lamb made no alteration in it, but walked home in his usual sauntering gait towards the Temple. As he was going down Ludgate-hill, some gay young men, who seemed not to have passed the London Tavern without resting, exclaimed, 'The veritable Guy!—no man of straw!' and with this exclamation they took him up, making a chair with their arms, carried him, seated him on a post in St. Paul's-churchyard, and there left him. This story Lamb told so seriously, that the truth of it was never doubted. He wore his three-cornered hat many evenings, and retained the name of Guy ever after. Like Nym, he quietly sympathised in the fun, and seemed to say, 'that was the humour of it.' A clergyman of the City lately wrote to me, 'I have no recollection of Lamb. There was a gentleman called Guy, to whom you once introduced me, and with whom I have occasionally interchanged nods for more than thirty years; but how is it that I never met Mr. Lamb? If I was ever introduced to him, I wonder that we never came in contact during my residence for ten years in Edmonton.' Imagine this gentleman's surprise when I informed him that his nods to Mr. Guy had been constantly reciprocated by Mr. Lamb!"

During these years Lamb's most frequent companion was James White, or rather, Jem White, as he called him. Lamb always insisted that for hearty joyous humour, tinged with Shaksperian fancy, Jem never had an equal. "Jem White!" said he, to Mr. Le Grice, when they met for the last time, after many years' absence, at the Bell at Edmonton, in June, 1833, "there never was his like! We never shall see such days as those in which Jem flourished!" All that now remains of Jem is the celebra-

tion of the suppers which he gave the young chimney-sweepers in the Elia of his friend, and a thin duodecimo volume, which he published in 1796, under the title of the "Letters of Sir John Falstaff, with a dedication (printed in black letter) to Master Samuel Irelaunde," which those who knew Lamb at the time believed to be his. "White's Letters," said Lamb, in a letter to a friend about this time, "are near publication. His frontispiece is a good conceit; Sir John learning to dance, to please Madame Page, in dress of doublet, &c., from the upper half, and modern pantaloons, with shoes of the eighteenth century, from the lower half; and the whole work is full of goodly quips and rare fancies, 'all deftly masked like hoar antiquity'—much superior to Dr. Kenrick's 'Falstaff's Wedding.'" The work was neglected, although Lamb exerted all the influence he subsequently acquired with more popular writers to obtain for it favourable notices, as will be seen from various passages in his letters. He stuck, however, gallantly by his favourite protégé; and even when he could little afford to disburse sixpence, he made a point of buying a copy of the book whenever he discovered one amidst the refuse of a bookseller's stall, and would present it to a friend in the hope of making a convert. He gave me one of these copies soon after I became acquainted with him, stating that he had purchased it in the morning for sixpence, and assuring me I should enjoy a rare treat in the perusal; but if I must confess the truth, the mask of quaintness was so closely worn, that it nearly concealed the humour. To Lamb it was, doubtless, vivified by the eye and voice of his old boon companion, forming to him an undying commentary; without which it was comparatively spiritless. Alas! how many even of his own most delicate fancies, rich as they are in feeling and in wisdom, will be lost to those who have not present to them the sweet broken accents and the half playful, half melancholy smile of the writer!

But if Jem White was the companion of his lighter moods, the friend of his serious thoughts was a person of far nobler powers—Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was his good fortune to be the schoolfellow of that extraordinary man; and if no particular intimacy had been formed

between them at Christ's Hospital, a foundation was there laid for a friendship to which the world is probably indebted for all that Lamb has added to its sources of pleasure. Junior to Coleridge by two years, and far inferior to him in all scholastic acquirements, Lamb had listened to the rich discourse of "the inspired charity-boy" with a wondering delight, pure from all envy and, it may be, enhanced by his sense of his own feebleness and difficulty of expression. While Coleridge remained at the University, they met occasionally on his visits to London; and when he quitted it, and came to town, full of mantling hopes and glorious schemes, Lamb became his admiring disciple. The scene of these happy meetings was a little public-house, called the Salutation and Cat, in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, where they used to sup, and remain long after they had "heard the chimes at midnight." There they discoursed of Bowles, who was the god of Coleridge's poetical idolatry, and of Burns and Cowper who, of recent poets, in that season of comparative barrenness, had made the deepest impression on Lamb. There Coleridge talked of "Fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," to one who desired "to find no end" of the golden maze; and there he recited his early poems with that deep sweetness of intonation which sank into the heart of his hearer. To these meetings Lamb was accustomed at all periods of his life to revert, as the season when his finer intellects were quickened into action. Shortly after they had terminated, with Coleridge's departure from London, he thus recalled them in a letter: "When I read in your little volume your nineteenth effusion, or what you call 'the Sigh,' I think I hear *you* again. I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the Salutation and Cat, where we have sat together through the winter nights beguiling the cares of life with Poesy." This was early in 1796; and in 1818, when dedicating his works, then first collected, to his earliest friend, he thus spoke of the same meetings: "Some of the sonnets, which shall be carelessly turned over by the general reader, may happily awaken in you remembrances which I should be sorry should be ever totally extinct,—the memory 'of summer days and of delightful years,' even so far back as those old suppers at our old Inn,—when life was fresh,

and topics exhaustless,—and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness." And so he talked of these unforgotten hours in that short interval during which death divided them!

The warmth of Coleridge's friendship supplied the quickening impulse to Lamb's genius; but the germ enfolding all its nice peculiarities lay ready for the influence, and expanded into forms and hues of its own. Lamb's earliest poetry was not a faint reflection of Coleridge's, such as the young lustre of original genius may cast on a polished and sensitive mind, to glow and tremble for a season, but was streaked with delicate yet distinct traits, which proved it an emanation from within. There was, indeed, little resemblance between the two, except in the affection which they bore towards each other. Coleridge's mind, not laden as yet with the spoils of all systems and of all times, glowed with the ardour of uncontrollable purpose, and thirsted for glorious achievement and universal knowledge. The imagination, which afterwards struggled gloriously but perhaps vainly to overmaster the stupendous clouds of German philosophies, breaking them into huge masses, and tinting them with heavenly hues, then shone through the simple articles of Unitarian faith, the graceful architecture of Hartley's theory, and the well-compacted chain by which Priestley and Edwards seemed to bind all things in necessary connexion, as through transparencies of thought; and, finding no opposition worthy of its activity in this poor foreground of the mind, opened for itself a bright succession of fairy visions, which it sought to realise on earth. In its light, oppression and force seem to vanish like the phantoms of a feverish dream; mankind were disposed in the picturesque groups of universal brotherhood; and, in far distance, the ladder which Jacob saw in solemn vision connected earth with heaven, "and the angels of God were ascending and descending upon it." Lamb had no sympathy with these radiant hopes, except as they were part of his friend. He clang to the realities of life, to things nearest to him which the force of habit had made dear, and caught tremblingly hold of the past. He delighted, indeed, to hear Coleridge talk of the distant and future; to see the palm-

trees wave and the pyramids tower in the long perspective of his style, and to catch the prophetic notes of a universal harmony trembling in his voice; but the pleasure was only that of admiration unalloyed by envy, and of the generous pride of friendship. The tendency of his mind to detect the beautiful and good in surrounding things, to nestle rather than to roam, was cherished by all the circumstances of his boyish days. He had become familiar with the vestiges of antiquity, both in his school and in his home in the Temple; and these became dear to him in his serious and affectionate childhood. But, perhaps, more even than those external associations, the situation of his parents, as it was elevated and graced by their character, moulded his young thoughts to the holy habit of a liberal obedience and unaspiring self-respect, which led rather to the embellishment of what was near than to the creation of visionary forms. He saw at home the daily beauty of a cheerful submission to a state bordering on the servile; he looked upward to his father's master and the old Benchers who walked with him on the stately terrace, with a modest erectness of mind; and he saw in his own humble home how well the decencies of life could be maintained on slender means by the exercise of generous principles. Another circumstance, akin to these, tended also to impart a tinge of venerableness to his early musings. His maternal grandmother was for many years housekeeper in the old and wealthy family of the Plumers of Hertfordshire, by whom she was held in true esteem; and his visits to their ancient mansion, where he had the free range of every apartment, gallery and terraced-walk, gave him "a peep at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune" and an alliance with that gentility of soul, which to appreciate is to share. He has beautifully recorded his own recollections of this place in the essay entitled "Blakesmoor in Hertfordshire," in which he modestly vindicates his claim to partake in the associations of ancestry not his own, and shows the true value of high lineage by detecting the spirit of nobleness which breathes around it, for the enkindling generous affections, not only in those who may boast of its possession, but in all who can feel its influences.

While the bias of the minds of Coleridge and Lamb thus

essentially differed, it is singular that their opinions on religion, and on those philosophical questions which border on religious belief, and receive their colour from it, agreed, although probably derived from various sources. Both were Unitarians, ardent admirers of the writings and character of Dr. Priestley, and both believers in necessity, according to Priestley's exposition, and in the inference which he drew from that doctrine respecting moral responsibility and the ultimate destiny of the human race. The adoption of this creed arose in Lamb from the accident of education; he was brought up to receive and love it, and attended, when circumstances permitted, at the chapel at Hackney, of which Mr. Belsham, afterwards of Essex Street, was then the minister. It is remarkable that another of Lamb's most intimate friends, in whose conversation, next to that of Coleridge, he most delighted, William Hazlitt, with whom he became acquainted at a subsequent time, and who came from a distant part of the country, was educated in the same faith. With Coleridge, whose early impressions were derived from the rites and services of the Church of England, Unitarianism was the result of a strong conviction; so strong that, with all the ardour of a convert, he sought to win proselytes to his chosen creed, and purposed to spend his days in preaching it.

Neither of these young men, however, long continued to profess it. Lamb, in his maturer life, rarely alluded to matters of religious doctrine, and when he did so, evinced no sympathy with the professors of his once-loved creed. Hazlitt wrote to his father who was a Unitarian minister at Wem with honouring affection, and of his dissenting associates with respect; but he had obviously ceased to think or feel with them; and Coleridge's Remains indicate, what was well known to all who enjoyed the privilege of his conversation, that he not only reverted to a belief in the Trinitarian mysteries, but that he was accustomed to express as much distaste for Unitarianism and for the spirit of its more active advocates, as the benignity of his nature would allow him to feel for any human opinion honestly cherished.

Perhaps this solitary approach to intolerance in the universality of Coleridge's mind arose from the disapproval with which he might justly regard his own pride of understand-

ing, as excited in defence of the doctrines he had adopted. To him there was much of devotional thought to be violated, many reverential associations, intertwined with the moral being, to be rent away in the struggle of the intellect to grasp the doctrines which were alien to its nurture. But to Lamb these formed the simple creed of his childhood; and slender and barren as they seem to those who are united in religious sympathy with the great body of their fellow-countrymen, they sufficed for affections which had so strong a tendency to find out resting-places for themselves as his. Those who only knew him in his latter days, and who feel that if ever the spirit of Christianity breathed through a human life, it breathed in his, will nevertheless trace with surprise the extraordinary vividness of impressions directly religious, and the self-jealousy with which he watched the cares and distractions of the world which might efface them in his first letters. If, in a life of ungenial toil diversified with frequent sorrow, the train of these solemn meditations was broken: if he was led, in the distractions and labours of his course, to cleave more closely to surrounding objects than those early aspirations promised: if, in his cravings after immediate sympathy, he rather sought to perpetuate the social circle which he charmed, than to expatiate in scenes of untried being: his pious feelings were only diverted, not destroyed. The stream glided still, the undercurrent of thought sometimes breaking out in sallies which strangers did not understand, but always feeding and nourishing the most exquisite sweetness of disposition and the most unobtrusive proofs of self-denying love.

While Lamb was enjoying habits of the closest intimacy with Coleridge in London, he was introduced by him to a young poet whose name has often been associated with his —Charles Lloyd—the son of a wealthy banker at Birmingham, who had recently cast off the trammels of the Society of Friends, and, smitten with the love of poetry, had become a student at the University of Cambridge. There he had been attracted to Coleridge by the fascination of his discourse; and having been admitted to his regard, was introduced by him to Lamb. Lloyd was endeared both to Lamb and Coleridge by a very amiable disposition and a

pensive cast of thought; but his intellect bore little resemblance to that of either. He wrote, indeed, pleasing verses and with great facility—a facility fatal to excellence; but his mind was chiefly remarkable for the fine power of analysis which distinguishes his "London" and other of his later compositions. In this power of discriminating and distinguishing—carried to a pitch almost of painfulness—Lloyd has scarcely been equalled; and his poems, though rugged in point of versification, will be found by those who will read them with the calm attention they require, replete with critical and moral suggestions of the highest value. He and Coleridge were devoted wholly to literary pursuits; while Lamb's days were given to accounts; and only at snatches of time was the latter able to cultivate the faculty of which the society of Coleridge had made him imperfectly conscious.

Lamb's first compositions were in verse—produced slowly, at long intervals, and with self-distrust which the encouragements of Coleridge could not subdue. With the exception of a sonnet to Mrs. Siddons, whose acting, especially in the character of Lady Randolph, had made a deep impression upon him, they were exclusively personal. The longest and most elaborate is that beautiful piece of blank verse entitled "The Grandame," in which he so affectionately celebrates the virtues of the "antique world" of the aged housekeeper of Mr. Plumer. A youthful passion, which lasted only a few months, and which he afterwards attempted to regard lightly as a folly past, inspired a few sonnets of very delicate feeling and exquisite music.

CHAPTER II.

LAMB'S FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES—DYER, GODWIN, THELWALL.

BEFORE I proceed farther with these Biographical and Epistolary Memorials of Charles Lamb, it may be permitted me to glance separately at some of the friends who are grouped around him in memory, and who, like him, live only in recollection and in the works they have left behind them.

GEORGE DYER was one of the first objects of Lamb's youthful reverence; for he had attained the stately rank of Grecian in the venerable school of Christ's Hospital, when Charles entered it, a little, timid, affectionate child; but this boyish respect, once amounting to awe, gave place to a familiar habit of loving banter which, springing from the depths of old regard, approximated to schoolboy roguery, and now and then, though very rarely, gleamed on the consciousness of the ripe scholar. No contrast could be more vivid than that presented by the relations of each to the literature they both loved: one divining its inmost essences, plucking out the heart of its mysteries, shedding light on its dimmest recesses: the other devoted with equal assiduity to its externals. Books, to Dyer, "were a real world, both pure and good;" among them he passed, unconscious of time, from youth to extreme age, vegetating on their dates and forms, and "trivial fond records," in the learned air of great libraries or the dusty confusion of his own with the least possible apprehension of any human interest vital in their pages, or of any spirit of wit or fancy glancing across them. His life was an Academic pastoral. Methinks I see his gaunt, awkward form, set off by trousers too short, like those outgrown by a gawky lad, and a rusty coat as much too large for the wearer, hanging about him like those garments which the aristocratic Milesian peasantry prefer to the most comfortable rustic dress; his long head

silvered over with short yet straggling hair, and his dark grey eyes glistening with faith and wonder, as Lamb satisfies the curiosity which has gently disturbed his studies as to the authorship of the "Waverley Novels," by telling him, in the strictest confidence, that they are the works of Lord Castlereagh, just returned from the Congress of Sovereigns at Vienna! Off he runs, with animated stride and shambling enthusiasm, nor stops till he reaches Maida Hill, and breathes his news into the startled ear of Leigh Hunt who, "as a public writer," ought to be possessed of the great fact with which George is laden! Or shall I endeavour to revive the bewildered look with which, just after he had been announced as one of Lord Stanhope's executors and residuary legatees, he received Lamb's grave inquiry, "Whether it was true, as commonly reported, that he was to be made a Lord?" "O dear no! Mr. Lamb," responded he with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity, "I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you." "I thought not," said Lamb, "and I contradict it wherever I go; but the government will not ask your consent; they may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it." "I hope not, Mr. Lamb; indeed, indeed, I hope not; it would not suit me at all," responded Dyer, and went his way, musing on the possibility of a strange honour descending on his reluctant brow. Or shall I recall the visible presentment of his bland unconsciousness of evil when his sportive friend taxed it to the utmost, by suddenly asking what he thought of the murderer Williams who, after destroying two families in Ratcliffe Highway, had broken prison by suicide, and whose body had just before been conveyed, in shocking procession, to its cross-road grave? The desperate attempt to compel the gentle optimist to speak ill of a mortal creature produced no happier success than the answer, "Why, I should think, Mr. Lamb, he must have been rather an eccentric character."[1]

This simplicity of a nature not only unspotted by the

[1] [In Cottle's "Reminiscences," 1847, p. 207-8, is a remarkable story of Dyer. The latter once gave Southey his poem called "The Crotchet," with the remark, "I could not bring in Wordsworth, and Lloyd, and Lamb, but I put them in a note."]

world, but almost abstracted from it, will seem the more remarkable, when it is known that it was subjected, at the entrance of life, to a hard battle with fortune. Dyer was the son of very poor parents, residing in an eastern suburb of London, Stepney or Bethnal-greenward, where he attracted the attention of two elderly ladies as a serious child, with an extraordinary love for books. They obtained for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital which he entered at seven years of age, fought his way through its sturdy ranks to its head, and at nineteen quitted it for Cambridge, with only an exhibition and his scholarly accomplishments to help him. On he went, however, placid, if not rejoicing, through the difficulties of a life illustrated only by scholarship, encountering tremendous labours, unresting yet serene; until at eighty-five he breathed out the most blameless of lives, which began in a struggle to end in a learned dream!

[It was at an earlier stage of his humble and obscure career that Dyer and John Clarke, father of Charles Cowden Clarke, were fellow ushers in a school at Northampton.[1] But the close of Dyer's life was happily rendered free from anxiety by the bequest of Lord Stanhope, to whose son he had been tutor, and indeed, as early as 1804, a letter from Lamb to Southey announces a legacy then fallen in to Dyer of two or three hundred pounds which, in those days, and to such a frugal spender, was a considerable benefaction. Dyer came into the Stanhope residuary legacy in 1817; but in a letter to Field, Aug. 31, 1817, Lamb says, "Of course you have heard . . . that G. Dyer is one of Lord Stanhope's residuaries? I am afraid he has not touched much of the residue yet. He is positively as lean as Cassius."]

Mr. GODWIN[2] who, during the happiest period of Lamb's weekly parties, was a constant assistant at his whist-table, resembled Dyer in simplicity of manner and devotion to

[1] ["Recollections of Writers," by C. and M. C. Clarke, 1878, p. 11.]

[2] [The story of Godwin's introduction to Lamb has been often related, but always imperfectly, so far as our English accounts go. In the "Revue des Deux Mondes," 1842, M. Philarète Chasles, however, gives it in this way:—"Ah! Mr. Lamb, are you toad or frog this evening?" "I am sheep," replied the other, smiling, "and I offer you my paws."]

letters; but the simplicity was more superficial, and the devotion more profound than the kindred qualities in the guileless scholar; and, instead of forming the entire being, only marked the surface of a nature beneath which extraordinary power lay hidden. As the absence of worldly wisdom subjected Dyer to the sportive sallies of Lamb, so a like deficiency in Godwin exposed him to the coarser mirth of Mr. Horne Tooke, who was sometimes inclined to seek relaxation for the iron muscles of his imperturbable mind in trying to make a philosopher look foolish. To a stranger's gaze the author of "Political Justice" and "Caleb Williams," as he appeared in the Temple, always an object of curiosity except to his familiars, presented none of those characteristics with which fancy had invested the daring speculator and relentless novelist; nor, when he broke silence, did his language tend to reconcile the reality with the expectation. The disproportion of a frame which, low of stature, was surmounted by a massive head which might befit a presentable giant,[1] was rendered almost imperceptible, not by any vivacity of expression, (for his countenance was rarely lighted up by the deep-seated genius within), but by a gracious suavity of manner which many "a fine old English gentleman" might envy. His voice was small, the topics of his ordinary conversation trivial, and discussed with a delicacy and precision which might almost be mistaken for finical; and the presence of the most interesting persons in literary society, of which he had enjoyed the best, would not prevent him from falling after dinner into the most profound sleep. This gentle, drowsy, spiritless demeanour presents a striking contrast to a reputation which once filled Europe with its echoes; but it was, in truth, when rightly understood, perfectly consistent with those intellectual elements, which in some raised the most enthusiastic admiration, and from others elicited the wildest denunciations of visionary terror.

In Mr. Godwin's mind, the faculty of abstract reason so predominated over all others as practically to extinguish

[1] [Southey, in a letter to Cottle of 1797, says, "We dine with Mary Wolstonecraft (now Godwin) to-morrow. O, he [Godwin] has a foul nose! I never see it without longing to cut it off."—Cottle's "Reminiscences," 1847, p. 210. Godwin was probably a great snuff-taker.]

them; and his taste, akin to this faculty, sought only for its development through the medium of composition for the press. He had no imagination, no fancy, no wit, no humour; or if he possessed any of those faculties, they were obscured by that of pure reason; and being wholly devoid of the quick sensibility which irritates speech into eloquence, and of the passion for immediate excitement and applause, which tends to its presentment before admiring assemblies, he desired no other audience than that which he could silently address, and learned to regard all things through a contemplative medium. In this sense, far more than in the extravagant application of his wildest theories, he levelled all around him, admitted no greatness but that of literature, and neither desired nor revered any triumphs but those of thought. If such a reasoning faculty, guided by such a disposition, had been applied to abstract sciences, no effect remarkable beyond that of rare excellence would have been produced; but the apparent anomalies of Mr. Godwin's intellectual history arose from the application of his power to the passions, the interests, and the hopes of mankind, at a time when they enkindled into frightful action, and when he calmly worked out his problems among their burning elements with the "ice-brook's temper" and the severest logic. And if some extreme conclusions were inconsistent with the faith and the duty which alone can sustain and regulate our nature, there was no small compensation, in the severity of the process to which the student was impelled, for the slender peril which might remain lest the results should be practically adopted.

A system founded on pure reason, which rejected the impulses of natural affection, the delights of gratitude, the influences of prejudice, the bondage of custom, the animation of personal hope; which appealed to no passion—which suggested no luxury—which excited no animosities—and which offered no prize for the observance of its laws, except a participation in the expanding glories of progressive humanity, was little calculated to allure from the accustomed paths of ancient ordinance any man disposed to walk in them by the lights from heaven. On the other hand, it was a healthful diversion from those seductions in which the heart secretly enervates and infects the under-

standing, to invite the revolutionary speculator to the contemplation of the distant and the refined; by the pursuit of impracticable error to brace the mind for the achievement of everlasting truth; and on the "heat and flame of the distemper" of an impassioned democracy to "sprinkle cool patience." The idol Political Justice, of which he was the slow and laborious architect, if it for a while enchanted, did not long enthral or ever debase its worshippers; "its bones were marrowless, its blood was cold,"—but there was surely "speculation in its eyes" which "glared withal" into the future. Such high casuistry as it evoked has always an ennobling tendency, even when it dallies with error; the direction of thought in youth is of less consequence than the mode of its exercise; and it is only when the base interests and sensual passions of mortality pander to the understanding that truth may fear for the issue.

The author of this cold and passionless intellectual phantasy looked out upon the world he hoped to inform from recesses of contemplation which the outward incidents of life did not disturb, and which, when closed, left him a common man, appearing to superficial observers rather below than above the level of ordinary talkers. To his inward gaze the stupendous changes which agitated Europe, at the time he wrote, were silent as a picture. The pleasure of his life was to think; its business was to write; all else in it was vanity. Regarding his own being through the same spiritualizing medium, he saw no reason why the springs of its existence should wear out, and, in the springtime of his speculation, held that man might become immortal on earth by the effort of the will. His style partook of the quality of his intellect and the character of its purposes—it was pure, simple, colourless. His most imaginative passages are inspired only by a logic quickened into enthusiasm by the anticipation of the approaching discovery of truth—the dawning *Eureka* of the reasoner; they are usually composed of "line upon line and precept upon precept," without an involution of style or an eddy in the thought. He sometimes complained, though with the benignity that always marked his estimate of his opponents, that Mr. Malthus's style was too richly ornamented for argument; and certainly, with all its vivacity of illustra-

tion it lacks the transparent simplicity of his own. The most palpable result which he ever produced by his writings was the dark theory in the first edition of the work on Population, which was presented as an answer to his reasoning on behalf of the perfectibility of man; and he used to smile at his ultimate triumph, when Malthus, who had only intended a striking paradox, tamed it down to the wisdom of economy, and adapted it to Poor-law uses; neutralized his giant spectres of Vice and Misery by the practical intervention of Moral Restraint; and left the optimist Godwin still in unclouded possession of the hope of universal peace and happiness, postponed only to that time when passion shall be subjected to reason, and population, no more rising like a resistless tide, between adamantine barriers to submerge the renovated earth, shall obey the commands of wisdom, rise and fall as the means of subsistence expand or contract, and only contribute an impulse to the universal harmony.

The persons of Mr. Godwin's romances—stranger still—are the naked creations of the same intellectual power, marvellously endowed with galvanic life. Though with happier symmetry, they are as much made out of chains and links of reasoning, as the monster was fashioned by the chemistry of the student in the celebrated novel of his gifted daughter. Falkland and Caleb Williams are the mere impersonations of the unbounded love of reputation and irresistible curiosity; these ideas are developed in each with masterly iteration—to the two ideas all causes give way; and materials, often of remarkable coarseness, are subjected to the refinement of the conception.

Hazlitt used to observe of these two characters, that the manner they are played into each other was equal to anything of the kind in the drama; and there is no doubt that the opposition, though at the cost of probability, is most powerfully maintained: but the effect is partly owing to the absence of all extrinsic interest which could interfere with the main purpose; the beatings of the heart become audible, not only from their own intensity, but from the desolation which the author has expanded around them. The consistency in each is that of an idea, not of a character; and if the effect of form and colour is produced,

it is, as in line engraving, by the infinite minuteness and delicacy of the single strokes. In like manner, the incidents by which Godwin seeks to exemplify the wrongs inflicted by power on goodness in civilized society, are utterly fantastical; nothing can be more minute, nothing more unreal; the youth being involved by a web of circumstances woven to immesh him, which the condition of society that the author intends to repudiate renders impossible; and which, if true, would prove not that the framework of law is tyrannous, but that the will of a single oppressor may elude it. The subject of "St. Leon" is more congenial to the author's power; but it is, in like manner, a logical development of the consequences of a being prolonged on earth through ages; and, as the dismal vista expands, the skeleton speculators crowd in to mock and sadden us!

Mr. Godwin was thus a man of two beings, which held little discourse with each other—the daring inventor of theories constructed of air-drawn diagrams—and the simple gentleman, who suffered nothing to disturb or excite him, beyond his study. He loved to walk in the crowded streets of London, not like Lamb, enjoying the infinite varieties of many-coloured life around him, but because he felt, amidst the noise, and crowd, and glare, more intensely the imperturbable stillness of his own contemplations. His means of comfortable support were mainly supplied by a shop in Skinner-street where, under the style of "M. J. Godwin & Co.,"[1] the prettiest and wisest books for children issued, which old-fashioned parents presented to their children, without suspecting that the graceful lessons of piety and goodness which charmed away the selfishness of infancy, were published, and sometimes revised, and now and then written, by a philosopher whom they would scarcely venture to name! He met the exigencies which the vicissitudes of business sometimes caused, with the trusting simplicity which marked his course; he asked his friends for aid without scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life, and had little time to provide for his own outward

[1] [The place of business was apparently under Godwin's superintendence, "M. J. Godwin" being his wife.]

existence; and took their excuses, when offered, without doubt or offence.

The very next day after I had been honoured and delighted by an introduction to him at Lamb's chambers, I was made still more proud and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand—which my poverty, not my will, rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carelessly observed, that he had a little bill for £150 falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hope of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but, alas! a moment's reflection sufficed to convince me that the hope was vain, and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world. "Oh, dear!" said the philosopher, "I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune!—don't mention it—don't mention it; I shall do very well elsewhere:"—and then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics; and sat in my small room for half an hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem. A slender tribute to the literature he had loved and served so well, was accorded to him in the old age to which he attained, by the gift of a sinecure in the Exchequer, of about £200 a-year, connected with the custody of the Records; and the last time I saw him, he was heaving an immense key to unlock the musty treasures of which he was guardian—how unlike those he had unlocked, with finer talisman, for the astonishment and alarm of one generation and the delight of all others!

JOHN THELWALL, who had once exulted in the appellation of Citizen Thelwall, having been associated with Coleridge and Southey in their days of enthusiastical dreaming, though a more precise and practical reformer than either, was introduced by them to Lamb, and was welcomed to his

circle, in the true catholicism of its spirit, although its master cared nothing for the Roman virtue which Thelwall devotedly cherished, and which Horne Tooke kept in uncertain vibration between a rebellion and a hoax. Lamb justly esteemed Thelwall as a thoroughly honest man;—not honest merely in reference to the moral relations of life, but to the processes of thought; one whose mind, acute, vigorous, and direct, perceived only the object immediately before it, and, undisturbed by collateral circumstances, reflected with literal fidelity the impression it received, and maintained it as sturdily against the beauty that might soften it, or the wisdom that might mould it, as against the tyranny that would stifle its expression. "If to be honest as the world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand," to be honest as the mind works is to be one man of a million; and such a man was Thelwall. Starting with imperfect education from the thraldom of domestic oppression, with slender knowledge, but with fiery zeal, into the dangers of political enterprise, and treading fearlessly on the verge of sedition, he saw nothing before him but powers which he assumed to be despotism and vice, and rushed headlong to crush them. The point of time—just that when the accumulated force of public opinion had obtained a virtual mastery over the accumulated corruptions of ages, but when power, still unconvinced of its danger, presented its boldest front to opposing intellect, or strove to crush it in the cruelty of awaking fear—gave scope for the ardent temperament of an orator almost as poor in scholastic cultivation as in external fortune, but strong in integrity and rich in burning words.

Thus passionate, Thelwall spoke boldly and vehemently—at a time when indignation was thought to be virtue; but there is no reason to believe he ever meditated any treason except that accumulated in the architectural sophistry of Lord Eldon, by which he proved a person who desired to awe the Government into a change of policy to be guilty of compassing the king's death—as thus:—that the king must resist the proposed alteration in his measures—that resisting he must be deposed—and that being deposed, he must necessarily die;—though his boldness of speech placed him in jeopardy even after the acquittals of

his simple-minded associate Hardy and his enigmatical instructor Tooke, who forsook him, and left him, when acquitted, to the mercy of the world.

His life, which before this event had been one of self-denial and purity remarkable in a young man who had imbibed the impulses of revolutionary France, partook of considerable vicissitude. At one time, he was raised by his skill in correcting impediments of speech, and teaching elocution as a science, into elegant competence —at other times saddened by the difficulties of poorly requited literary toil and wholly unrequited patriotism; but he preserved his integrity and his cheerfulness—"a man of hope and forward-looking mind even to the last."

Unlike Godwin, whose profound thoughts slowly struggled into form, and seldom found utterance in conversation,—speech was in him all in all, his delight, his profession, his triumph, with little else than passion to inspire or colour it. The flaming orations of his "Tribune," rendered more piquant by the transparent masquerade of ancient history which, in his youth, "touched monied worldlings with dismay," and infected the poor with dangerous anger, seemed vapid, spiritless and shallow when addressed through the press to the leisure of the thoughtful. The light which glowed with so formidable a lustre before the evening audience, vanished on closer examination, and proved to be only a harmless phantom-vapour which left no traces of destructive energy behind it.

Thelwall, in person small, compact, muscular—with a head denoting indomitable resolution and features deeply furrowed by the ardent workings of the mind,—was as energetic in all his pursuits and enjoyments as in political action. He was earnestly devoted to the Drama, and enjoyed its greatest representations with the freshness of a boy who sees a play for the first time. He hailed the kindred energy of Kean with enthusiastic praise; but abjuring the narrowness of his political vision in matters of taste, did justice to the nobler qualities of Mrs. Siddons and her brothers. In literature and art also, he relaxed the bigotry of his liberal intolerance, and expatiated in their wider fields with a taste more catholic. Here Lamb was ready with his sympathy, which indeed even the politi-

cal zeal, that he did not share, was too hearted to repel. Although generally detesting lectures on literature as superficial and vapid substitutes for quiet reading, and recitations as unreal mockeries of the true Drama, he sometimes attended the entertainments, composed of both, which Thelwall, in the palmy days of his prosperity, gave at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, not on politics, which he had then forsaken for elocutionary science, though maintaining the principles of his youth, but partly on elocution, and partly on poetry and acting, into which he infused the fiery enthusiasm of his nature. Sometimes, indeed, his fervour animated his disquisitions on the philosophy of speech with greater warmth than he reserved for more attractive themes; the melted vowels were blended into a rainbow, or dispersed like fleecy clouds; and the theory of language was made interesting by the honesty and vigour of the speaker. Like all men who have been chiefly self-taught, he sometimes presented common-places as original discoveries with an air which strangers mistook for quackery; but they were unjust; to the speaker these were the product of his own meditation, though familiar to many, and not rarely possessed the charm of originality in their freshness. Lamb at least, felt that it was good, among other companions of richer and more comprehensive intelligence, to have one friend who was undisturbed by misgiving either for himself or his cause; who enunciated wild paradox and worn-out common-place with equal confidence; and who was ready to sacrifice ease, fortune, fame—everything but speech, and if it had been possible even *that*—to the cause of truth or friendship.

CHAPTER III.

LAMB'S FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

WILLIAM HAZLITT was, for many years, one of the brightest and most constant ornaments of Lamb's parties; linked to him in the firm bond of intellectual friendship—which remained unshaken in spite of some superficial differences, "short and far between," arising from Lamb's insensibility to Hazlitt's political animosities and his adherence to Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, who shared them. Hazlitt in his boyhood had derived from his father that attachment to abstract truth for its own sake, and that inflexible determination to cherish it, which naturally predominated in the being of the minister of a small rural congregation, who cherished religious opinions adverse to those of the great body of his countrymen, and waged a spiritual warfare throughout his peaceful course. Thus disciplined, he was introduced to the friendship of youthful poets, in whom the dawn of the French Revolution had enkindled hope, and passion, and opinions tinctured with hope and passion, which he eagerly embraced; and when changes passed over the prospects of mankind, which induced them, in maturer years, to modify the doctrines they had taught, he resented these defections almost as personal wrongs, and, when his pen found scope, and his tongue utterance, wrote and spoke of them with such bitterness as can only spring from the depths of old affection. No writer, however, except Wilson, did such noble justice to the poetry of Wordsworth, when most despised, and to the genius of Coleridge, when most obscured; he cherished a true admiration for each in "the last recesses of the mind," and defended them with dogged resolution against the scorns and slights of the world. Still the superficial difference was, or seemed, too wide to admit of personal intercourse; and I do not think that during the many years which elapsed between my intro-

duction to Lamb and Hazlitt's death, he ever met either of the poets at the rooms of the man they united in loving.

Although Hazlitt was thus staunch in his attachment to principles which he reverenced as true, he was by no means rigid in his mode of maintaining and illustrating them, but, on the contrary, frequently diminished the immediate effect of his reasonings by the prodigality and richness of the allusions with which he embossed them. He had as unquenchable a desire for truth as others have for wealth, or power, or fame; he pursued it with sturdy singleness of purpose, and enunciated it without favour or fear. But, besides that love of truth, that sincerity in pursuing it, and that boldness in telling it, he had also a fervent aspiration after the beautiful, a vivid sense of pleasure, and an intense consciousness of his own individual being, which sometimes produced obstacles to the current of speculation, by which it was broken into dazzling eddies or urged into devious windings. Acute, fervid, vigorous, as his mind was, it wanted the one great central power of Imagination, which brings all the other faculties into harmonious action, multiplies them into each other, makes truth visible in the forms of beauty, and substitutes intellectual vision for proof. Thus, in him, truth and beauty held divided empire. In him, the spirit was willing, but the flesh was *strong;* and, when these contend, it is not difficult to anticipate the result; "for the power of beauty shall sooner transform honesty from what it is into a bawd, than the person of honesty shall transform beauty into its likeness." This "sometime paradox"[1] was vividly exemplified in Hazlitt's personal history, his conversation, and his writings. To the solitudes of the country in which he mused on "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," a temperament of unusual ardour had given an intense interest, akin to that with which Rousseau has animated and oppressed the details of his early years.

He had not then, nor did he find till long afterwards, power to embody his meditations and feelings in words. The consciousness of thoughts which he could not hope adequately to express, increased his natural reserve; and he turned for relief to the art of painting, in which he

might silently realize his dreams of beauty, and repay the loveliness of nature by fixing some of its fleeting aspects in immortal tints. A few old prints from the old masters awakened the spirit of emulation within him; the sense of beauty became identified in his mind with that of glory and duration; while the peaceful labour he enjoyed calmed the tumult in his veins, and gave steadiness to his pure and distant aim. He pursued the art with an earnestness and patience which he vividly describes in his essay, "On the Pleasure of Painting," and to which he frequently reverted in the happiest moods of his conversation; and although in this, his chosen pursuit, he failed, the passionate desire for success, and the long struggle to attain it, left deep traces in his mind, heightening his keen perception of external things, and mingling with all his speculations airy shapes and hues which he had vainly striven to transfer to canvas. A painter may acquire a fine insight into the nice distinctions of character,—he may copy manners in words as he does in colours,—but it may be apprehended that his course as a severe reasoner will be somewhat "troubled with thick-coming fancies." And if the successful pursuit of art may thus disturb the process of abstract contemplation, how much more may an unsatisfied ambition ruffle it! bid the dark threads of thought glitter with radiant fancies unrealized, and clothe the diagrams of speculation with the fragments of picture which the mind cherishes the more fondly, because the hand refused to realize! What wonder, if, in the mind of an ardent youth, thus struggling in vain to give palpable existence to the shapes of loveliness which haunted him, "the homely beauty of the good old cause" should assume the fascinations not properly its own?

The association of beauty with reason diminished the immediate effect of Hazlitt's political essays, while it enhanced their permanent value. It was the fashion, in his lifetime, to denounce him as a sour Jacobin; but no description could be more unjust. Under the influence of some bitter feeling or some wayward fancy, he occasionally poured out a furious invective against those whom he regarded as the enemies of liberty, or as apostates from her cause; but, in general, the force of his expostulation

or his reasoning was diverted (unconsciously to himself) by figures and phantasies, by fine and quaint allusions, by quotations from his favourite authors, introduced with singular felicity as respects the direct link of association, but tending, by their very beauty, to unnerve the mind of the reader, and substitute the sense of luxury for clear conviction or noble anger. In some of his essays, where the reasoning is most cogent, every other sentence contains some exquisite passage from Shakespeare, or Fletcher, or Wordsworth, trailing after it a line of golden associations, or some reference to a novel over which we have a thousand times forgotten the wrongs of mankind; till, in the recurring shocks of pleasurable surprise, the main argument is forgotten. When, for example, he compares the position of certain political waverers to that of Clarissa Harlowe confronting the ravisher who would repeat his outrage, with the penknife pointed to her breast and her eyes uplifted to Heaven, and describes them as having been, like her, trepanned into a house of ill-fame near Pall Mall, and there defending their soiled virtue with their penknives: what reader, at the suggestion of the stupendous scene which the allusion directly revives, can think or care about the renegade of yesterday? Here, again, is felt the want of that Imagination which brings all things into one, tinges all our thoughts and sympathies with one hue, and rejects every ornament which does not heighten or prolong the feeling which it seeks to embody.

Even when he retaliates on Southey for attacking his old co-patriots, the poetical associations which bitter remembrance suggests, almost neutralise the vituperation; he brings every "flower which sad embroidery wears to strew the laureate hearse," where ancient regards are interred, and merges all the censure of the changed politician in praise of the simple dignity and the generous labours of a singularly noble and unsullied life. So little does he regard the unity of sentiment in his compositions, that in his "Letter to Gifford," after a series of just and bitter retorts on his maligner as "the fine link which connects literature with the police," he takes a fancy to teach that "ultra-crepidarian critic" his own theory of the natural disinterestedness of the human mind, and develops

it, not in the dry, hard mathematical style in which it was first enunciated, but "o'er informed" with the glow of sentiment, and terminating in an eloquent rhapsody. This latter portion of the letter is one of the noblest of his effusions, but it entirely destroys the first in the mind of the reader; for who, when thus contemplating the living wheels on which human benevolence is borne onwards in its triumphant career, and the spirit which they are instinct, can think of the literary wasp which had settled for a moment upon them, and who had just before been mercilessly transfixed with minikin arrows?

But the most signal example of the influences which "the show of things" exercised over Hazlitt's mind was the setting up the Emperor Napoleon as his idol. He strove to justify this predilection to himself by referring it to the revolutionary origin of his hero, and the contempt with which he trampled upon the claims of legitimacy, and humbled the pride of kings. But if his "only love" thus sprang "from his only hate," it was not cherished in its blossom by antipathies. If there had been nothing in his mind which tended to aggrandisement and glory, and which would fain reconcile the principles of freedom with the lavish accumulation of power, he might have desired the triumph of young tyranny over legitimate thrones; but he would scarcely have watched its progress and its fall "like a lover and a child." His feeling for Bonaparte in exile was not a sentiment of respect for fallen greatness, not a desire to trace "the soul of goodness in things evil;" not a loathing of the treatment the Emperor received from "his cousin kings" in the day of adversity; but entire affection mingling with the current of the blood, and pervading the moral and intellectual being. Nothing less than this strong attachment, at once personal and refined, would have enabled him to encounter the toil of collecting and arranging facts and dates for the four volumes of narrative, which constitute his "Life of Napoleon;"—a drudgery too abhorrent to his habits of mind as a thinker to be sustained by any stimulous which the prospect of remuneration or the hope of applause could supply. It is not so much in the ingenious excuses which he discovers for the worst acts of his hero—offered even for the midnight exe-

cution of the Duke d'Enghien and the invasion of Spain—that the stamp of personal devotion is obvious, as in the graphic force with which he has delineated the short-lived splendours of the Imperial Court, and "the trivial fond records" he has gathered of every vestige of human feeling by which he could reconcile the Imperial Cynic to the species he scorned.

The first two volumes of his work, although redeemed by scattered thoughts of true originality and depth, are often confused and spiritless; the characters of the principal revolutionists are drawn too much in the style of awkward, sprawling caricatures; but when the hero casts all his rivals into the distance, erects himself the individual enemy of England, consecrates his power by religious ceremonies, and defines it by the circle of a crown, the author's strength becomes concentrated; his narrative assumes an epic dignity and fervour, dallies with the flowers of usurped prerogative, and glows with "the long-resounding march and energy divine." How happy and proud is he to picture the meeting of the Emperor with the Pope and the grandeurs of the coronation! How he grows wanton in celebrating the fêtes of the Tuileries, as "presenting all the elegance of enchanted pageants," and laments them as "gone like a fairy revel!" How he "lives along the line" of Austerlitz, and rejoices in its thunder, and hails its setting sun, and exults in the minutest details of the subsequent meeting of the conquered sovereigns at the feet of the conqueror! How he expatiates on the fatal marriage with "the deadly Austrian" (as Mr. Cobbett justly called Maria Louisa), as though it were a chapter in romance, and sheds the grace of beauty on the imperial picture! How he kindles with martial ardour as he describes the preparations against Russia! musters the myriads of barbarians with a show of dramatic justice, and fondly lingers among the brief triumphs of the Moskwa, on the verge of the terrible catastrophe! The narrative of that disastrous expedition is, indeed, written with a master's hand; we see the "grand army" marching to its destruction through the immense perspective, the wild hordes flying before the terror of its "coming," the barbaric magnificence of Moscow towering in the remote distance;

and when we gaze upon the sacrificial conflagration of the Kremlin, we feel that it is worthy to become the funeral pile of the conqueror's glories.

It is well for the readers of this splendid work, that there is more in it of the painter than of the metaphysician; that its style glows with the fervour of battle, or stiffens with the spoils of victory; yet we wonder that this monument to imperial grandeur should be raised from the dead level of jacobinism by an honest and profound thinker. The solution is that, although he was this, he was also more—that in opinion he was devoted to the cause of the people, but that in feeling he required some individual object of worship; that he selected Napoleon as one in whose origin and career he might at once impersonate his principles and gratify his affections; and that he adhered to his own idea with heroic obstinacy, when the "child and champion of the Republic" openly sought to repress all feeling and thought but such as he could cast in his own iron moulds, and scoffed at popular enthusiasm even while it bore him to the accomplishment of his loftiest desires.

Hazlitt had little inclination to talk or write about contemporary authors, and still less to read them. He was with difficulty persuaded to look into the Scotch novels; but when he did so, he found them old in substance, though new in form, read them with as much avidity as the rest of the world, and expressed better than any one else what all the world felt about them. His hearty love of them, however, did not diminish, but aggravated his dislike of the political opinions, so zealously and consistently maintained, of their great author: and yet the strength of his hatred towards that which was accidental and transitory only set off the unabated power of his regard for the great and the lasting. Coleridge and Wordsworth were not moderns to him, for they were the inspirers of his youth, which was his own antiquity; and the feelings which were the germ of their poetry had sunk deep into his heart.

With the exception of the works of these, and of his friends Barry Cornwall and Sheridan Knowles, in whose successes he rejoiced, he held modern literature in slight esteem, and regarded the discoveries of science and the

visions of optimism with an undazzled eye. His "large discourse of reason" looked not before, but after. He felt it a sacred duty, as a lover of genius and art, to defend the fame of the mighty dead. When the old painters were assailed in "The Catalogue Raisonné of the British Institution," he was "touched with noble anger." All his own vain longings after the immortality of the works which were libelled, all the tranquillity and beauty they had shed into his soul, all his comprehension of the sympathy and delight of thousands which, accumulating through long time, had attested their worth—were fused together to dazzle and subdue the daring critic who would disturb the judgment of ages. So, when a popular poet assailed the fame of Rousseau, seeking to reverse the decision of posterity on what that great though unhappy writer had achieved by suggesting the opinion of people of condition in his neighbourhood on the figure he made to their apprehensions while in the service of Madame de Warrens, he vindicated the prerogatives of genius with the true logic of passion. Few things irritated him more than the claims set up for the present generation to be wiser and better than those which have gone before it. He had no power of imagination to embrace the golden clouds which hung over the Future; but he rested and expatiated in the Past. To his apprehension human good did not appear a slender shoot of yesterday, like the beanstalk in the fairy tale, aspiring to the skies and leading to an enchanted castle, but a huge growth of intertwisted fibres, grasping the earth by numberless roots of custom, habit and affection, and bearing vestiges of "a thousand storms, a thousand thunders."

When I first met Hazlitt, in the year 1815, he was staggering under the blow of Waterloo. The re-appearance of his imperial idol on the coast of France and his triumphant march to Paris, like a fairy vision, had excited his admiration and sympathy to the utmost pitch; and though in many respects sturdily English in feeling, he could scarcely forgive the valour of the conquerors, and bitterly resented the captivity of the Emperor in St. Helena, which followed it, as if he had sustained a personal wrong. On this subject only, he was "eaten up with passion;" on all

others he was the fairest, the most candid of reasoners. His countenance was then handsome, but marked by a painful expression; his black hair, which had curled stiffly over his temples, had scarcely received its first tints of grey; his gait was awkward; his dress was neglected; and, in the company of strangers, his bashfulness was almost painful—but when, in the society of Lamb and one or two others, he talked on his favourite themes of old English books or old Italian pictures, no one's conversation could be more delightful. The poets, from intercourse with whom he had drawn so much of his taste, and who had contributed to shed the noble infection of beauty through his reasoning faculties, had scarcely the opportunity of appreciating their progress. It was, in after years, by the fire-side of "the Lambs," that his tongue was gradually loosened, and his passionate thoughts found appropriate words. There his struggles to express the fine conceptions with which his mind was filled were encouraged by entire sympathy; there he began to stammer out his just and original conceptions of Chaucer and Spenser, and other English poets and prose writers, more talked of, though not better known, by their countrymen; there he was thoroughly understood and dexterously cheered by Miss Lamb, whose nice discernment of his first efforts in conversation were dwelt upon by him with affectionate gratitude, even when most out of humour with the world. When he mastered his diffidence, he did not talk for effect, to dazzle, or surprise, or annoy, but with the most simple and honest desire to make his view of the subject in hand entirely apprehended by his hearer. There was sometimes an obvious struggle to do this to his own satisfaction; he seemed labouring to drag his thought to light from its deep lurking-place; and, with timid distrust of that power of expression which he had found so late in life, he often betrayed a fear lest he had failed to make himself understood, and recurred to the subject again and again, that he might be assured he had succeeded. With a certain doggedness of manner, he shewed nothing pragmatical or exclusive; he never drove a principle to its utmost possible consequences, but, like Locksley, "allowed for the wind."

For some years previous to his death he observed an

entire abstinence from fermented liquors, which he had once quaffed with the proper relish he had for all the good things of this life, but which he courageously resigned when he found the indulgence perilous to his health and faculties.

The cheerfulness with which he made this sacrifice was one of the most amiable traits in his character. He had no censure for others who, in the same dangers, were less wise or less resolute; nor did he think he had earned by his own constancy any right to intrude advice which he knew, if wanted, must be unavailing. Nor did he profess to be a convert to the general system of abstinence, which was advanced by one of his kindest and staunchest friends; he avowed that he yielded to necessity; and instead of avoiding the sight of that which he could no longer taste, he was seldom so happy as when he sat with friends at their wine, participating the sociality of the time, and renewing his own past enjoyment in that of his companions, without regret and without envy. Like Dr. Johnson, he made himself poor amends for the loss of wine by drinking tea, not so largely indeed as the hero of Boswell, but at least of equal potency; for he might have challenged Mrs. Thrale and all her sex to make stronger tea than his own. In society, as in politics, he was no flincher. He loved "to hear the chimes at midnight," without considering them as a summons to rise. At these seasons, when in his happiest mood, he used to dwell on the conversational powers of his friends, and live over again the delightful hours he had passed with them, repeat the pregnant puns that one had made, tell over again a story with which another had convulsed the room, or expatiate on the eloquence of a third: always best pleased when he could detect some talent which was unregarded by the world, and giving alike to the celebrated and the unknown due honour.

Hazlitt delivered three courses of lectures at the Surrey Institution, on "The English Poets," on "The English Comic Writers" and on "The Age of Elizabeth;" which Lamb (under protest against lectures in general) regularly attended, an earnest admirer amidst crowds with whom the lecturer had "an imperfect sympathy." They consisted chiefly of Dissenters, who agreed with him in his

hatred of Lord Castlereagh and his love of religious freedom, but who "loved no plays:" of Quakers, who approved him as the earnest opponent of slavery and capital punishment, but who "heard no music:" of citizens devoted to the main chance, who had a hankering after "the improvement of the mind," but to whom his favourite doctrine of its natural disinterestedness was a riddle: of a few enemies who came to sneer, and a few friends, who were eager to learn and to admire. The comparative insensibility of the bulk of his audience to his finest passages sometimes provoked him to awaken their attention by points which broke the train of his discourse; after which he could make himself amends by some abrupt paradox which might set their prejudices on edge, and make them fancy they were shocked.

He startled many of them at the onset by observing that, since Jacob's dream, "the heavens have gone farther off, and become astronomical"—a fine extravagance, which the ladies and gentlemen, who had grown astronomical themselves under the preceding lecturer, felt called on to resent as an attack on their severer studies. When he read a well-known extract from Cowper, comparing a poor cottager with Voltaire, and had pronounced the line: "A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew," they broke into a joyous shout of self-gratulation, that they were so much wiser than the scornful Frenchman. When he passed by Mrs. Hannah More with observing that "she had written a great deal which he had never read," a voice gave expression to the general commiseration and surprise, by calling out "More pity for you!" They were confounded at his reading with more emphasis, perhaps, than discretion Gay's epigrammatic lines on Sir Richard Blackmore, in which scriptural persons are too freely hitched into rhyme; but he went doggedly on to the end, and by his perseverance baffled those who, if he had acknowledged himself wrong by stopping, would have visited him with an outburst of displeasure which he felt to be gathering.

He once had a more edifying advantage over them. He was enumerating the humanities which endeared Dr. Johnson to his mind, and at the close of an agreeable catalogue mentioned, as last and noblest, "his carrying

the poor victim of disease and dissipation on his back through Fleet-street," at which a titter arose from some who were struck by the picture as ludicrous, and a murmur from others who deemed the allusion unfit for ears polite: he paused for an instant, and then added, in his sturdiest and most impressive manner,—"an act which realizes the parable of the Good Samaritan;" at which his moral and his delicate hearers shrank, rebuked, into deep silence.

He was not eloquent in the true sense of the term; for his thoughts were too weighty to be moved along by the shallow stream of feeling which an evening's excitement can rouse. He wrote all his lectures, and read them as they were written; but his deep voice and earnest manner suited his matter well. He seemed to dig into his subject, and not in vain. In delivering his longer quotations, he had scarcely continuity enough for the versification of Shakespeare and Milton, "with linked sweetness long drawn out;" but he gave Pope's brilliant satire and delightful compliments, which are usually complete within the couplet, with an elegance and point which the poet himself, could he have heard, would have felt as indicating their highest praise.

Mr. Hazlitt, having suffered for many years from derangement of the digestive organs, for which perhaps a moderate use of fermented liquors would have been preferable to abstinence, solaced only by the intense tincture of tea in which he found refuge, worn out at last, died on 18th Sept., 1830, at the age of fifty-two. Lamb frequently visited him during his sufferings, which were not, as has been erroneously suggested, aggravated by the want of needful comforts; for although his careless habits had left no provision for sickness, his friends gladly acknowledged, by their united aid, the deep intellectual obligations due to the great thinker. In a moment of acute pain, when the needless apprehension for the future rushed upon him, he dictated a brief and peremptory letter to the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," requiring a considerable remittance, to which he had no claim but that of former remunerated services, which the friend, who obeyed his bidding, feared might excite displeasure. But he mistook Francis Jeffrey: he sum demanded was received by return of post with

the most anxious wishes for Hazlitt's recovery—just too late for him to understand his error.

Lamb joined a few friends in attending his funeral in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, where he was interred, and felt his loss—not so violently at the time, as mournfully in the frequent recurrence of the sense that a chief source of intellectual pleasure was stopped.

His personal frailties are nothing to us now; his thoughts survive; in them we have his better part entire, and in them must be read his true history. The real events of his life are not to be traced in its external changes, as his engagement by the "Morning Chronicle," or the transfer of his services to the "Times," or his introduction to the "Edinburgh Review;" but in the progress and development of his fine understanding as nurtured, and checked, and swayed by his affections. His warfare was within; its spoils are ours![1]

[1] ["In truth, I cannot imagine myself cast amongst a more accomplished set of talkers than Hazlitt, Hunt, and Charles Lamb. They resembled each other in few things, except in the amount of their capacities and their apprehensions—their impressibility to what was good, in other writers. The first was not only acute and philosophical, but a gossip of the first water: he brought a character, sculptor-like, into alt-relief, and gave a flavour to the simplest anecdote. The second was more quick, humorous, and mercurial: he was an optimist—by anticipation: the future in *rus* was his sheet anchor—his habitable domain, and he had Hope (an angel with wings), cut upon his seal. Hazlitt was sceptical of virtue, and Lamb said nothing about it; but Hunt insisted upon its ubiquity, its superabundance; and I believe that, in a great degree, he was right. His fault (if I may arrogate to myself the right of deciding upon it) was the subduing everything to his own pre-conceived opinion. He was, if I may employ the phrase, his own partizan. He was, in this respect, less candid than Hazlitt, and less indifferent or disinterested than Lamb who threw out his idea, whatever it might be, and let it take its chance. . . . .

As critics, these three writers were, I sincerely believe, the very best of their time. They combined sensibility with acuteness beyond any others that I can refer to. They neither slavered their idols, as young critics do; nor tested them by a mere mechanical rule. An interloping comma or even a slip in grammar they could excuse; they did not think that these errors, occurring rarely, determined the genius of an author. They were, in short, all liberal men; nevertheless, they were very different—even as critics. They sympathized with different things in the same book: each, however, admitting, at the same time, its crowning or distinguishing good. For instance, Lamb was too fond of the quaint and obsolete; these qualities with him made a good thing

doubly good. Hunt (a man almost too ingenious) was fond of conceits; he left the sentiment for them, now and then, I think, as in the case of the celebrated contest between the musician and the Nightingale, where he commends Crashaw, and neglects Ford. Hazlitt, with great natural candour, was occasionally blind with passion. Were I to choose which I would take for my guide, I should—but not without reflecting a little—elect Hazlitt. Not but that Lamb occasionally plucks out the deepest thing—"drowned Honour by the locks," whilst Hunt's sensibility penetrates into the greenest and hidden nooks, his ingenuity playing over every point and surface of the subject, like lambent flame; but, on the whole, I should (where the three differed) be inclined to follow Hazlitt. He was always in earnest; and if he were not dealing with a cotemporary, he was almost sure to be true."—PROCTER in "Athenæum" for 1835.]

CHAPTER IV.

LAMB'S FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES—BARNES AND HAYDON.

ONE of the soundest and most elegant scholars whom the school of Christ's Hospital ever produced, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, was a frequent guest at Lamb's chambers in the Temple; and though the responsibilities he undertook, before Lamb quitted that his happiest abode, prevented him from visiting often at Russell Street, Islington, or Enfield, he was always ready to assist, by the kind word of the powerful journal in which he became most potent, the expanding reputation of his school-mate and friend. After establishing a high social and intellectual character at Cambridge, he had entered the legal profession as a special pleader, but was prevented from applying the needful devotion to that laborious pursuit by violent rheumatic affections, which he solaced by writing critiques and essays of rare merit. So shattered did he appear in health that, when his friends learned that he had accepted the editorship of the "Times" newspaper, they almost shuddered at the attempt as suicidal, and anticipated a speedy ruin to his constitution from the pressure of constant labour and anxiety on the least healthful hours of toil. But he had judged better than they of his own physical and intellectual resources and the mode in which the grave responsibility and constant exertion of his office would affect both; for the regular effort consolidated his feverish strength, gave evenness and tranquillity to a life of serious exertion, and supplied for many years power equal to the perpetual demand: affording a striking example how, when finely attuned, the mind can influence the body to its uses. The facile adaptation of his intellect to his new duties was scarcely less remarkable than the mastery it achieved over his desultory habits and physical infirmities; for until then it had seemed more refined than vigorous, more elegant than weighty—too fastidious to endure the super-

vision and arrangement of innumerable reports, paragraphs and essays; but, while a scholarly grace was shed by him through all he wrote or moulded, the needful vigour was never wanting to the high office of superintending the great daily miracle, to the discipline of its various contributors, or to the composition of articles which he was always ready, on the instant of emergency, to supply.

Mr. Barnes, linked by school associations with Leigh Hunt, filled the theatrical department of criticism in the "Examiner" during the period when the Editor's imprisonment for alleged libel on the Prince Regent precluded his attendance on the theatres. It was no easy office of friendship to supply the place of Hunt in the department of criticism he may be almost said to have invented; but Mr. Barnes, though in a different style, well sustained the attractions of the "Theatrical Examiner." Fortunately the appearance of Mr. Kean during this interval enabled him to gratify the profound enthusiasm of his nature without doing violence to the fastidious taste to which it was usually subjected. He perceived at once the vivid energy of the new actor, understood his faults to be better than the excellences of ordinary aspirants, and hailed him with the most generous praise—the more valuable as it proceeded from one rarely induced to render applause, and never yielding it except on the conviction of true excellence. Hazlitt, who contributed theatrical criticism, at the same time, to the "Morning Chronicle," and who astounded the tame mediocrity of Mr. Perry's subordinates by his earnest eulogy, and Barnes, had the satisfaction of first appreciating this unfriended performer, and while many were offended by the daring novelty of his style, and more stood aloof with fashionable indifference from a deserted theatre, of awakening that spirit which retrieved the fortunes of Old Drury—which revived, for a brilliant interval, the interest of the English stage, and which bore the actor on a tide of intoxicating success that "knew no retiring ebb" till it was unhappily checked by his own lamentable frailties.[1]

[1] As the essays of Mr. Barnes have never been collected, I take leave to present to the reader the conclusion of his article in the "Examiner" of February 27, 1814, on the first appearance of Mr. Kean in Richard;—

The manners of Mr. Barnes, though extremely courteous, were so reserved as to seem cold to strangers; but they were changed, as by magic, by the contemplation of moral or intellectual beauty awakened in a small circle. I well remember him, late one evening in the year 1816, when only two or three friends remained with Lamb and his sister, long after "we had heard the chimes at midnight," holding inveterate but delighted controversy with Lamb respecting the tragic power of Dante as compared with that of Shakspeare. Dante was scarcely known to Lamb; for he was unable to read the original, and Cary's noble translation was not then known to him; and Barnes aspired to the glory of affording him a glimpse of a kindred greatness in the mighty Italian with that which he had conceived incapable of human rivalry. The face of the advocate of Dante, heavy when in repose, grew bright with earnest admiration as he quoted images, sentiments, dialogues against Lamb, who had taken his own immortal stand on Lear, and urged the supremacy of the child-changed father against all the possible Ugolinos of the world. Some reference, made by Lamb to his own exposition of Lear, which had been recently published in a

"In the heroic parts, he animated every spectator with his own feeling; when he exclaimed 'that a thousand hearts were swelling in his bosom,' the house shouted to express their accordance with a truth so nobly exemplified by the energy of his voice, by the grandeur of his mien. His death-scene was the grandest conception, and executed in the most impressive manner; it was a piece of noble poetry, expressed by action instead of language. He fights desperately: he is disarmed and exhausted of all bodily strength: he disdains to fall, and his strong volition keeps him standing: he fixes that head, full of intellectual and heroic power, directly on the enemy: he bears up his chest with an expression which seems swelling with more than human spirit: he holds his uplifted arm in calm but dreadful defiance of his conqueror. But he is but a man, and he falls, after this sublime effort, senseless to the ground. We have felt our eyes gush on reading a passage of exquisite poetry. We have been ready to leap at sight of a noble picture; but we never felt stronger emotion, more overpowering sensations, than were kindled by the novel sublimity of this catastrophe. In matters of mere taste, there will be a difference of opinion; but here there was no room to doubt, no reason could be imprudent enough to hesitate. Every heart beat an echo responsive to this call of elevated nature, and yearned with fondness towards the man who, while he excited admiration for himself, made also his admirers glow with a warmth of conscious superiority, because they were able to appreciate such an exalted degree of excellence."

magazine edited by Leigh Hunt, under the title of "The Reflector," touched another and a tenderer string of feeling, turned a little the course of his enthusiasm the more to inflame it, and brought out a burst of affectionate admiration for his friend, then scarcely known to the world, which was the more striking for its contrast with his usually sedate demeanour.

I think I see him now, leaning forward upon the little table on which the candles were just expiring in their sockets, his fists clenched, his eyes flashing, and his face bathed in perspiration, exclaiming to Lamb, "And do I not know, my boy, that you have written about Shakspeare and Shakspeare's own Lear, finer than any one ever did in the world; and won't I let the world know it?" He was right; there is no criticism in the world more worthy of the genius it estimates than that little passage referred to on Lear; few felt it then like Barnes; thousands have read it since here, and tens of thousands in America, and have felt as he did, and will answer for the truth of that excited hour.

Mr. Barnes combined singular acuteness of understanding with remarkable simplicity of character. If he was skilful in finding out those who duped others, he made some amends to the world of sharpers by being abundantly duped himself. He might caution the public to be on their guard against impostors of every kind; but his heart was open to every species of delusion which came in the shape of misery. Poles—real and theatrical—refugees, pretenders of all kinds, found their way to the "Times" inner office, and though the inexorable editor excluded their lucubrations from the precious space of its columns, he rarely omitted to make them amends by large contributions from his purse. The intimate acquaintance with all the varieties of life forced on him by his position in the midst of a moving epitome of the world, which vividly reflected them all, failed to teach him distrust or discretion. He was a child in the centre of the most feverish agitations, a dupe in the midst of the quickest apprehension; and while with unbending pride he repelled the slightest interference with his high functions from the greatest quarters, he was open to every tale from the lowest which could win from

him personal aid. Rarely as he was seen in his later years in Lamb's circle, he is indestructibly associated with it in the recollection of the few survivors of its elder days; and they will lament with me that the influences for good, which he shed largely on all the departments of busy life, should have necessarily left behind them such slender memorials of one of the kindest, the wisest and the best of men who have ever enjoyed signal opportunities of moulding public opinion, and who have turned them to the noblest and the purest uses.

Among Lamb's early acquaintances and constant admirers was an artist whose chequered career and melancholy death gave an interest to the recollections with which he is linked, independent of that which belongs to his pictures—BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. The ruling misfortune of his life was somewhat akin to that disproportion in Hazlitt's mind to which I have adverted, but productive in his case of more disastrous results—the possession of two different faculties not harmonised into one, and struggling for mastery—in that disarrangement of the faculties in which the unproductive talent becomes not a mere negative, but neutralises the other, and even turns its good into evil. Haydon, the son of a respectable tradesman at Plymouth, was endowed with two capacities, either of which exclusively cultivated with the energy of his disposition, might have led to fortune—the genius of a painter and the passionate logic of a controversialist, talents scarcely capable of being blended in harmonious action except under the auspices of prosperity such as should satisfy the artist by fame, and appease the literary combatant by triumph.

The combination of a turbulent vivacity of mind with a fine aptitude for the most serene of arts was rendered more infelicitous by the circumstances of the young painter's early career. He was destined painfully to work his way at once through the lower elements of his art and the difficulties of adverse fortune; and though by indomitable courage and unwearied industry he became master of anatomic science, of colouring and of perspective, and achieved a position in which his efforts might be fairly presented to the notice of the world, his impetuous tempera-

ment was yet further ruffled by the arduous and complicated struggle. With boundless intellectual ambition he sought to excel in the loftiest department of his art, and undertook the double responsibility of painting great pictures, and of creating the taste which should appreciate, and enforcing the patronage, which should reward them.

The patronage of high art, not then adopted by the government, and far beyond the means of individuals of the middle class, necessarily appertained to a few members of the aristocracy, who alone could encourage and remunerate the painters of history. Although the beginning of Mr. Haydon's career was not uncheered by aristocratic favour, the contrast between the greatness of his own conceptions and the humility of the course which prudence suggested as necessary to obtain for himself the means of developing them on canvas, fevered his nature which, ardent in gratitude for the appreciation and assistance of the wealthy to a degree which might even be mistaken for servility, was also impatient of the general indifference to the cause of which he sought to be, not only the ornament, but unhappily for him, also the champion. Alas! he there "perceived a divided duty." Had he been contented silently to paint—to endure obscurity and privation for a while, gradually to mature his powers of execution and soften the rigour of his style and of his virtue, he might have achieved works, not only as vast in outline and as beautiful in portions as those which he exhibited, but so harmonious in their excellences as to charm away opposition, and ensure speedy reputation, moderate fortune, and lasting fame. But resolved to battle for that which he believed to be "the right," he rushed into a life-long contest with the Royal Academy, frequently suspended the gentle labours of the pencil for the vehement use of the pen, and thus gave to his course an air of defiance which prevented the calm appreciation of his nobler works, and increased the mischief by reaction. Indignant of the scorns "that patient merit of the unworthy takes," he sometimes fancied scorns which *impatient* merit in return imputes to the worthy, and thus instead of enjoying the most tranquil of lives (which a painter's should be), led one of the most animated, restless, and broken. The necessary consequence of this disproportion

was a series of pecuniary embarrassments, the direct result of his struggle with fortune: a succession of feverish triumphs and disappointments, the fruits of his contest with power: and worse perhaps than either, the frequent diversion of his own genius from its natural course and the hurried and imperfect development of its most majestic conceptions. To paint as finely as he sometimes did in the ruffled pauses of his passionate controversy, and amidst the terrors of impending want, was to display large innate resources of skill and high energy of mind; but how much more unquestionable fame might he have attained if his disposition had permitted him to be content with charming the world of art, instead of attempting also to instruct or reform it!

Mr. Haydon's course, though thus troubled, was one of constant animation, and illustrated by hours of triumph, the more radiant because they were snatched from adverse fortune and a reluctant people. The exhibition of a single picture by an artist at war with the Academy which exhibited a thousand pictures at the same price—creating a sensation not only among artists and patrons of art, but among the most secluded literary circles—and engaging the highest powers of criticism—was, itself, a splendid occurrence in life, and twice at least, in the instance of the Entry into Jerusalem and the Lazarus, was crowned with signal success. It was a proud moment for the daring painter when, at the opening of the first of these Exhibitions, while the crowd of visitors, distinguished in rank or talent, stood doubting whether in the countenance of the chief figure the daring attempt to present an aspect differing from that which had enkindled the devotion of ages—to mingle the human with the Divine, resolution with sweetness, dignified composure with the anticipation of mighty suffering—had not failed, Mrs. Siddons walked slowly up to the centre of the room, surveyed it in silence for a minute or two, and then ejaculated, in her deep, low, thrilling voice, "It is perfect!" quelled all opposition, and removed the doubt, from his own mind at least, for ever.

Although the great body of artists, to whose corporate power Mr. Haydon was so passionately opposed, naturally

stood aside from his path, it was cheered by the attention and often by the applause of the chief literary spirits of the age, who were attracted by a fierce intellectual struggle. Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Godwin, Shelley, Hunt, Coleridge, Lamb, Keats—and many young writers for periodical works, in the freshness of unhacknied authorship—took an interest in a course so gallant though so troublous, which excited their sympathy yet did not force them to the irksome duty of unqualified praise. Almost in the outset of his career, Wordsworth addressed to him a sonnet, in heroic strain, associating the artist's calling with his own, making common cause with him, "while the whole world seems adverse to desert," admonishing him "still to be strenuous for the bright reward, and in the soul admit of no decay;" and, long after, when the poet had by a wiser perseverance gradually created the taste which appreciated his works, he celebrated in another sonnet the fine autumnal conception in the picture of Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena, with his back to the spectator, contemplating the blank sea left desolate by the sunken sun. The Conqueror of Napoleon also recognised the artist's claims, and supplied him with another great subject, in the contemplation of the solitude of Waterloo by its hero ten years after the victory.

Mr. Haydon's vividness of mind burst out in his conversation which, though somewhat broken and rugged, like his career, had also, like that, a vein of beauty streaking it. Having associated with most of the remarkable persons of his time, and seen strange varieties of "many-coloured life"—gifted with a rapid perception of character and a painter's eye for effect,—he was able to hit off with startling facility sketches in words which lived before the hearer. His anxieties and sorrows did not destroy the buoyancy of his spirits or rob the convivial moment of its prosperity; so that he struggled, and toiled, and laughed, and triumphed, and failed, and hoped on, till the waning of life approached and found him still in opposition to the world and far from the threshold of fortune. The object of his literary exertions was partially attained; the national attention had been directed to high art; but he did not

personally share in the benefits he had greatly contributed to win. Even his cartoon of the Curse in Paradise failed to obtain a prize when he entered the arena with unfledged youths for competitors; and the desertion of the exhibition of his two pictures of Aristides and Nero at the Egyptian Hall by the public for the neighbouring exposure of the clever manikin, General Tom Thumb, quite vanquished him.

It was indeed a melancholy contrast—the unending succession of bright crowds thronging the levees of the small abortion, and the dim and dusty room in which the two latest historical pictures of the veteran hung for hours without a visitor. Opposition, abuse, even neglect he could have borne; but the sense of ridicule involved in such a juxtaposition drove him to despair. No one who knew him ever apprehended from his disasters such a catastrophe as that which closed them. He had always cherished a belief in the religion of our Church, and avowed it among scoffing unbelievers; and that belief he asserted even in the wild fragments he penned in his last terrible hour. His friends thought that even the sense of the injustice of the world would have contributed with his undimmed consciousness of his own powers to enable him to endure. In his domestic relations also he was happy, blessed in the affection of a wife of great beauty and equal discretion, who, by gentler temper and serener wisdom than his own, had assisted and soothed him in all his anxieties and griefs, and whose image was so identified in his mind with the beautiful as to impress its character on all the forms of female loveliness he had created. Those who knew him best feel the strongest assurance, that notwithstanding the appearances of preparation which attended his extraordinary suicide, his mind was shattered to pieces—all distorted and broken—with only one feeling left entire, the perversion of which led to the deed, a hope to awaken sympathy in death for those whom living he could not shelter. The last hurried lines he wrote, entitled "Haydon's last Thoughts," consisted of a fevered comparison between the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, in which he seemed to wish to repair some supposed injustice which his speech or writing had done to the Conqueror. It was enclosed

in a letter addressed to three friends, written in the hour of his death, and containing sad fragmental memorials of those passionate hopes, fierce struggles, and bitter disappointments which brought him through distraction to the grave!

CHAPTER V.

LAMB'S FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A VISIT of Coleridge was always regarded by Lamb as an opportunity to afford a rare gratification to a few friends who, he knew, would prize it; and I well remember the flush of prideful pleasure which came over his face as he would hurry, on his way to the India House, into the office in which I was a pupil, and stammer out the welcome invitation for the evening. This was true self-sacrifice; for Lamb would have infinitely preferred having his inspired friend to himself and his sister for a brief renewal of the old Salutation delights; but, I believe, he never permitted himself to enjoy this exclusive treat. The pleasure he conferred was great; for, of all celebrated persons I ever saw, Coleridge alone surpassed the expectation created by his writings; for he not only was, but appeared to be, greater than the noblest things he had written.

Lamb used to speak, sometimes with a moistened eye and quivering lip, of Coleridge when young, and wish that we could have seen him in the spring-time of his genius, at a supper in the little sanded parlour of the old Salutation hostel. The promise of those days was never realized by the execution of any of the mighty works he planned; but the very failure gave a sort of mournful interest to the "large discourse, looking before and after," to which we were enchanted listeners, to the wisdom which lives only in our memories, and must perish with them.

From Coleridge's early works some notion may be gleaned of what he *was;* when the steep ascent of fame rose directly before him, while he might loiter to dally with the expectation of its summit, without ignobly shrinking from its

labours. His endowments at that time—the close of the last century—when literature had faded into a fashion of poor language, must have seemed to a mind and heart like Lamb's no less than miraculous.

A rich store of classical knowledge—a sense of the beautiful, almost verging on the effeminate—a facile power of melody, varying from the solemn stops of the organ to a bird-like flutter of airy sound—the glorious faculty of poetic hope exerted on human prospects, and presenting its results with the vividness of prophecy; a power of imaginative reasoning which peopled the nearer ground of contemplation with thoughts

> "All plumed like estriches, like eagles bathed,
> As full of spirit as the month of May,
> And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer,"

endowed the author of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel." Thus gifted, he glided from youth into manhood, as a fairy voyager on a summer sea, to eddy round and round in dazzling circles, and to make little progress at last towards any of those thousand mountain summits which, glorified by aerial tints, rose before him at the extreme verge of the vast horizon of his genius. The "Ancient Mariner" printed with the "Lyrical Ballads," one of his earliest works, is still his finest poem—at once the most vigorous in design and the most chaste in execution—developing the intensest human affection amidst the wildest scenery of a poet's dream. Nothing was too bright to hope from such a dawn. The mind of Coleridge seemed the harbinger of the golden years his enthusiasm predicted and painted—of those days of peace on earth and good will among men, which the best and greatest minds have rejoiced to anticipate, and the earnest belief in which is better than all frivolous enjoyments, all worldly wisdom, all worldly success. And if the noontide of his genius did not fulfil his youth's promise of manly vigour, nor the setting of his earthly life honour it by an answering serenity of greatness, they still have left us abundant reason to be grateful that the glorious fragments of his mighty and imperfect being were ours.

Cloud after cloud of German metaphysics rolled before

his imagination—which it had power to irradiate with fantastic beauty, and to break into a thousand shifting forms of grandeur, though not to conquer; mist after mist ascended from those streams where earth and sky should have blended in one imagery, and were turned by its obscured glory to radiant haze. Indulgence in the fearful luxury of that talismanic drug, which opens glittering scenes of fantastic beauty to the waking soul to leave it in arid desolation, too often veiled his mind in partial eclipse, and blended fitful light with melancholy blackness over its vast domain; but the great central light remained unquenched, and cast its gleams through every department of human knowledge.

A boundless capacity to receive and retain intellectual treasure made him the possessor of vaster stores of lore, classical, antiquarian, historical, biblical, and miscellaneous, than were ever vouchsafed, at least in our time, to a mortal being; goodly structures of divine philosophy rose before him like exhalations on the table-land of that his prodigious knowledge; but, alas! there was a deficiency of the power of voluntary action, which left him unable to embody the shapes of a shepherd's dreams, and made him feeble as an infant before the overpowering majesty of his own! Hence his literary life became one splendid and sad prospectus—resembling only the portal of a mighty temple which it is forbidden us to enter, but whence strains of rich music issuing "took the prisoned soul and lapped it in Elysium," and fragments of oracular wisdom startled the thought they could not satisfy.

Hence the riches of his mind were developed, not in writing, but in his speech—conversation I can scarcely call it—which no one who once heard can ever forget. Unable to work in solitude, he sought the gentle stimulus of social admiration, and under its influence poured forth without stint the marvellous resources of a mind rich in the spoils of time—richer, richer far in its own glorious imagination and delicate fancy! There was a noble prodigality in these outpourings, a generous disdain of self, an earnest desire to scatter abroad the seeds of wisdom and beauty, to take root wherever they might fall, and spring up with-

out bearing his name or impress, which might remind the listener of the first days of poetry before it became individualised by the press, when the Homeric rhapsodist wandered through new-born cities and scattered hovels, flashing upon the minds of the wondering audience the bright train of heroic shapes, the series of godlike exploits, and sought no record more enduring than the fleshly tablets of his hearers' hearts, no memory but that of genial tradition; when copyright did not ascertain the reciter's property, nor marble at once perpetuate and shed chillness on his fame—

> "His bounty was as boundless as the sea,
> His love as deep."

Like the ocean, in all its variety of gentle moods, his discourse perpetually ebbed and flowed,—nothing in it angular, nothing of set purpose, but now trembling as the voice of divine philosophy, "not harsh nor crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute," wafted over the summer wave; now glistening in long line of light over some obscure subject, like the path of moonlight on the black water; and, if ever receding from the shore, driven by some sudden gust of inspiration, disclosing the treasures of the deep, like the rich strond in Spenser, "far sunken in their sunless treasuries," to be covered anon by the foam of the same immortal tide.

The benignity of his manner befitted the beauty of his disquisitions; his voice rose from the gentlest pitch of conversation to the height of impassioned eloquence without effort, as his language expanded from some common topic of the day to the loftiest abstractions, ascending by a winding track of spiral glory to the highest truths which the naked eye could discern, and suggesting starry regions beyond, which his own telescopic gaze might possibly decipher. If his entranced hearers often were unable to perceive the bearings of his argument—too mighty for any grasp but his own, and sometimes reaching beyond his own, they understood "a *beauty* in the words, if not the words," and a wisdom and piety in the illustrations, even when unable to connect them with the idea which he desired to illus-

trate. If an entire scheme of moral philosophy was never developed by him either in speaking or writing, all the parts were great: vast biblical knowledge, though sometimes eddying in splendid conjecture, was always employed with pious reverence; the morality suggested was at once elevated and genial; the charity hoped all things; and the mighty imaginative reasoner seemed almost to realize the condition suggested by the great Apostle, "that he understood all mysteries and all knowledge, and spake with the tongues both of men and angels!"

After Coleridge had found his last earthly refuge, under the wise and generous care of Mr. Gilman, at Highgate, he rarely visited Lamb, and my opportunities of observing him ceased. From those who were more favoured, as well as from the fragments I have seen of his last effusions, I know that, amidst suffering and weakness, his mighty mind concentrated its energies on the highest subjects which had ever kindled them; that the speculations, which sometimes seemed like paradox, because their extent was too vast to be comprehended in a single grasp of intellectual vision, were informed by a serener wisdom; that his perceptions of the central truth became more undivided, and his piety more profound and humble. His love for Charles and Mary Lamb continued, to the last, one of the strongest of his human affections, of which, by the kindness of a friend,[1] I possess an affecting memorial under his hand, written in the margin of a volume of his "Sybilline Leaves" which, after his life-long habit, he has enriched by manuscript annotations. The poem, beside which it is inscribed, is entitled "The Lime-Tree Bower my Prison," composed by the poet in June, 1796, when Charles and Mary Lamb, who were visiting at his cottage near Bristol, had left him for a walk, which an accidental lameness prevented him from sharing. The visitors are not indicated by the poem, except that Charles is designated by the epithet, against which he jestingly remonstrated, as "gentle-hearted Charles," and is represented as "winning his way, with sad and patient soul, through evil and pain,

[1] Mr. Richard Welsh, of Reading, editor of the "Berkshire Chronicle"—one of the ablest productions of the Conservative Periodical Press.

and strange calamity." Against the title is written as follows:—

CH. & MARY LAMB,
dear to my heart, yea,
as it were, *my heart*,
S. T. C. Æt. 63. 1834.
1797
1834.

37 years!

This memorandum, which is penned with remarkable neatness, must have been made in Coleridge's last illness, as he suffered acutely for several months before he died, in July of this same year, 1834. What a space did those thirty-seven years of fond regard for the brother and sister occupy in a mind like Coleridge's, peopled with immortal thoughts which might multiply, in the true time dialled in heaven, its minutes into years!

CHAPTER VI.

LAMB'S OTHER COMPANIONS—MANNING, BURNEY, FIELD, RICKMAN, ETC.—MARY LAMB—THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

THESE friends of Lamb whom I have ventured to sketch in companionship with him, and Southey also, whom I only once saw, are all gone; and others of less note in the world's eye have followed them. Among those of the old set who are gone is Manning—perhaps, next to Coleridge, the dearest of them, whom Lamb used to speak of as marvellous in a *tête-à-tête*, but who, in company, seemed only a courteous gentleman, more disposed to listen than to talk. In good old age departed Admiral Burney, frank-hearted voyager with Captain Cook round the world, who seemed to unite our society with the circle over which Dr. Johnson reigned; who used to tell of school-days under the tutelage of Eugene Aram; how he remembered the gentle usher pacing the play-ground arm-in-arm with some one of the elder boys, and seeking relief from the unsuspected burthen of his conscience by talking of strange murders, and how he, a child, had shuddered at the handcuffs on his teacher's hands when taken away in the post-chaise to prison—the Admiral being himself the centre of a little circle which his sister, the famous authoress of "Evelina," "Cecilia," and "Camilla," sometimes graced.

Then there was John Lamb, the jovial and burly, who dared to argue with Hazlitt on questions of art; Barron Field who, with veneration enough to feel all the despised greatness of Wordsworth, had a sparkling vivacity, and, connected with Lamb by the link of Christ's Hospital associations, shared largely in his regard: Rickman, the sturdiest of jovial companions, severe in the discipline of whist and at the table of the House of Commons; and Alsager, so calm, so bland, so considerate—all are gone. These were all Temple guests, friends of Lamb's early days; but the companions of a later time, who first met

in Russell Street, or Dalston, or Islington, or Enfield, have been woefully thinned. Allan Cunningham, stalwart of form and stout of heart and verse, a ruder Burns; Cary, Lamb's "pleasantest of clergymen," whose sweetness of disposition and manner would have prevented a stranger from guessing that he was the poet who had rendered the adamantine poetry of Dante into English with kindred power; Hood, so grave and sad, and silent, that you were astonished to recognize in him the outpourer of a thousand wild fancies, the detecter of the inmost springs of pathos, and the powerful vindicator of poverty and toil before the hearts of the prosperous; the Reverend Edward Irving who, after fulfilling an old prophecy he made in Scotland to Hazlitt, that he would astonish and shake the world by his preaching, sat humbly at the feet of Coleridge to listen to wisdom,—all are gone; the forms of others associated with Lamb's circle by more accidental links (also dead) come thronging on the memory from the mist of years. Alas; it is easier to count those that are left of the old familiar faces!

The story of the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb is now told; nothing more remains to be learned respecting it. The known collateral branches of their stock are extinct, and their upward pedigree lost in those humble tracks on which the steps of Time leave so light an impress, that the dust of a few years obliterates all trace, and affords no clue to search collaterally for surviving relatives. The world has, therefore, all the materials for judging of them which can be possessed by those who, not remembering the delightful peculiarities of their daily manners, can only form imperfect ideas of what they were. Before bidding them a last adieu, we may be allowed to linger a little longer and survey their characters by the new and solemn lights which are now, for the first time, fully cast upon them.

Except to the few who were acquainted with the tragical occurrences of Lamb's early life, some of his peculiarities seemed strange—to be forgiven, indeed, to the excellences of his nature and the delicacy of his genius,—but still, in themselves, as much to be wondered at as deplored. The sweetness of his character, breathed through his writings, was felt even by strangers; but its heroic aspect was un-

guessed even by many of his friends. Let them now consider it, and ask if the annals of self-sacrifice can shew anything in human action and endurance more lovely than its self-devotion exhibits! It was not merely that he saw (which his elder brother cannot be blamed for not immediately perceiving), through the ensanguined cloud of misfortune which had fallen upon his family, the unstained excellence of his sister whose madness had caused it; that he was ready to take her to his own home with reverential affection, and cherish her through life; that he gave up, for her sake, all meaner and more selfish love, and all the hopes which youth blends with the passion which disturbs and ennobles it: not even that he did all this cheerfully, and without pluming himself upon his brotherly nobleness as a virtue, or seeking to repay himself (as some uneasy martyrs do) by small instalments of long repining,—but that he carried the spirit of the hour in which he first knew and took his course to his last.

So far from thinking that his sacrifice of youth and love to his sister gave him a licence to follow his own caprice at the expense of her feelings, even in the lightest matters, he always wrote and spoke of her as his wiser self, his generous benefactress of whose protecting care he was scarcely worthy. How his pen almost grew wanton in her praise, even when she was a prisoner in the Asylum after the fatal attack of lunacy, his letters of the time to Coleridge shew; but that might have been a mere temporary exaltation—the attendant fervour of a great exigency and a great resolution. It was not so; nine years afterwards (1805), in a letter to Miss Wordsworth, he thus dilates on his sister's excellences, and exaggerates his own frailties:—

"To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe or even understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her; for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older, and wiser, and better than I; and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me; and I know I have

been wasting and teasing her life for five years past incessantly with my cursed ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself I am offending against her, for I know that she has cleaved to me for better, for worse; and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it 'was a noble trade.'"

Let it also be remembered that this devotion of the entire nature was not exercised merely in the consciousness of a past tragedy, but during the frequent recurrences of the calamity which caused it, and the constant apprehension of its terrors, and this for a large portion of life, in poor lodgings, where the brother and sister were, or fancied themselves, "marked people"—where from an income incapable of meeting the expense of the sorrow without sedulous privations he contrived to hoard, not for holiday enjoyment or future solace, but to provide for expected distress. Of the misery attendant on this anticipation, aggravated by jealous fears lest some imprudence or error of his own should have hastened the inevitable evil, we have a glimpse in the letter to Miss Wordsworth above quoted, and which seems to have been written in reply to one which that excellent lady had addressed to Miss Lamb, and which had fallen into the brother's care during one of her sad absences.

"Your long, kind letter has not been thrown away, but poor Mary, to whom it is addressed, cannot yet relish it. She has been attacked by one of her severe illnesses, and is at present *from home*. Last Monday week was the day she left me; and I hope I may calculate upon having her again in a month or little more. I am rather afraid late hours have, in this case, contributed to her indisposition. But when she begins to discover symptoms of approaching illness, it is not easy to say what is best to do. Being by ourselves is bad, and going out is bad. I get so irritable and wretched with fear, that I constantly hasten on the disorder. You cannot conceive the misery of such a foresight. I am sure that, for the week before she left me, I was little better than light-headed. I am now calm, but sadly taken down and flat. I have every reason to suppose that this illness, like all her former ones, will be but

temporary. But I cannot always feel so. Meantime she is dead to me!"

The constant impendency of this giant sorrow saddened to the Lambs even their holidays, as the journey which they both regarded as the relief and charm of the year was frequently followed by a seizure; and when they ventured to take it, a strait-waistcoat, carefully packed by Miss Lamb herself, was their constant companion. Sad experience at last induced the abandonment of the annual excursion, and Lamb was contented with walks in and near London, during the interval of labour. Miss Lamb experienced, and full well understood, premonitory symptoms of the attack in restlessness, low fever and the inability to sleep, and as gently as possible prepared her brother for the duty he must soon perform; and thus, unless he could stave off the terrible separation till Sunday, obliged him to ask leave of absence from the office as if for a day's pleasure—a bitter mockery! On one occasion Mr. Charles Lloyd met them, slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton fields, both weeping bitterly, and found on joining them, that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed Asylum!

Will any one, acquainted with these secret passages of Lamb's history, wonder that, with a strong physical inclination for the stimulus and support of strong drinks—which man is framed moderately to rejoice in—he should snatch some wild pleasure "between the acts" (as he called them) "of his distressful drama," and that, still more, during the loneliness of the solitude created by his sister's absences, he should obtain the solace of an hour's feverish dream? That, notwithstanding that frailty, he performed the duties of his hard lot with exemplary steadiness and discretion is indeed wonderful—especially when it is recollected that he had himself been visited, when in the dawn of manhood, with his sister's malady, the seeds of which were lurking in his frame. While that natural predisposition may explain an occasional flightiness of expression on serious matters, fruit of some wayward fancy, which flitted through his brain without disturbing his constant reason or reaching his heart, and some little

extravagances of fitful mirth, how does it heighten the moral courage by which the disease was controlled and the severest duties performed!

Never surely was there a more striking example of the power of a virtuous, rather say, of a pious, wish to conquer the fiery suggestions of latent insanity than that presented by Lamb's history. Nervous, tremulous, as he seemed—so slight of frame that he looked only fit for the most placid fortune—when the dismal emergencies which chequered his life arose, he acted with as much promptitude and vigour as if he had never penned a stanza nor taken a glass too much, or was strung with herculean sinews. None of those temptations, in which misery is the most potent, to hazard a lavish expenditure for an enjoyment to be secured against fate and fortune, ever tempted him to exceed his income, when scantiest, by a shilling. He had always a reserve for poor Mary's periods of seclusion, and something in hand besides for a friend in need;—and on his retirement from the India House, he had amassed, by annual savings, a sufficient sum (invested after the prudent and classical taste of Lord Stowell, in "the elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents."). Living among literary men, some less distinguished and less discreet than those whom we have mentioned, he was constantly importuned to relieve distresses which an improvident speculation in literature produces, and which the recklessness attendant on the empty vanity of self-exaggerated talent renders desperate and merciless;—and to the importunities of such hopeless petitioners he gave too largely—though he used sometimes to express a painful sense that he was diminishing his own store without conferring any real benefit. "Heaven," he used to say, "does not owe me sixpence for all I have given, or lent (as they call it) to such importunity; I only gave it because I could not bear to refuse it; and I have done good by my weakness." On the other hand, he used to seek out occasions of devoting a part of his surplus to those of his friends whom he believed it would really serve, and almost forced loans, or gifts in the disguise of loans, upon them. If he thought one, in such a position, would be the happier for £50 or £100, he would carefully procure a note for the sum, and, perhaps, for days

before he might meet the object of his friendly purpose, keep the note in his waistcoat pocket, burning in it to be produced, and, when the occasion arrived—"in the sweet of the night"—he would crumple it up in his hand and stammer out his difficulty of disposing of a little money: "I don't know what to do with it—pray take it—pray use it—you will do me a kindness if you will"—he would say; and it was hard to disoblige him![1] Let any one who has been induced to regard Lamb as a poor, slight, excitable, and excited being, consider that such acts as these were not infrequent—that he exercised hospitality of a substantial kind, without stint, all his life—that he spared no expense for the comfort of his sister, *there* only lavish—and that he died leaving sufficient to accomplish all his wishes for survivors—and think what the sturdy quality of his goodness must have been amidst all the heart-aches and head-aches of his life—and ask the virtue which has been supported by strong nerves, whether it has often produced any good to match it?

The influence of the events now disclosed may be traced in the development and direction of Lamb's faculties and tastes, and in the wild contrasts of expression which sometimes startled strangers. The literary preferences disclosed in his early letters are often inclined to the superficial in poetry and thought—the theology of Priestley, though embraced with pious earnestness—the "divine chit-chat" of Cowper—the melodious sadness of Bowles; and his own style, breathing a graceful and modest sweetness, is without any decided character. But by the terrible realities of his experience he was turned to seek a kindred interest in the "sterner stuff" of old tragedy—to catastrophes more fearful even than his own—to the aspects of "pale passion"—to shapes of heroic daring and more heroic suffering—to the agonising contests of opposing affections and the victories of the soul over calamity and death, which the old

[1] [Compare his kindness to John Morgan in early days, when £10 represented a large sum to him, and his munificence to Godwin, when he practically gave him, in 1822, *fifty pounds* to alleviate his distress. M. Philarète Chasles, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for November, 1842, also mentions, as the only occasion on which he saw Lamb, a visit by the latter to Valpy's printing office, in 1818, to see a young man named Hugh Boyce, or Boyes, in whose case he was interested.]

English drama discloses, and in the contemplation of which he saw his own suffering nature at once mirrored and exalted. Thus, instead of admiring, as he once admired, Rowe and Otway, even Massinger seemed too declamatory to satisfy him; in Ford, Decker, Marlowe and Webster he found the most awful struggles of affection and the "sad embroidery" of fancy-streaked grief, and expressed his kindred feelings in those little quintessences of criticism which are appended to the noblest scenes in his "Specimens;" and, seeking amidst the sunnier and more varied world of Shakspeare for the profoundest and most earnest passion developed there, obtained that marvellous insight into the soul of Lear which gives to his presentment of its riches almost the character of creation.

On the other hand, it was congenial pastime with him to revel in the opposite excellences of Beaumont and Fletcher, who changed the domain of tragedy into fairy-land, turned all its terror and its sorrow "to favour and to prettiness," shed the rainbow hues of sportive fancy with equal hand among tyrants and victims, the devoted and the faithless, suffering and joy; represented the beauty of goodness as a happy accident, vice as a wayward aberration, and invoked the remorse of a moment to change them as with a harlequin's wand; unrealized the terrible, and left "nothing serious in mortality," but reduced the struggle of life to a glittering and heroic game to be played splendidly out and quitted without a sigh. But neither Lamb's own secret griefs, nor the tastes which they nurtured, ever shook his faith in the requisitions of duty, or induced him to dally with that moral paradox to which near acquaintance with the great errors of mighty natures is sometimes a temptation. Never, either in writing or in speech did he purposely confound good with evil. For the new theories of morals, which gleamed out in the conversation of some of his friends, he had no sympathy; and though, in his boundless indulgence to the perversities and faults of those whom long familiarity had endeared to him, he did not suffer their frailties to impair his attachment to the individuals, he never palliated the frailties themselves: still less did he emblazon them as virtues.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARACTER OF THE TWO LAMBS.

NO one, acquainted with Lamb's story will wonder at the eccentric wildness of his mirth, his violent changes from the serious to the farcical, the sudden reliefs of the "heat-oppressed brain" and heart weighed down by the sense of ever-impending sorrow. His whim, however, almost always bordered on wisdom. It was justly said of him by Hazlitt, "His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half-a-dozen half sentences; his jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play on words."

Although Lamb's conversation vibrated between the intense and the grotesque, his writings are replete with quiet pictures of the humbler scenery of middle life, touched with a graceful and loving hand. We may trace in them the experience of a nature bred up in slender circumstances, but imbued with a certain innate spirit of gentility, suggesting a respect for all its moderate appliances and unambitious pleasures. The same spirit pervaded all his own domestic arrangements, so that the intensity of his affliction was ameliorated by as much comfort as satisfaction in the outward furniture of life can give to slender fortune.

The most important light, however, shed on Lamb's intellectual life by a knowledge of his true history, is that which elucidates the change from vivid religious impressions, manifested in his earlier letters, to an apparent indifference towards immortal interests and celestial relations, which he confesses in a letter to Mr. Walter Wilson.[1] The truth is, not that he became an unbeliever, or even a sceptic, but that the peculiar disasters in which he was plunged, and the tendency of his nature to seek immediate solaces induced an habitual reluctance to look boldly into

[1] The letter of August 14, 1801.

futurity. That conjugal love, which anticipates with far-looking eye prolonged existence in posterity, was denied to his self-sacrifice; irksome labour wearied out the heart of his days; and over his small household Madness, like Death in the vision of Milton, continually "shook its dart," and only, at the best, "delayed to strike." Not daring to look onward, even for a little month, he acquired the habitual sense of living entirely in the present; enjoying with tremulous zest the security of the moment, and making some genial, but sad, amends for the want of all the perspective of life, by cleaving with fondness to its nearest objects, and becoming attached to them, even when least interesting in themselves.

This perpetual grasp at transient relief from the minute and vivid present associated Lamb's affections intimately and closely with the small details of daily existence; these became to him the "jutting frieze" and "coigne of vantage" in which his home-bred fancy "made its bed and procreant cradle;" these became imbued with his thoughts, and echoed back to him old feelings and old loves, till his inmost soul shivered at the prospect of being finally wrenched from them. Enthralled thus in the prison of an earthly home, he became perplexed and bewildered at the idea of an existence which, though holier and happier, would doubtless be entirely different from that to which he was bound by so many delicate films of custom. "Ah!" he would say, "we shall have none of these little passages of this life hereafter—none of our little quarrels and makings-up—no questionings about sixpence at whist;" and, thus repelled, he clang more closely to "the bright minutes" which he strang "on the thread of keen domestic anguish!" It is this intense feeling of the "nice regards of flesh and blood," this dwelling in petty felicities, which makes us, apart from religious fears, unwilling to die. Small associations make death terrible, because we know that, parting with this life, we part from their company; whereas great thoughts make death less fearful, because we feel that they will be our companions in all worlds, and link our future to our present being in all ages. Such thoughts assuredly were not dead in a heart like Lamb's; they were only veiled by the nearer presences of familiar

objects, and sometimes, perhaps, bursting in upon him in all their majesty, produced those startling references to sacred things, in which, though not to be quoted with approval, there was no conscious profaneness, but rather a wayward, fitful, disturbed piety.

If, indeed, when borne beyond the present, he sought to linger in the past, to detect among the dust and cobwebs of antiquity beauty, which had lurked there from old time, rather than to "rest and expatiate in a life to come," no anti-christian sentiment spread its chillness over his spirit. The shrinking into mortal life was but the weakness of a nature which shed the sweetness of the religion of its youth through the sorrows and the snatches of enjoyment which crowded his after years, and only feebly perceived its final glories which, we may humbly hope, its immortal part is now enjoying.

Shortly before his death, Lamb had borrowed of Mr. Cary Phillips's "Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum" which, when returned by Mr. Moxon after the event, was found with the leaf folded down at the account of Sir Philip Sydney. Its receipt was acknowledged by the following lines:—

"So should it be, my gentle friend;
Thy leaf last closed at Sydney's end.
Thou too, like Sydney, wouldst have given
The water, thirsting and near heaven;
Nay, were it wine, fill'd to the brim,
Thou hadst looked hard, but given, like him.

And art thou mingled then among
Those famous sons of ancient song?
And do they gather round, and praise
Thy relish of their nobler lays?
Waxing in mirth to hear thee tell
With what strange mortals thou didst dwell;
At thy quaint sallies more delighted,
Than any's long among them lighted!

'Tis done: and thou hast joined a crew,
To whom thy soul was justly due;
And yet I think, where'er thou be,
They'll scarcely love thee more than we."[1]

[1] These lines, characteristic both of the writer and the subject, are copied from the Memoir of the translator of Dante by his son, the Rev.

Little could any one, observing Miss Lamb in the habitual serenity of her demeanour, guess the calamity in which she had partaken, or the malady which frightfully chequered her life. From Mr. Lloyd who, although saddened by impending delusion, was always found accurate in his recollection of long past events and conversations, I learned that she had described herself, on her recovery from the fatal attack, as having experienced, while it was subsiding, such a conviction that she was absolved in heaven from all taint of the deed in which she had been the agent—such an assurance that it was a dispensation of Providence for good, though so terrible—such a sense, that her mother knew her entire innocence, and shed down blessings upon her, as though she had seen the reconcilement in solemn vision—that she was not sorely afflicted by the recollection. It was as if the old Greek notion, of the necessity for the unconscious shedder of blood, else polluted though guiltless, to pass through a religious purification, had in her case been happily accomplished; so that, not only was she without remorse, but without other sorrow that attends on the death of an infirm parent in a good old age. She never shrank from alluding to her mother, when any topic connected with her own youth made such a reference, in ordinary respects, natural, but spoke of her as though no fearful remembrance was associated with the image; so that some of her most intimate friends, who knew of the disaster, believed that she had never become aware of her own share in its horrors. It is still more singular that, in the wanderings of her insanity, amidst all the vast throngs of imagery she presented of her early days, this picture never recurred, or, if ever, not associated with shapes of terror.

Miss Lamb would have been remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of all her acts and words, even if these qualities had not been presented in marvellous contrast with the distraction under which she suffered for weeks, latterly for months, in every year. There was no

Henry Cary, which enriched by many interesting memorials of contemporaries, presents as valuable a picture of rare ability and excellence as ever was traced by the fine observation of filial love.

tinge of insanity discernible in her manner to the most observant eye, not even in those distressful periods when the premonitory symptoms had apprised her of its approach, and she was making preparations for seclusion. In all its essential sweetness, her character was like her brother's; while, by a temper more placid, a spirit of enjoyment more serene, she was enabled to guide, to counsel, to cheer him, and to protect him on the verge of the mysterious calamity, from the depths of which she rose so often unruffled to his side. To a friend in any difficulty she was the most comfortable of advisers, the wisest of consolers. Hazlitt used to say, that he never met with a woman who could reason, and had met with only one thoroughly reasonable—the sole exception being Mary Lamb. She did not wish, however, to be made an exception, to a general disparagement of her sex; for in all her thoughts and feelings she was most womanly—keeping, under even undue subordination to her notion of a woman's province, intellect of rare excellence, which flashed out when the restraints of gentle habit and humble manner were withdrawn by the terrible force of disease. Though her conversation in sanity was never marked by smartness or repartee, seldom rising beyond that of a sensible quiet gentlewoman appreciating and enjoying the talents of her friends, it was otherwise in her madness. Lamb, in his letter to a female friend, announcing his determination to be entirely with her, speaks of her pouring out memories of all the events and persons of her younger days; but he does not mention, what I am able from repeated experiences to add, that her ramblings often sparkled with brilliant description and shattered beauty. She would fancy herself in the days of Queen Anne or George the First, and describe the brocaded dames and courtly manners, as though she had been bred among them, in the best style of the old comedy. It was all broken and disjointed, so that the hearer could remember little of her discourse; but the fragments were like the jewelled speeches of Congreve, only shaken from their setting. There was sometimes even a vein of crazy logic running through them, associating things essentially most dissimilar, but connecting them by a verbal association in

strange order. As a mere physical instance of deranged intellect, her condition was, I believe, extraordinary; it was as if the finest elements of mind had been shaken into fantastic combinations like those of a kaleidoscope. Not for the purpose of exhibiting a curious phenomenon of mental aberration, however, are the aspects of her insanity unveiled, but to illustrate the moral force of gentleness by which the faculties that thus sparkled when restraining wisdom was withdrawn, were subjected to its sway in her periods of reason.

The excellence of Mary Lamb's nature was happily developed in her portion of those books for children—"wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,"—which she wrote in conjunction with her brother, the "Poetry for Children," the "Tales from Shakspeare," and "Mrs. Leicester's School." How different from the stony nutriment provided for those delicate, apprehensive, affectionate creatures, in the utilitarian books, which starve their little hearts, and stuff their little heads with shallow science, and impertinent facts, and selfish morals! One verse, which she did not print—the conclusion of a little poem supposed to be expressed in a letter by the son of a family who, when expecting the return of its father from sea, received news of his death,—recited by her to Mr. Martin Burney, and retained in his fond recollection, may afford a concluding example of the healthful wisdom of her lessons:—

"I can no longer feign to be
A thoughtless child in infancy;
I tried to write like young Marie,
But I am James her brother;
And I can feel—but she's too young—
Yet blessings on her prattling tongue,
She sweetly soothes my mother."

Contrary to Lamb's expectation, who feared (as also his friends feared with him) the desolation of his own survivorship, which the difference of age rendered probable, Miss Lamb survived him for nearly eleven years. When he died she was mercifully in a state of partial estrangement which, while it did not wholly obscure her mind, deadened her feelings, so that as she gradually regained her perfect senses she felt as gradually the full force of the blow, and

was the better able calmly to bear it. For awhile she declined the importunities of her friends, that she would leave Edmonton for a residence nearer London, where they might more frequently visit her. *He* was there, asleep in the old churchyard, beneath the turf near which they had stood together, and had selected for a resting-place; to this spot she used, when well, to stroll out mournfully in the evening, and to this spot she would contrive to lead any friend who came in the summer evenings to drink tea, and went out with her afterwards for a walk. At length, as her illnesses became more frequent, and her frame much weaker, she was induced to take up her abode under genial care at a pleasant house in St. John's Wood, where she was surrounded by the old books and prints, and was frequently visited by her reduced number of surviving friends. Repeated attacks of her malady weakened her mind, but she retained to the last her sweetness of disposition unimpaired, and gently sank into death on the 20th May, 1847.

A few survivors of the old circle, then sadly thinned, attended her remains to the spot in Edmonton churchyard, where they were laid above those of her brother. In accordance with Lamb's own feeling, so far as it could be gathered from his expressions on a subject to which he did not often or willingly refer, he had been interred in a deep grave, simply dug and wattled round, but without any affectation of stone or brickwork to keep the human dust from its kindred earth. So dry, however, is the soil of the quiet churchyard that the excavated earth left perfect walls of stiff clay, and permitted us just to catch a glimpse of the still untarnished edges of the coffin in which all the mortal part of one of the most delightful persons who ever lived was contained, and on which the remains of her he had loved with love "passing the love of woman" were henceforth to rest;—the last glances we shall ever have even of that covering;—concealed from us as we parted by the coffin of the sister. We felt, I believe, after a moment's strange shuddering, that the re-union was well accomplished; although the true-hearted son of Admiral Burney, who had known and loved the pair we quitted from a child, and who had been among the dearest objects of existence to him, refused to be comforted.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAMB'S WEDNESDAY NIGHTS COMPARED WITH THE EVENINGS AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

"Gone, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

TWO circles of rare social enjoyment—differing as widely as possible in all external circumstances, but each superior in its kind to all others, during the same period frankly opened to men of letters—now existing only in the memories of those who are fast departing from us—may, without offence, be placed side by side in grateful recollection; they are the dinners at Holland House and the suppers of "the Lambs" at the Temple, Russell-street, and Islington. Strange, at first, as this juxtaposition may seem, a little reflection will convince us that it involves no injustice to either; while with those who are too young to have been admitted to these rare festivities, we may exercise the privilege of age by boasting what good fellowship was once enjoyed, and what "good talk" there was once in the world!

But let us call to mind the aspects of each scene, before we attempt to tell of the conversation, which will be harder to recall and impossible to characterise. And first, let us invite the reader to assist at a dinner at Holland House in the height of the London and Parliamentary season, say a Saturday in June. It is scarcely seven; and the luxuries of the house are enhanced by a punctuality in the main object of the day, which yields to no dilatory guest of whatever pretension. You are seated in an oblong room, rich in old gilding, opposite a deep recess, pierced by large old windows through which the rich branches of trees bathed in golden light, just admit the faint outline of the Surrey Hills.[1]

[1] [The growth of buildings in front of Holland House has long since intercepted this view which, at any time, must have been faint indeed.]

Among your fellow-guests are some perhaps of the highest rank, always some of high political importance, about whom the interest of busy life gathers, intermixed with others eminent already in literature or art, or of that dawning promise which the hostess delights to discover and the host to smile on. All are assembled for the purpose of enjoyment; the anxieties of the minister, the feverish struggles of the partisan, the silent toils of the artist or critic, are finished for the week; professional and literary jealousies are hushed; sickness, decrepitude and death are "silently voted shadows; and the brilliant assemblage is prepared to exercise to the highest degree the extraordinary privilege of mortals to live in the knowledge of mortality without its consciousness, and to people the present hour with delights, as if a man lived and laughed and enjoyed in this world for ever.

Every appliance of physical luxury, which the most delicate art can supply, attends on each; every faint wish which luxury creates is anticipated; the noblest and most gracious countenance in the world smiles over the happiness it is diffusing, and redoubles it by cordial invitations and encouraging words, which set the humblest stranger guest at perfect ease. As the dinner merges into the dessert, and the sunset casts a richer glow on the branches, either still or lightly waving in the evening light, and on the scene within, the harmony of all sensations becomes more perfect; a delighted and delighting chuckle invites attention to some joyous sally of the richest intellectual wit reflected in the faces of all, even to the favourite page in green, who attends his mistress with duty like that of the antique world; the choicest wines are enhanced in their liberal but temperate use by the vista opened in Lord Holland's tales of bacchanalian evenings at Brookes's with Fox and Sheridan, when potations deeper and more serious rewarded the Statesman's toils and shortened his days; until at length the serener pleasure of conversation of the now carelessly scattered groups is enjoyed in that old, long, unrivalled library in which Addison mused, and wrote, and drank—where every living grace attends; "and more than echoes talk along the walls." One happy peculiarity of these assemblies was

the number of persons in different stations and of various celebrity, who were gratified by seeing, still more in hearing and knowing each other; the statesman was relieved from care by association with the poet of whom he had heard and whom he had partially read; and the poet was elevated by the courtesy which "bared the *great* heart" which "beats beneath a star;" and each felt not rarely the true dignity of the other, modestly expanding under the most genial auspices.

Now turn to No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, at ten o'clock, when the sedater part of the company are assembled, and the happier stragglers are dropping in from the play. Let it be any autumn or winter month, when the fire is blazing steadily, and the clean-swept hearth and whist-tables speak of the spirit of Mrs. Battle, and serious looks require "the rigour of the game." The furniture is old-fashioned and worn, the ceiling low and not wholly unstained by traces of "the great plant," though now virtuously forborne: but the Hogarths, in narrow black frames, abounding in infinite thought, humour and pathos, enrich the walls; and all things wear an air of comfort and hearty English welcome. Lamb himself, yet unrelaxed by the glass, is sitting with a sort of Quaker primness at the whist-table, the gentleness of his melancholy smile half lost in his intentness on the game; his partner, the author of "Political Justice," (the majestic expression of his large head not disturbed by disproportion of his comparatively diminutive stature,) is regarding his hand with a philosophic but not a careless eye. Captain Burney, only not venerable because so young in spirit, sits between them; and Henry Crabb Robinson, who alone now and then breaks the proper silence, to welcome some incoming guest, is his happy partner—true winner in the game of life, whose leisure, achieved early, is devoted to his friends! At another table, just beyond the circle which extends from the fire, sit another four. The broad, burly, jovial bulk of John Lamb, the Ajax Telamon of the slender clerks of the old South Sea House, whom he sometimes introduces to the rooms of his younger brother, surprised to learn from them that he is growing famous, confronts the stately but courteous Alsager; while Phillips, "his few hairs bristling" at gentle objurgation, watches his partner Martin

Burney, dealing, with "soul more white"[1] than the hands of which some one[2] once said, "Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!" In one corner of the room, you may see the pale, earnest countenance of Charles Lloyd, who is discoursing "of fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute" with Leigh Hunt; and, if you choose to listen, you will scarcely know which most to admire—the severe logic of the melancholy reasoner or its graceful evasion by the tricksome fantasy of the joyous poet. Basil Montagu, gentle enthusiast in the cause of humanity which he has lived to see triumphant, is pouring into the outstretched ear of George Dyer some tale of legalised injustice, which the recipient is vainly endeavouring to comprehend.

Soon the room fills; in *slouches* Hazlitt from the theatre, where his stubborn anger for Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo has been softened by Miss Stephens's angelic notes, which might "chase anger, and grief, and fear, and sorrow, and pain from mortal or immortal minds:" Kenney, with a tremulous pleasure, announces that there is a crowded house to the ninth representation of his new comedy, of which Lamb lays down his cards to inquire; or Ayrton, mildly radiant, whispers the continual triumph of "Don Giovanni," for which Lamb, incapable of opera, is happy to take his word. Now and then an actor glances on us from "the rich Cathay" of the world behind the scenes, with news of its brighter human-kind and with looks reflecting the public favour—Liston, grave beneath the weight of the town's regards, or Miss Kelly, unexhausted in spirit by alternating the drolleries of high farce with the terrible pathos of melodrama; or Charles Kemble mirrors the chivalry of thought, and ennobles the party by bending on them looks beaming with the aristocracy of nature. Meanwhile Becky lays the cloth on the side-table, under the direction of the most quiet, sensible, and kind of women—who soon compels the younger and more hungry of the guests to partake

[1] Lamb's Sonnet, dedicatory of his first volume of prose to this cherished friend, thus concludes:—

> "Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
> I have not found a whiter soul than thine."

[2] [Ayrton is usually credited with this pleasantry.]

largely of the cold roast lamb or boiled beef, the heaps of smoking roasted potatoes, and the vast jug of porter, often replenished from the foaming pots, which the best tap of Fleet-street supplies. Perfect freedom prevails, save when the hospitable pressure of the mistress excuses excess; and perhaps, the physical enjoyment of the playgoer exhausted with pleasure, or of the author jaded with the labour of the brain, is not less than that of the guests at the most charming of aristocratic banquets.

As the hot water and its accompaniments appear, and the severities of whist relax, the light of conversation thickens: Hazlitt, catching the influence of the spirit from which he has lately begun to abstain, utters some fine criticism with struggling emphasis; Lamb stammers out puns suggestive of wisdom for happy Barron Field to admire and echo; the various driblets of talk combine into a stream, while Miss Lamb moves gently about to see that each modest stranger is duly served; turning now and then an anxious, loving eye on Charles, which is softened into a half humorous expression of resignation to inevitable fate, as he mixes his second tumbler! This is on ordinary nights, when the accustomed Wednesday-men assemble; but there is a difference on great extra nights, gladdened by "the bright visitations" of Wordsworth or Coleridge. The cordiality of the welcome is the same, but a sedater wisdom prevails. Happy hours were they for the young disciple of the then desperate, now triumphant cause of Wordsworth's genius, to be admitted to the presence of the poet who had opened a new world for him in the undiscovered riches of his own nature and its affinities with the outer universe, whom he worshipped the more devoutly for the world's scorn, for whom he felt the future in the instant, and anticipated the "All hail hereafter," which the great poet has lived to enjoy! To win him to speak of his own poetry—to hear him recite its noblest passages—and to join in his brave defiance of the fashion of the age—was the solemn pleasure of such a season, and of course superseded all minor disquisitions. So, when Coleridge came, argument, wit, humour, criticism were hushed; the pertest, smartest, and the cleverest felt that all were assembled to listen; and if a card-table had

been filled, or a dispute begun before he was excited to continuous speech, his gentle voice, undulating in music, soon

> "Suspended *whist*, and took with ravishment
> The thronging audience."

The conversation, which animated each of these memorable circles, approximated in essence much more nearly than might be surmised from the difference in station of the principal talkers and the contrast in physical appliances: that of the bowered saloon of Holland House having more of earnestness and depth, and that of the Temple-attic more of airy grace, than would be predicated by a superficial observer. The former possessed the peculiar interest of directly bordering on the scene of political conflict, gathering together the most eloquent leaders of the Whig party, whose repose from energetic action spoke of the week's conflict, and in whom the moment's enjoyment derived a peculiar charm from the perilous glories of the struggle which the morrow was to renew—when power was just within reach or held with a convulsive grasp, like the eager and solemn pleasure of the soldiers' banquet in the pause of victory.

The pervading spirit of Lamb's parties was also that of social progress; but it was the spirit of the dreamers and thinkers, not of the combatants of the world—men who, it may be, drew their theories from a deeper range of meditation, and embraced the future with more comprehensive hope, but about whom the immediate interest of party did not gather, whose victories were all within, whose rewards were visions of blessings for their species in the furthest horizon of benevolent prophecy. If a profounder thought was sometimes dragged to light in the dim circle of Lamb's companions than was native to the brighter sphere, it was still a rare felicity to watch there the union of elegance with purpose in some leader of party, the delicate, almost fragile grace of illustration in some one, perhaps destined to lead advancing multitudes or to withstand their rashness—to observe the growth of strength in the midst of beauty expanding from the sense of the heroic past, as the famed basil tree of Boccaccio grew from the immolated relic

beneath it. If the alternations in the former oscillated between wider extremes, touching on the wildest farce and most earnest tragedy of life, the rich space of brilliant comedy which lived ever between them in the latter was diversified by serious interests and heroic allusions. Sydney Smith's wit, not so wild, so grotesque, so deep-searching as Lamb's, had even more quickness of intellectual demonstration: wedded moral and political wisdom to happiest language with a more rapid perception of secret affinities, was capable of producing epigrammatic splendour reflected more permanently in the mind than the fantastic brilliancy of those rich conceits which Lamb stammered out with his painful smile. Mackintosh might vie with Coleridge in vast and various knowledge; but there the competition between these great talkers ends, and the contrast begins—the contrast between facility and inspiration, between the ready access to each ticketed and labelled compartment of history, science, art, criticism, and the genius that fused and renovated all.

But then a younger spirit appeared at Lord Holland's table to redress the balance—not so poetical as Coleridge, but more lucid—in whose vast and joyous memory all the mighty past lived and glowed anew, whose declamations presented, not groups tinged with distant light, like those of Coleridge, but a series of historical figures in relief, exhibited in bright succession, as if by dioramic art there glided before us embossed surfaces of heroic life.[1] Rogers, too, was there,

[1] [The late T. B. Macaulay.] I take leave to copy the glowing picture of the evenings of Holland House and of its admirable master, drawn by this favourite guest himself from an article which adorned the "Edinburgh Review" just after Lord Holland's death.

"The time is coming when, perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties—of painters and poets—of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will then remember with strange tenderness many objects once familiar to them—the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings; the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not un-

connecting the literature of the last age with this, partaking of some of the best characteristics of both—whose first poem sparkled in the closing darkness of the last century "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," and who was advancing from a youth which had anticipated memory to an age of kindness and hope; and Moore, who paused in the fluttering expression of graceful trifles, to whisper some deep-toned thought of Ireland's wrongs and sorrows.

Literature and Art supplied the favourite topics to each of these assemblies: both discussed with earnest admi-

moved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die—were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds' Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxemburg or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace —and the kindness, far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance, and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter; and that frank politeness which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls. They will remember that constant flow of conversation, so natural, so animated, so various, so rich with observation and anecdote; that wit which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry which ennobled, instead of degrading; that goodness of heart which appeared in every look and accent, and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement. They will remember, too, that he whose name they hold in reverence was not less distinguished by the inflexible uprightness of his political conduct than by his loving disposition and his winning manners. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland."

ration, but surveyed in different aspects. The conversation at Lord Holland's was wont to mirror the happiest aspects of the living mind, to celebrate the latest discoveries in science, to echo the quarterly decisions of imperial criticism, to reflect the modest glow of young reputations. All was gay, graceful, decisive, as if the pen of Jeffrey could have spoken; or, if it reverted to old times, it rejoiced in those classical associations which are always young.

At Lamb's, on the other hand, the topics were chiefly sought among the obscure and remote; the odd, the quaint, the fantastic were drawn out from their dusty recesses; nothing could be more foreign to its embrace than the modern circulating library, even when it teemed with the Scotch novels. Whatever the subject was, however, in the more aristocratic or the humbler sphere, it was always discussed by those best entitled to talk on it; no others had a chance of being heard. This remarkable freedom from *bores* was produced in Lamb's circle by the authoritative texture of its commanding minds, in Lord Holland's by the more direct and more genial influence of the hostess, which checked that tenacity of subject and opinion which sometimes broke the charm of Lamb's parties by "a duel in the form of a debate." Perhaps beyond any other hostess,—certainly far beyond any host, Lady Holland possessed the tact of perceiving and the power of evoking the various capacities which lurked in every part of the brilliant circle over which she presided, and restrained each to its appropriate sphere and its portion of the evening. To enkindle the enthusiasm of an artist on the theme over which he had achieved the most facile mastery: to set loose the heart of the rustic poet, and imbue his speech with the freedom of his native hills: to draw from the adventurous traveller a breathing picture of his most imminent danger: or to embolden the bashful soldier to disclose his own share in the perils and glories of some famous battle-field: to encourage the generous praise of friendship when the speaker and the subject reflected interest on each other, or win from an awkward man of science the secret history of a discovery which had astonished the world—to conduct these brilliant developments

to the height of satisfaction, and then to shift the scene by the magic of a word, were among her nightly successes. And if this extraordinary power over the elements of social enjoyment was sometimes wielded without the entire concealment of its despotism: if a decisive check sometimes rebuked a speaker who might intercept the variegated beauty of Jeffrey's indulgent criticism, or the jest announced and self-rewarded in Sydney Smith's cordial and triumphant laugh, the authority was too clearly exerted for the evening's prosperity, and too manifestly impelled by an urgent consciousness of the value of these golden hours which were fleeting within its confines, to sadden the enforced silence with more than a momentary regret. If ever her prohibition—clear, abrupt and decisive,—indicated more than a preferable regard for livelier discourse, it was when a depreciatory tone was adopted towards genius, or goodness, or honest endeavour, or when some friend, personal or intellectual, was mentioned in slighting phrase. Habituated to a generous partisanship, by strong sympathy with a great political cause, she carried the fidelity of her devotion to that cause into her social relations, and was ever the truest and the fastest of friends.

The tendency, often more idle than malicious, to soften down the intellectual claims of the absent, which so insidiously besets literary conversation, and teaches a superficial insincerity even to substantial esteem and regard, and which was sometimes insinuated into the conversation of Lamb's friends, though never into his own, found no favour in her presence; and hence the conversations over which she presided, perhaps beyond all that ever flashed with a kindred splendour, were marked by that integrity of good nature which might admit of their exact repetition to every living individual whose merits were discussed without the danger of inflicting pain. Under her auspices, not only all critical, but all personal talk was tinged with kindness; the strong interest which she took in the happiness of her friends shed a peculiar sunniness over the aspects of life presented by the common topics of alliances, and marriages, and promotions; and there was not a hopeful engagement, or a happy wedding, or a promotion of a friend's son, or a new intellectual triumph of any youth

with whose name and history she was familiar, but became an event on which she expected and required congratulation as on a part of her own fortune. Although there was necessarily a preponderance in her society of the sentiment of popular progress, which once was cherished almost exclusively by the party to whom Lord Holland was united by sacred ties, no expression of triumph in success, no virulence in sudden disappointment, was ever permitted to wound the most sensitive ears of her Conservative guests. It might be that some placid comparison of recent with former times spoke a sense of freedom's peaceful victory, or that, on the giddy edge of some great party struggle, the festivities of the evening might take a more serious cast, as news arrived from the scene of contest, and the pleasure might be deepened by the peril; but the feeling was always restrained by the supremacy given to those permanent solaces for the mind in the beautiful and the great, which no political changes disturb.

Although the death of the noble master of the venerated mansion closed its portals for ever on the exquisite enjoyments to which they had been so generously expanded, the art of conversation lived a little longer in the smaller circle which Lady Holland still drew almost daily around her, honouring his memory by following his example, and struggling against the perpetual sense of unutterable bereavement by rendering to literature that honour and those reliefs which English aristocracy has too often denied it, and seeking consolation in making others proud and happy. That lingering happiness is extinct now; Lamb's kindred circle —kindred, though so different—dispersed almost before he died; the "thoughts that wandered through eternity," are no longer expressed in time; the fancies and conceits, "gay creatures of the element" of social delight, "that in the colours of the rainbow lived, and played in the plighted clouds," flicker only in the backward perspective of waning years; and for the survivors I may venture to affirm, no such conversation as they have shared in either circle will ever be theirs again in this world!

BOOK II.

LETTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[1796-1800.]

BOOK II.

LETTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[1796-1800.]

CHAPTER I.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1796.

IN the year 1795, Charles Lamb resided with his father, mother and sister in lodgings at No. 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn. The father was rapidly sinking into dotage; the mother suffered under an infirmity which deprived her of the use of her limbs; and the sister not only undertook the office of daily and nightly attendance on her mother, but sought to add by needle-work to their slender resources. Their income then consisted of an annuity which Mr. Lamb the elder derived from the old Bencher, Mr. Salt, whom he had faithfully served for many years: Charles's salary which, being that of a clerk of three years' standing in the India House, could have been but scanty: and a small payment made for board by an old maiden aunt, who resided with them. In this year Lamb, being just twenty years of age, began to write verses—partly incited by the example of his old friend Coleridge whom he regarded with as much reverence as affection, and partly inspired by an attachment to a young lady residing in the neighbourhood of Islington, who is commemorated in his early verses as "the fair-haired maid." How his love prospered we cannot ascertain; but we know how nobly that love,

and all hope of the earthly blessings attendant on such an affection, were subsequently resigned. In the meantime, his youth was lonely—rendered the more so by the recollection of the society of Coleridge, who had just left London—of Coleridge in the first bloom of life and genius, unshaded by the mysticism which it afterwards glorified—full of boundless ambition, love, and hope! There was a tendency to insanity in his family, which had been more than once developed in his sister; and it was no matter of surprise that in the dreariness of his solitude it fell upon him, and that, at the close of the year, he was subjected for a few weeks to the restraint of the insane. The wonder is that, amidst all the difficulties, the sorrows, and the excitements of his succeeding years, it never recurred. Perhaps the true cause of this remarkable exemption—an exemption the more remarkable when his afflictions are considered in association with one single frailty—will be found in the sudden claim made on his moral and intellectual nature by a terrible exigency and by his generous answer to that claim; so that a life of self-sacrifice was rewarded by the preservation of unclouded reason.

The following letter to Coleridge,[1] then residing at Bristol, probably the earliest of Lamb's letters which has been preserved, contains his own account of this seizure. Allusion to the same event will be perceived in two letters of the same year, after which no reference to it appears in his correspondence, nor can any be remembered in his conversations with his dearest friends.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"May 27, 1796.

"Dear Coleridge,—Make yourself perfectly easy about May.[2] I paid his bill when I sent your clothes. I was flush

[1] [It is worth remarking that the correspondence of Charles Lamb with Southey and Wordsworth, as well as that with Coleridge, is evidently deficient of a commencement; and the probability is, that in all these cases it was not till a certain number of letters had been exchanged, that these three distinguished men bethought them of the desirability of keeping these valuable monuments of their early friendship and history.]

[2] [A tailor's account for £15. It will be mentioned again.]

of money, and am so still to all the purposes of a single life; so give yourself no further concern about it. The money would be superfluous to me if I had it.

"When Southey becomes as modest as his predecessor Milton, and publishes his Epics in duodecimo, I will read 'em; a guinea a book is somewhat exorbitant, nor have I the opportunity of borrowing the work.[1] The extracts from it in the Monthly Review, and the short passages in your Watchman, seem to me much superior to anything in his partnership account with Lovell.[2] Your poems I shall procure forthwith. There were noble lines in what you inserted in one of your numbers from 'Religious Musings;' but I thought them elaborate. I am somewhat glad you have given up that paper; it must have been dry, unprofitable, and of dissonant mood to your disposition. I wish you success in all your undertakings, and am glad to hear you are employed about the 'Evidences of Religion.' There is need of multiplying such books a hundredfold in this philosophical age, to *prevent* converts to atheism, for they seem too tough disputants to meddle with afterwards.

"Le Grice[3] is gone to make puns in Cornwall. He has got a tutorship to a young boy living with his mother, a widow lady [Mrs. Nicholls of Trereife, near Penzance]. He will, of course, initiate him quickly in 'whatsoever things are lovely, honourable and of good report.' He has cut Miss Hunt completely: the poor girl is very ill on the occasion; but he laughs at it, and justifies himself by saying, 'She does not see me laugh.' Coleridge! I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified

[1] ["Joan of Arc," an epic poem, 4to., Bristol, 1796.]

[2] [Poems, . . . Odes, Elegies, Sonnets, &c. By Robert Lovell and Robert Southey. 12mo., 1795.]

[3] [C. V. Le Grice, the early friend mentioned by Talfourd in the first chapter. He was still incumbent of Trereife in 1842. The almost brotherly kindness of Le Grice's brother Samuel for Lamb in 1796 is described by Lamb in a letter to Southey of March 20, 1799. See Cottle's "Reminiscences," p. 301, and my "Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874, p. 161. Charles Valentine and Samuel Le Grice were, I believe, the sons of Charles Le Grice, himself the publisher of one or two temporary effusions. The family seems to have belonged to Norfolk.]

of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was! And many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume, if all were told. My sonnets I have extended to the number of nine since I saw you, and will some day communicate to you. I am beginning a poem in blank verse, which, if I finish, I publish. White is on the eve of publishing (he took the hint from Vortigern) 'Original Letters of Falstaff, Shallow,' &c.; a copy you shall have when it comes out. They are without exception the best imitations I ever saw.[1] Coleridge! it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy.

"The sonnet I send you has small merit as poetry; but you will be curious to read it when I tell you it was written in my prison-house in one of my lucid intervals.

TO MY SISTER.

If from my lips some angry accents fell,
Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
'Twas but the error of a sickly mind
And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well
And waters clear, of Reason; and for me
Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
My verse, which thou to praise wert e'er inclined
Too highly, and with partial eye to see
No blemish. Thou to me didst ever show

["Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff," &c., by James White, assisted (it is supposed) by Lamb, appeared in 1796, and again in 1797. White was of Christ's Hospital, and in the British Museum catalogue I find him described as a newspaper agent. He married a daughter of Faulder, the bookseller. There was a person of the same name, who wrote three or four volumes of verse about that time, but a different man, I take it. For a fuller account of the Falstaff Letters see "Mary and Charles Lamb." 1874, pp. 154-7. It was a weak and foolish little book, in which Lamb's friendly bias (for, notwithstanding their common friend Gutch's testimony, I do not believe he had much to do with it) tried to see merit; but to an impartial mind it is apt to present itself in the light of a mere whimsical piece of modern-antique.]

Kindest affection; and wouldst oft-times lend
An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

"With these lines, and with that sister's kindest remembrances to Cottle, I conclude.

"Yours sincerely, "LAMB."

"Your 'Conciones ad Populum' are the most eloquent politics that ever came in my way.

"Write when convenient—not as a task, for there is nothing in this letter to answer.

"We cannot send our remembrances to Mrs. C., not having seen her, but believe me our best good wishes attend you both.

"My civic and poetic compliments to Southey if at Bristol;—why, he is a very Leviathan of Bards—the small minnow, I!"[1]

In the spring of this year, Coleridge proposed the association of those first efforts of the young clerk in the India House, which he had prompted and praised, with his own in a new edition of his Poems, to which Mr. Charles Lloyd also proposed to contribute. The following letter comprises Sonnets transmitted to Coleridge for this purpose, accompanied by remarks so characteristic as to induce the hope that the reader will forgive the introduction of these small gems of verse, which were published in due course, for the sake of the original setting.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[No month, but ? June] "1796.

"I am in such violent pain with the head-ache, that I am fit for nothing but transcribing, scarce for that. When I get your poems and the 'Joan of Arc,' I will exercise my presumption in giving you my opinion of 'em. The

[1] [Yet at this time Southey had printed only his "Wat Tyler" (1794), his Miscellaneous Poems in the little volume with his friend Lovell (1795), and his "Joan of Arc" (1796).]

mail does not come in before to-morrow (Wednesday) morning. The following Sonnet was composed during a walk down into Hertfordshire early in last summer:—

The Lord of Light shakes off his drowsyhed.[1]
  Fresh from his couch up springs the lusty sun,
  And girds himself his mighty race to run;
Meantime, by truant love of rambling led
I turn my back on thy detested walls,
  Proud city, and thy sons I leave behind
  A selfish, sordid, money-getting kind,
Who shut their ears when holy Freedom calls.
I pass not thee so lightly, humble spire,
  That mindest me of many a pleasure gone,
  Of merriest days of Love and Islington,
Kindling anew the flames of past desire;
  And I shall muse on thee, slow journeying on,
To the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.

"The last line is a copy of Bowles's, 'To the green hamlet in the peaceful plain.' Your ears are not so very fastidious; many people would not like words so prosaic and familiar in a Sonnet as Islington and Hertfordshire. The next was written within a day or two of the last, on revisiting a spot where the scene was laid of my first Sonnet 'that mocked my step with many a lonely glade.'

When last I roved these winding wood-walks green,
  Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet;
Oft-times would Anna seek the silent scene,
  Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade;
  Her image only in these pleasant ways
  Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days
I held free converse with my fair-haired maid.
  I passed the little cottage which she loved,
The cottage which did once my all contain;
It spake of days that ne'er must come again,
  Spake to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
Now 'Fair befal thee, gentle maid,' said I;
And from the cottage turned me with a sigh.

"The next retains a few lines from a Sonnet of mine which you once remarked had no 'body of thought' in it.

[1] "Drowsyhed" I have met with, I think, in Spenser. ["Faery Queen," Book I., c. ii., st. 7.] 'Tis an old thing, but it rhymes with led, and rhyming covers a multitude of licences.—C. Lamb's Manuscripts.

I agree with you, but have preserved a part of it, and it runs thus. I flatter myself you will like it:—

A timid grace sits trembling in her eye,
  As loth to meet the rudeness of men's sight;
  Yet shedding a delicious lunar light,
That steeps in kind oblivious ecstacy
The care-crazed mind, like some still melody:
  Speaking most plain the thoughts which do possess
  Her gentle sprite, peace and meek quietness,
And innocent loves[1] and maiden purity:
  A look whereof might heal the cruel smart
Of changèd friends or Fortune's wrong's unkind;
  Might to sweet deeds of mercy move the heart
Of him who hates his brethren of mankind:
Turned are those beams from me, who fondly yet
Past joys, vain loves and buried hopes regret.

"The next and last I value most of all. 'Twas composed close upon the heels of the last, in that very wood I had in mind when I wrote 'Methinks how dainty sweet.'

We were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
  The youngest and the loveliest far, I ween,
  And Innocence her name. The time has been
We two did love each other's company;
  Time was, we two had wept to have been apart:
  But when, with show of seeming good beguil'd,
  I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love, for man's society,
  Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My loved companion dropt a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
  Beloved! who can tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world around?

"Since writing it, I have found in a poem by Hamilton of Bangour these two lines to 'Happiness.'

'Nun, sober and devout, where art thou fled
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?'

Lines eminently beautiful; but I do not remember having read them previously, for the credit of my tenth and

[1] Cowley uses this phrase with a somewhat different meaning. I meant, loves of relatives, friends, &c.—C. Lamb's Manuscripts.

eleventh lines. Parnell has two lines (which probably suggested the above) to 'Contentment.'

> 'Whither, ah! whither art thou fled
> To hide thy meek contented[1] head?'

"Cowley's exquisite Elegy on the death of his friend Harvey' suggested the phrase of 'we two.'

> 'Was there a tree that did not know
> The love betwixt us two?'

"So much for acknowledged plagiarisms, the confession of which I know not whether it has more of vanity or modesty in it. As to my blank verse, I am so dismally slow and sterile of ideas (I speak from my heart) that I much question if it will ever come to any issue. I have hitherto only hammered out a few independent, unconnected snatches, not in a capacity to be sent. I am very ill, and will rest till I have read your poems, for which I am very thankful. I have one more favour to beg of you, that you never mention Mr. May's affair in any sort, much less *think* of repaying. Are we not flocci-nauci-what-d'ye-call-'em-ists? We have just learned that my poor brother has had a sad accident, a large stone blown down by yesterday's high wind has bruised his leg in a most shocking manner; he is under the care of Cruikshanks.[2] Coleridge! there are 10,000 objections against my paying you a visit at Bristol: it cannot be else; but in this world 'tis better not to think too much of pleasant possibles, that we may not be out of humour with present insipids. Should anything bring you to London, you will recollect No. 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

"I shall be too ill to call on Wordsworth myself, but will take care to transmit him his poem, when I have read it. I saw Le Grice the day before his departure, and mentioned incidentally his 'teaching the young idea how to shoot.' Knowing him and the probability there is of

[1] An odd epithet for Contentment in a poet so poetical as Parnell.—C. Lamb's Manuscripts.

[2] [A surgeon probably related to the family at Nether-Stowey, of whom Lamb knew something through Coleridge's friend Mr. Poole. See Cottle's "Recollections," pp. 108-9.]

people having a propensity to pun in his company, you will not wonder that we both stumbled on the same pun at once, he eagerly anticipating me,—'he would teach him to shoot!' Poor Le Grice! if wit alone could entitle a man to respect, &c., he has written a very witty little pamphlet lately, satirical upon college declamations.[1] When I send White's book, I will add that. I am sorry there should be any difference between you and Southey. "Between you two there should be peace,' tho' I must say I have borne him no good will since he spirited you away from among us. What is become of Moschus? You sported some of his sublimities, I see, in your Watchman. Very decent things. So much for to-night from your afflicted, headachey, sore-throatey, humble servant, "C. LAMB."

"*Tuesday night.*—Of your Watchman, the Review of Burke was the best prose. I augured great things from the first number. There is some exquisite poetry interspersed. I have re-read the extract from the 'Religious Musings,' and retract whatever invidious there was in my censure of it as elaborate. There are times when one is not in a disposition thoroughly to relish good writing. I have re-read it in a more favourable moment, and hesitate not to pronounce it sublime. If there be anything in it approaching to timidity (which I meant not to infer; by elaborate I meant simply laboured), it is the gigantic hyperbole by which you describe the evils of existing society; 'snakes, lions, hyenas, and behemoths,' is carrying your resentment beyond bounds. The pictures of 'The Simoom,' of 'Frenzy and Ruin,' of 'The Whore of Babylon,' and 'The Cry of Foul Spirits disherited of Earth,' and 'The Strange Beatitude' which the good man shall recognise in heaven, as well as the particularising of the

[1] [The pamphlet here indicated appears to have been Le Grice's earliest production. It was entitled "A Prize Declamation spoken in Trinity College Chapel, May 28, 1794," on the following subject: Richard Cromwell, if he had possessed his father's abilities, might have retained the Protectorate. . . . . 8vo.. Cambridge, 1795.' But the publications of this gentleman occupy a large space in the British Museum Catalogue. They extend from 1795 to 1842, in which last-named year he reprinted at Penzance from the "Gentleman's Magazine" his Reminiscences of Coleridge.]

children of wretchedness (I have unconsciously included every part of it), form a variety of uniform excellence. I hunger and thirst to read the poem complete. That is a capital line in your sixth number.

'This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month.'

They are exactly such epithets as Burns would have stumbled on, whose poem on the ploughed-up daisy you seem to have had in mind. Your complaint that of your readers some thought there was too much, some too little original matter in your numbers, reminds me of poor dead Parsons in the 'Critic.' 'Too little incident! Give me leave to tell you, sir, there is too much incident.' I had like to have forgot thanking you for that exquisite little morsel, the first Sclavonian Song. The expression in the second,—'more happy to be unhappy in hell;' is it not very quaint? Accept my thanks, in common with those of all who love good poetry, for 'The Braes of Yarrow.'[1] I congratulate you on the enemies you must have made by your splendid invective against the barterers in human flesh and sinews. Coleridge! you will rejoice to hear that Cowper is recovered from his lunacy, and is employed on his translation of the Italian, &c., poems of Milton for an edition where Fuseli presides as designer.[2] Coleridge! to an idler like myself, to write and receive letters are both very pleasant, but I wish not to break in upon your valuable time by expecting to hear very frequently from you. Reserve that obligation for your moments of lassitude, when you have nothing else to do; for your loco-restive and all your idle propensities, of course, have given way to the duties of providing for a family. The mail is come in, but no parcel; yet this is Tuesday. Farewell, then, till to-morrow, for a niche and a nook I must leave for criticisms. By the way I hope you do not send your own only copy of Joan of Arc; I will in that case return it immediately.

[1] [Coleridge had evidently been reading Hamilton of Bangour's Poems, where a piece on this subject occurs, and indeed is probably the elder poet's best production.]

[2] [This was not published till after Cowper's death, 4to, Chichester, 1808, with a preface by W. Hayley. But I do not know anything of the designs of Fuseli, of which Lamb speaks.]

"Your parcel *is* come; you have been *lavish* of your presents.

"Wordsworth's poem I have hurried through, not without delight. Poor Lovell! my heart almost accuses me for the light manner I spoke of him above, not dreaming of his death. My heart bleeds for your accumulated troubles; God send you through 'em with patience. I conjure you dream not that I will ever think of being repaid; the very word is galling to the ears. I have read all your 'Religious Musings' with uninterrupted feelings of profound admiration. You may safely rest your fame on it. The best remaining things are what I have before read, and they lose nothing by my recollection of your manner of reciting 'em, for I too bear in mind 'the voice, the look,' of absent friends, and can occasionally mimic their manner for the amusement of those who have seen 'em. Your impassioned manner of recitation I can recall at any time to mine own heart and to the ears of the bystanders. I rather wish you had left the monody on Chatterton concluding, as it did, abruptly. It had more of unity. The conclusion of your 'Religious Musings,' I fear, will entitle you to the reproof of your beloved woman, who wisely will not suffer your fancy to run riot, but bids you walk humbly with your God. The very last words, 'I exercise my young noviciate thought in ministeries of heart-stirring song,' though not now new to me, cannot be enough admired. To speak politely, they are a well-turned compliment to Poetry. I hasten to read 'Joan of Arc,' &c. I have read your lines at the beginning of second book: they are worthy of Milton, but in my mind yield to your 'Religious Musings.' I shall read the whole carefully, and in some future letter take the liberty to particularise my opinions of it. Of what is new to me among your poems next to the 'Musings,' that beginning "My Pensive Sara' gave me most pleasure: the lines in it I just alluded to are most exquisite; they made my sister and self smile, as conveying a pleasing picture of Mrs. C. checking your wild wanderings, which we were so fond of hearing you indulge, when among us. It has endeared us more than anything to your good lady, and your own self-reproof that follows delighted us. 'Tis a charming poem throughout (you have

well remarked that charming, admirable, exquisite are the words expressive of feelings more than conveying of ideas, else I might plead very well want of room in my paper as excuse for generalising). I want room to tell you how we are charmed with your verses in the manner of Spenser, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. I am glad you resume the 'Watchman.' Change the name; leave out all articles of news, and whatever things are peculiar to newspapers, and confine yourself to ethics, verse, criticism—or rather do not confine yourself. Let your plan be as diffuse as the 'Spectator,' and I'll answer for it the work prospers. If I am vain enough to think I can be a contributor, rely on my inclinations. Coleridge! in reading your 'Religious Musings,' I felt a transient superiority over you. I *have* seen Priestley. I love to see his name repeated in your writings.[1] I love and honour him almost profanely. You would be charmed with his *Sermons*, if you never read 'em. You have doubtless read his books illustrative of the doctrine of Necessity. Prefixed to a late work of his in answer to Paine, there is a preface giving an account of the man and his services to men, written by Lindsey, his dearest friend, well worth your reading.

"*Tuesday eve.*—Forgive my prolixity, which is yet too brief for all I could wish to say. God give you comfort, and all that are of your household! Our loves and best good wishes to Mrs. C. "C. LAMB."

[1] He probably refers to the following lines in the "Religious Musings:"—

> "So Priestley, their patriot, and saint, and sage,
> Him, full of years, from his loved native land,
> Statesmen blood-stained, and priests idolatrous,
> Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying, he return'd,
> And mused expectant on those promised years!"

CHAPTER II.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE IN 1796 CONTINUED.

THE parcel mentioned in the last letter brought the "Joan of Arc" and a request from Coleridge, that Lamb would freely criticise his poems with a view to their selection and correction for the contemplated volume. The reply is contained in the following letter which, written on several days, begins at the extreme top of the first page without any ceremony of introduction, and is comprised in three sides and a bit of foolscap.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Wednesday-Friday, June 8-10, 1796.

"With 'Joan of Arc' I have been delighted, amazed; I had not presumed to expect anything of such excellence from Southey. Why, the poem is alone sufficient to redeem the character of the age we live in from the imputation of degenerating in Poetry, were there no such beings extant as Burns, and Bowles, Cowper, and ——; fill up the blank how you please—I say nothing. The subject is well chosen. It opens well. To become more particular, I will notice in their order a few passages that chiefly struck me on perusal. Page 26, 'Fierce and terrible Benevolence!' is a phrase full of grandeur and originality. The whole context made me feel *possessed*, even like Joan herself. Page 28, 'It is most horrible with the keen sword to gore the finely-fibred human frame,' and what follows, pleased me mightily. In the 2nd Book, the first forty lines in particular are majestic and high-sounding. Indeed, the whole vision of the Palace of Ambition and what follows are supremely excellent. Your simile of the Laplander, 'By Niomi's lake, or Balda Zhiok, or the mossy-stone of Solfar-

Kapper,'[1] will bear comparison with any in Milton for fulness of circumstance and lofty-pacedness of versification. Southey's similes, though many of 'em are capital, are all inferior. In one of his books, the simile of the oak in the storm occurs, I think, four times. To return; the light in which you view the heathen deities is accurate and beautiful. Southey's personifications in this book are so many fine and faultless pictures. I was much pleased with your manner of accounting for the reason why monarchs take delight in war. At the 447th line you have placed Prophets and Enthusiasts cheek by jowl, on too intimate a footing for the dignity of the former. Necessarian-like-speaking, it is correct. Page 98, 'Dead is the Douglas! cold thy warrior frame, illustrious Buchan,' &c., are of kindred excellence with Gray's 'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,' &c. How famously the Maid baffles the Doctors, Seraphic and Irrefragable, 'with all their trumpery!' Page 126, the procession, the appearances of the Maid, of the Bastard Son of Orleans and of Tremouille, are full of fire and fancy, and exquisite melody of versification. The personifications from line 303 to 309, in the heat of the battle, had better been omitted; they are not very striking, and only encumber. The converse which Joan and Conrade hold on the banks of the Loire is altogether beautiful. Page 313, the conjecture that in dreams 'all things are that seem,' is one of those conceits which the Poet delights to admit into his creed—a creed, by the way, more marvellous and mystic than ever Athanasius dreamed of. Page 315, I need only *mention* those lines ending with 'She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart!' They are good imitative lines, 'he toiled and toiled, of toil to reap no end, but endless toil and never-ending woe.' Page 347, Cruelty is such as Hogarth might have painted her. Page 361, all the passage about Love (where he seems to confound conjugal love with creating and preserving love) is very confused, and sickens me with a load of useless personifications; else that ninth Book is the finest in the volume—an exquisite combination of the ludicrous and the terrible. I have never read either, even in translation, but

[1] Lapland mountains. The verses referred to are published in Mr. Coleridge's Poem entitled "The Destiny of Nations: a Vision."

such I conceive to be the manner of Dante or Ariosto. The tenth Book is the most languid.

On the whole, considering the celerity wherewith the poem was finished, I was astonished at the unfrequency of weak lines. I had expected to find it verbose. Joan, I think, does too little in battle, Dunois perhaps the same: Conrade too much. The anecdotes interspersed among the battles refresh the mind very agreeably, and I am delighted with the very many passages of simple pathos abounding throughout the poem, passages which the author of 'Crazy Kate' might have written. Has not Master Southey spoke very slightingly in his preface and disparagingly of Cowper's Homer? What makes him reluctant to give Cowper his fame? And does not Southey use too often the expletives 'did' and 'does?' They have a good effect at times, but are too inconsiderable, or rather become blemishes, when they mark a style. On the whole, I expect Southey one day to rival Milton: I already deem him equal to Cowper, and superior to all living poets besides. What says Coleridge? The 'Monody on Henderson' is *immensely good*, the rest of that little volume is *readable and above mediocrity*. I proceed to a more pleasant task; pleasant because the poems are yours; pleasant because you impose the task on me; and pleasant, let me add, because it will confer a whimsical importance on me to sit in judgment upon your rhymes. First, though, let me thank you again and again, in my own and my sister's name, for your invitations; nothing could give us more pleasure than to come, but (were there no other reasons) while my brother's leg is so bad, it is out of the question. Poor fellow! he is very feverish and light-headed, but Cruikshanks has pronounced the symptoms favourable, and gives us every hope that there will be no need of amputation: God send not! We are necessarily confined with him all the afternoon and evening till very late, so that I am stealing a few minutes to write to you.

"Thank you for your frequent letters; you are the only correspondent and, I might add, the only friend I have in the world. I go nowhere, and have no acquaintance. Slow of speech and reserved of manners, no one seeks or

cares for my society; and I am left alone. Austin[1] calls only occasionally, as though it were a duty rather, and seldom stays ten minutes. Then judge how thankful I am for your letters! Do not, however, burthen yourself with the correspondence. I trouble you again so soon, only in obedience to your injunctions. Complaints apart, proceed we to our task. I am called away to tea, thence must wait upon my brother; so must delay till to-morrow. Farewell. *Wednesday.*

"*Thursday.*—I will first notice what is new to me. Thirteenth page; 'The thrilling tones that concentrate the soul' is a nervous line, and the six first lines of page 14 are very pretty, the twenty-first effusion a perfect thing. That in the manner of Spenser is very sweet, particularly at the close: the thirty-fifth effusion is most exquisite—that line in particular, 'And, tranquil, muse upon tranquillity.' It is the very reflex pleasure that distinguishes the tranquillity of a thinking being from that a shepherd, a modern one I would be understood to mean, a Damætas, one that keeps other people's sheep. Certainly, Coleridge, your letter from Shurton Bars has less merit than most things in your volume; personally it may chime in best with your own feelings, and therefore you love it best. It has, however, great merit. In your fourth epistle that is an exquisite paragraph, and fancy-full, of 'A stream there is which rolls in lazy flow,' &c., &c. 'Murmurs sweet undersong 'mid jasmin bowers' is a sweet line, and so are the three next. The concluding simile is far-fetched—'tempest-honoured' is a quaintish phrase.

"Yours is a poetical family. I was much surprised and pleased to see the signature of Sara to that elegant composition, the fifth epistle. I dare not *criticise* the 'Religious Musings;' I like not to *select* any part, where all is excellent. I can only admire, and thank you for it in the name of a Christian, as well as a lover of good poetry; only let me ask, is not that thought and those words in Young, 'stands in the sun,'—or is it only such as Young, in one of his *better moments*, might have writ?

[1] [This is the person mentioned in Allsop's "Coleridge Letters and Recollections." In a former edition of the correspondence, it is given us "Allen"—on what authority I scarcely know.]

> 'Believe thou, O my soul,
> Life is a vision shadowy of truth;
> And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
> Shapes of a dream!'

I thank you for these lines in the name of a necessarian, and for what follows in next paragraph, in the name of a child of fancy. After all, you cannot nor ever will write anything with which I shall be so delighted as what I have heard yourself repeat. You came to town, and I saw you at a time when your heart was yet bleeding with recent wounds. Like yourself, I was sore galled with disappointed hope; you had

> ——— 'many an holy lay
> That, mourning, soothed the mourner on his way;'

"I had ears of sympathy to drink them in, and they yet vibrate pleasant on the sense. When I read in your little volume, your nineteenth effusion or the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth, or what you call the 'Sigh,' I think I hear *you* again. I image to myself the little smoky room at the Salutation and Cat, where we have sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with Poesy. When you left London, I felt a dismal void in my heart. I found myself cut off, at one and the same time, from two most dear to me. 'How blest with ye the path could I have trod of quiet life!' In your conversation you had blended so many pleasant fancies that they cheated me of my grief. But in your absence the tide of melancholy rushed in again, and did its worst mischief by overwhelming my reason. I have recovered, but feel a stupor that makes me indifferent to the hopes and fears of this life. I sometimes wish to introduce a religious turn of mind; but habits are strong things, and my religious fervours are confined, alas! to some fleeting moments of occasional solitary devotion.

A correspondence, opening with you, has roused me a little from my lethargy and made me conscious of existence. Indulge me in it: I will not be very troublesome! At some future time I will amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turn my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy;

for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad! All now seems to me vapid—comparatively so. Excuse this selfish digression. Your 'Monody' is so superlatively excellent, that I can only wish it perfect, which I can't help feeling it is not quite. Indulge me in a few conjectures; what I am going to propose would make it more compressed and, I think, more energetic, though, I am sensible, at the expense of many beautiful lines. Let it begin, 'Is this the land of song-ennobled line?' and proceed to 'Otway's famished form;' then, 'Thee, Chatterton,' to 'blaze of Seraphim;' then, 'clad in Nature's rich array,' to 'orient day;' then, 'but soon the scathing lightning,' to 'blighted land;' then, 'sublime of thought,' to 'his bosom glows;' then

> 'But soon upon *his* poor unsheltered head
> Did Penury her sickly mildew shed;
> And soon are fled the charms of early grace,
> And joy's wild gleams that lightened o'er his face.'

Then 'youth of tumultuous soul' to 'sigh,' as before. The rest may all stand down to 'gaze upon the waves below.' What follows now may come next as detached verses, suggested by the Monody, rather than a part of it. They are, indeed, in themselves, very sweet:

> 'And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
> Hanging enraptured on thy stately song!'

in particular, perhaps. If I am obscure, you may understand me by counting lines: I have proposed omitting twenty-four lines: I feel that thus compressed it would gain energy, but think it most likely you will not agree with me; for who shall go about to bring opinions to the bed of Procrustes, and introduce among the sons of men a monotony of identical feelings? I only propose with diffidence. Reject you, if you please, with as little remorse as you would the colour of a coat or the pattern of a buckle, where our fancies differed.

"The 'Pixies' is a perfect thing, and so are the 'Lines on the Spring,' page 28. The 'Epitaph on an Infant,' like a Jack-o'-lanthorn, has danced about (or like Dr. Forster's

scholars) out of the Morning Chronicle into the Watchman, and thence back into your collection. It is very pretty, and you seem to think so, but, may be, o'erlooked its chief merit, that of filling up a whole page. I had once deemed sonnets of unrivalled use that way, but your Epitaphs, I find, are the more diffuse. 'Edmund' still holds its place among your best verses. 'Ah! fair delights' to 'roses round,' in your Poem called 'Absence,' recall (none more forcibly) to my mind the tones in which *you recited it.* 'I will not notice, in this tedious (to you) manner, verses which have been so long delightful to me, and which you already know my opinion of. Of this kind are Bowles, Priestly, and that most exquisite and most Bowles-like of all, the nineteenth effusion. It would have better ended with 'agony of care;' the last two lines are obvious and unnecessary; and you need not now make fourteen lines of it, now it is rechristened from a Sonnet to an Effusion.

Schiller might have written the twentieth effusion: 'tis worthy of him in any sense. I was glad to meet with those lines you sent me, when my sister was so ill; I had lost the copy, and I felt not a little proud at seeing my name in your verse. The complaint of Ninathoma (first stanza in particular) is the best, or only good imitation, of Ossian I ever saw—your 'Restless Gale' excepted. 'To an Infant' is most sweet; is not 'foodful,' though, very harsh? Would not 'dulcet' fruit be less harsh, or some other friendly bi-syllable? In 'Edmund,' 'Frenzy! fierce-eyed child' is not so well as 'frantic,' though that is an epithet adding nothing to the meaning. Slander *couching* was better than 'squatting.' In the 'Man of Ross' it *was* a better line thus:

> 'If 'neath this roof thy wine-cheered moments pass,'

than as it stands now. Time nor nothing can reconcile me to the concluding five lines of 'Kosciusko:' call it anything you will but sublime. In my twelfth effusion I had rather have seen what I wrote myself, though they bear no comparison with your exquisite lines—

> 'On rose-leaf'd-beds amid your faery bowers,' &c.

"I love my sonnets because they are the reflected images of my own feelings at different times. To instance, in the thirteenth—

'How reason recled,' &c.,

are good lines, but must spoil the whole with me, who know it is only a fiction of yours, and that the 'rude dashings' did in fact not 'rock me to repose.' I grant the same objection applies not to the former sonnet; but still I love my own feelings; they are dear to memory, though they now and then wake a sigh or a tear. 'Thinking on divers things foredone,' I charge you, Coleridge, spare my ewe-lambs; and though a gentleman may borrow six lines in an epic poem (I should have no objection to borrow five hundred, and without acknowledging), still, in a sonnet, a personal poem, I do not 'ask my friend the aiding verse;' I would not wrong your feelings, by proposing any improvements (did I think myself capable of suggesting 'em) in such personal poems as 'Thou bleedest, my poor heart,'—'od so,—I am caught—I have already done it; but that simile I propose abridging would not change the feeling or introduce any alien ones. Do you understand me? In the twenty-eighth, however, and in the 'Sigh,' and that composed at Clevedon, things that come from the heart direct, not by the medium of the fancy, I would not suggest an alteration.

When my blank verse is finished, or any long fancy poem, 'propino tibi alterandum, cut-up-andum, abridgandum,' just what you will with it; but spare my ewe-lambs! That to 'Mrs. Siddons,' now, you were welcome to improve, if it had been worth it; but I say unto you again, Coleridge, spare my ewe-lambs! I must confess, were they mine, I should omit, *in editione secundâ*, effusions two and three, because satiric and below the dignity of the poet of 'Religious Musings,' fifth, seventh, half of the eighth, that 'Written in early youth,' as far as 'thousand eyes,'—though I part not unreluctantly with that lively line—

'Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes.'

and one or two just thereabouts. But I would substitute for it that sweet poem called 'Recollection,' in the fifth

number of the Watchman, better, I think, than the remainder of this poem, though not differing materially: as the poem now stands it looks altogether confused; and do not omit those lines upon the 'Early Blossom' in your sixth number of the Watchman; and I would omit the tenth effusion, or what would do better, alter and improve the last four lines. In fact, I suppose, if they were mine, I should *not* omit 'em; but your verse is, for the most part, so exquisite, that I like not to see aught of meaner matter mixed with it. Forgive my petulance and often, I fear, ill-founded criticisms, and forgive me that I have, by this time, made your eyes and head ache with my long letter; but I cannot forego hastily the pleasure and pride of thus conversing with you. You did not tell me whether I was to include the 'Conciones ad Populum' in my remarks on your poems. They are not unfrequently sublime, and I think you could not do better than to turn 'em into verse—if you have nothing else to do.[1] Austin, I am sorry to say, is a *confirmed* Atheist; Stoddart, a cold-hearted, well-bred, conceited disciple of Godwin, does him no good. His wife[2] has several daughters (one of 'em as old as himself). Surely there is something unnatural in such a marriage.

"How I sympathise with you on the dull duty of a reviewer, and heartily damn with you Ned Evans and the Prosodist. I shall, however, wait impatiently for the articles in the Critical Review next month, because they are *yours*. Young Evans (W. Evans, a branch of a family you were once so intimate with) is come into our office, and sends his love to you! Coleridge! I devoutly wish that Fortune, who has made sport with you so long, may play one freak more, throw you into London or some spot near it, and there snug-ify you for life. 'Tis a selfish, but natural wish for me, cast as I am 'on life's wide plain, friendless.' Are you acquainted with Bowles? I see

[1] [Hazlitt characterized the "Conciones" as trash—a very different opinion from Lamb's. The suggestion of the latter, that the author should turn them into verse, irresistibly reminds one of the anecdote of Sir Thomas More and the prose-writer, to whom he tendered similar advice.]

[2] [Austin's, not Stoddart's.]

by his last Elegy (written at Bath,) you are near neighbours. *Thursday.*

"'And I can think I can see the groves again—was it the voice of thee—turns not the voice of thee, my buried friend—who dries with her dark locks the 'tender tear,' are touches as true to Nature as any in his other Elegy, written at the Hot Wells, about poor Kassell, &c. You are doubtless acquainted with it.

"I do not know that I entirely agree with you in your stricture upon my sonnet 'To Innocence.' To men whose hearts are not quite deadened by their commerce with the world, innocence (no longer familiar) becomes an awful idea. So I felt when I wrote it. Your other censures (qualified and sweetened, though, with praises somewhat extravagant) I perfectly coincide with; yet I choose to retain the world 'lunar'—indulge a 'lunatic' in his loyalty to his mistress the moon! I have just been reading a most pathetic copy of verses on Sophia Pringle, who was hanged and burnt for coining. One of the strokes of pathos (which are very many, all somewhat obscure), is 'She lifted up her guilty forger to heaven.' A note explains, by 'forger,' her right hand, with which she forged or coined the base metal. For pathos read bathos. You have put me out of conceit with my blank verse by your 'Religious Musings.' I think it will come to nothing. I do not like 'em enough to send 'em. I have just been reading a book, which I may be too partial to, as it was the delight of my childhood; but I will recommend it to you —it is Izaak Walton's 'Complete Angler.' All the scientific part you may omit in reading. The dialogue is very simple, full of pastoral beauties, and will charm you. Many pretty old verses are interspersed. This letter, which would be a week's work reading only, I do not wish you to answer in less than a month. I shall be richly content with a letter *from* you some day early in July; though, if you get any how *settled* before then, pray let me know it immediately; 'twould give me much satisfaction. Concerning the Unitarian chapel, the salary is the only scruple that the most rigid moralist would admit as valid. Concerning the tutorage, is not the salary low, and absence from your family unavoidable? London is the only foster-

ing soil for genius. Nothing more occurs just now; so I will leave you, in mercy, one small white spot empty below, to repose your eyes upon, fatigued as they must be with the wilderness of words they have by this time painfully travelled through. God love you, Coleridge, and prosper you through life; though mine will be loss if your lot is to be cast at Bristol, or at Nottingham, or anywhere but London. Our loves to Mrs. C——. "C. L.

"Friday, 10th June, 1796."

Having been encouraged by Coleridge to entertain the thought of publishing his verses, he submitted the poem called "The Grandame" to his friend, with the following letter:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Monday night. [June 13, 1796.]

"Unfurnished at present with any sheet-filling subject, I shall continue my letter gradually and journal-wise. My second thoughts entirely coincide with your comments on 'Joan of Arc,' and I can only wonder at my childish judgment which overlooked the 1st book and could prefer the 9th: not that I was insensible to the soberer beauties of the former, but the latter caught me with its glare of magic,—the former, however, left a more pleasing general recollection in my mind. Let me add, the 1st book was the favourite of my sister—and *I* now, with Joan, often 'think on Domremi and the fields of Arc.' I must not pass over without acknowledging my obligations to your full and satisfactory account of personifications. I have read it again and again, and it will be a guide to my future taste. Perhaps I had estimated Southey's merits too much by number, weight, and measure. I now agree completely and entirely in your opinion of the genius of Southey. Your own image of melancholy is illustrative of what you teach, and in itself masterly. I conjecture it is 'disbranched' from one of your embryo 'hymns.' When they are mature of birth (were I you) I should print 'em in one separate volume, with 'Religious Musings' and your part of the 'Joan of Arc.' Birds of the same soaring wing

should hold on their flight in company. Once for all (and by renewing the subject you will only renew in me the condemnation of Tantalus), I hope to be able to pay you a visit (if you are then at Bristol) some time in the latter end of August or beginning of September for a week or fortnight; before that time, office business puts an absolute veto on my coming.

> 'And if a sigh that speaks regret of happier times appear,
> A glimpse of joy that we have met shall shine and dry the tear.'

Of the blank verses I spoke of, the following lines are the only tolerably complete ones I have writ out of not more than one hundred and fifty. That I get on so slowly you may fairly impute to want of practice in composition, when I declare to you that (the few verses which you have seen excepted) I have not writ fifty lines since I left school. It may not be amiss to remark that my grandmother (on whom the verses are written) lived housekeeper in a family[1] the fifty or sixty last years of her life—that she was a woman of exemplary piety and goodness—and for many years before her death was terribly afflicted with a cancer in her breast which she bore with true Christian patience. You may think that I have not kept enough apart the ideas of her heavenly and her earthly master, but recollect I have designedly given in to her own way of feeling—and if she had a failing, 'twas that she respected her master's family too much, not reverenced her Maker too little. The lines begin imperfectly, as I may probably connect 'em if I finish at all,—and if I do, Biggs[2] shall print 'em in a more economical way than you yours, for (sonnets and all) they won't make a thousand lines as I propose completing 'em, and the substance must be wire-drawn."

The next instalment of this "journal-wise" letter will give an insight into Lamb's spirit at this time in its lighter and gayer moods. It would seem that his acquaintance with the old English dramatists had just commenced with Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger:—

[1] [The Plumers.]
[2] [The Bristol printer of that name.]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Tuesday evening. [June 14, 1796.]

"I am not quite satisfied now with the Chatterton, and with your leave will try my hand at it again. A master joiner, you know, may leave a cabinet to be finished, when his own hands are full. To your list of illustrative personifications, into which a fine imagination enters, I will take leave to add the following from Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Wife for a Month;' 'tis the conclusion of a description of a sea-fight;—'The game of *death* was never played so nobly; the meagre thief grew wanton in his mischiefs, and his shrunk hollow eyes smiled on his rûins.' There is fancy in these of a lower order from 'Bonduca;'—'Then did I see these valiant men of Britain, like boding owls creep into tods of ivy, and hoot their fears to one another nightly.' Not that it is a personification; only it just caught my eye in a little extract book I keep, which is full of quotations from B. and F. in particular, in which authors I can't help thinking there is a greater richness of poetical fancy than in any one, Shakspeare excepted. Are you acquainted with Massinger? At a hazard I will trouble you with a passage from a play of his called 'A Very Woman.' The lines are spoken by a lover (disguised) to his faithless mistress. You will remark the fine effect of the double endings. You will by your ear distinguish the lines, for I write 'em as prose. 'Not far from where my father lives, *a lady*, a neighbour by, blest with as great a *beauty* as nature durst bestow without *undoing*, dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then, and blest the house a thousand times she *dwelt* in. This beauty, in the blossom of my youth, when my first fire knew no adulterate *incense*, nor I no way to flatter but my *fondness;* in all the bravery my friends could *show me*, in all the faith my innocence could *give me*, in the best language my true tongue could *tell me*, and all the broken sighs my sick heart *lend me*, I sued and served; long did I serve this *lady*, long was my travail, long my trade to *win her;* with all the duty of my soul I SERVED HER.' 'Then she must love.' 'She did, but never

me: she could not *love me;* she would not love, she hated, —more, she *scorn'd me*; and in so poor and base a way *abused me* for all my services, for all my *bounties*, so bold neglects flung on me '—'What out of love, and worthy love I *gave her*, (shame to her most unworthy mind,) to fools, to girls, to fiddlers and her boys she flung, all in disdain of me.' One more passage strikes my eye from B. and F.'s 'Palamon and Arcite.'[1] One of 'em complains in prison: 'This is all our world; we shall know nothing here but one another, hear nothing but the clock that tells us our woes; the vine shall grow, but we shall never see it,' &c. Is not the last circumstance exquisite? I mean not to lay myself open by saying they exceed Milton, and perhaps Collins, in sublimity. But don't you conceive all poets after Shakspeare yield to 'em in variety of genius? Massinger treads close on their heels; but you are most probably as well acquainted with his writings as your humble servant. My quotations, in that case, will only serve to expose my barrenness of matter. Southey in simplicity and tenderness, is excelled decidedly only, I think, by Beaumont and F. in his 'Maid's Tragedy' and some parts of 'Philaster' in particular, and elsewhere occasionally; and perhaps by Cowper in his 'Crazy Kate,' and in parts of his translation, such as the speeches of Hecuba and Andromache. I long to know your opinion of that translation. The Odyssey especially is surely very Homeric. What nobler than the appearance of Phœbus at the beginning of the Iliad—the lines ending with 'Dread sounding, bounding on the silver bow!'

"'I beg you will give me your opinion of the translation; it afforded me high pleasure. As curious a specimen of translation as ever fell into my hands, is a young man's in our office, of a French novel.[2] What in the original was

[1] [No play with such a title by Beaumont and Fletcher is known. Richard Edwards produced one in 1566, and there was a later one in 1594; but both have perished. It is a slip of the pen for the "Two Noble Kinsmen," in which Palamon and Arcite are the two prominent characters. Chaucer had originally introduced the story to English readers in his "Knight's Tale."]

[2] [Probably Thomas or Tommy Bye whom Lamb elsewhere mentions as having known "man and madman" twenty-seven years. See Letters to C. Chambers, of Leamington, Feb., 1818, and to Manning of May 28,

literally 'amiable delusions of the fancy,' he proposed to render 'the fair frauds of the imagination.' I had much trouble in licking the book into any meaning at all. Yet did the knave clear fifty or sixty pounds by subscription and selling the copyright. The book itself not a week's work! To-day's portion of my journalising epistle has been very dull and poverty-stricken. I will here end."

"Tuesday night.

"I have been drinking egg-hot and smoking Oronooko (associated circumstances, which ever forcibly recall to my mind our evenings and nights at the Salutation); my eyes and brain are heavy and asleep, but my heart is awake; and if words came as ready as ideas, and ideas as feelings, I could say ten hundred kind things. Coleridge, you know not my supreme happiness at having one on earth (though counties separate us) whom I can call a friend. Remember you those tender lines of Logan?—

> 'Our broken friendships we deplore,
> And loves of youth that are no more;
> No after friendships e'er can raise
> Th' endearments of our early days,
> And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
> As when we first began to love.'

"I am writing at random, and half-tipsy, what you may not *equally* understand, as you will be sober when you read it; but *my* sober and *my* half-tipsy hours you are alike a sharer in. Good night.

> 'Then up rose our bard, liike a prophet in drink,
> Craigdoroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink.'
> BURNS."

"Thursday. [June 16, 1796.]

"I am now in high hopes to be able to visit you, if perfectly convenient on your part, by the end of next month —perhaps the last week or fortnight in July. A change of scene and a change of faces would do me good, even

1819, *infrâ*. There is no entry of Bye's name as a translator by way of cross-references in the Museum Catalogue.]

if that scene were not to be Bristol, and those faces Coleridge's and his friends'! In the words of Terence, a little altered, 'Tædet me hujus quotidiani *mundi*.' I am heartily sick of the every-day scenes of life. I shall half wish you unmarried (don't show this to Mrs. C.) for one evening only, to have the pleasure of smoking with you, and drinking egg-hot in some little smoky room in a pot-house, for I know not yet how I shall like you in a decent room, and looking quite happy. My best love and respects to Sara notwithstanding.

"Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES LAMB."

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE (1796) CONTINUED.

COLERIDGE, settled in his melancholy cottage, invited Lamb to visit him. The hope—the expectation—the disappointment, are depicted in the following letter, written in the summer of the eventful year 1796.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"July 1-3, 1796.

"The first moment I can come I will; but my hopes of coming yet awhile yet hang on a ticklish thread. The coach I come by is immaterial, as I shall so easily, by your direction, find ye out. My mother is grown so entirely helpless (not having any use of her limbs) that Mary is necessarily confined from ever sleeping out, she being her bedfellow. She thanks you though, and will accompany me in spirit. Most exquisite are the lines from Withers. Your own lines, introductory to your poem on 'Self,' run smoothly and pleasurably, and I exhort you to continue 'em. What shall I say to your 'Dactyls?' They are what you would call good *per se*, but a parody on some of 'em is just now suggesting itself, and you shall have it rough and unlicked; I mark with figures the lines parodied:—

4.—Sorely your Dactyls do drag along limp-footed.
5.—Sad is the measure that hangs a clog round 'em so.
6.—Meagre and languid, proclaiming its wretchedness.
1.—Weary, unsatisfied, not a little sick of 'em.
11.—Cold is my tired heart, I have no charity.
2.—Painfully travelling thus over the rugged road.
7.—O begone, measure, half Latin, half English, then.
12.—Dismal your Dactyls are, God help ye, rhyming ones!

"I possibly may not come this fortnight; therefore, all thou hast to do is not to look for me any particular day,

only to write word immediately, if at any time you quit Bristol, lest I come and Taffy be not at home. I *hope* I can come in a day or two; but young Savory of my office is suddenly taken ill in this very nick of time, and I must officiate for him till he can come to work again: had the knave gone sick and died, and been buried at any other time, philosophy might have afforded one comfort; but just now I have no patience with him. Quarles I am as great a stranger to as I was to Withers. I wish you would try and do something to bring our elder bards into more general fame. I writhe with indignation when, in books of criticism where commonplace quotation is heaped upon quotation, I find no mention of such men as Massinger or Beaumont and Fletcher, men with whom succeeding dramatic writers (Otway alone excepted)[1] can bear no manner of comparison. Stupid Knox hath noticed none of 'em among his extracts.

"*Thursday.*—Mrs. C.—— can scarce guess how she has gratified me by her very kind letter and sweet little poem. I feel that I *should* thank her in rhyme, but she must take my acknowledgment at present in plain honest prose. The uncertainty in which I yet stand, whether I can come or no, damps my spirits, reduces me a degree below prosaical, and keeps me in a suspense that fluctuates between hope and fear. Hope is a charming, lively, blue-eyed wench, and I am always glad of her company, but could dispense with the visitor she brings with her—her younger sister, Fear—a white-livered, lily-cheeked, bashful, palpitating, awkward hussy, that hangs, like a green girl, at her sister's apron-strings, and will go with her whithersoever

[1] An exception he certainly would not have made a few years afterwards; for he used to mention two pretty lines in the "Orphan,"

> "Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
> With all his fleecy flock at feed beside him,"

as a redeeming passage amidst mere stage trickeries. The great merit which lies in the construction of "Venice Preserved," was not in his line of appreciation; and he thought Thomson's reference to Otway's ladies—

> —— "poor Monimia moans,
> And Belvidera pours her soul in love,"

worth both heroines.

she goes. For the life and soul of me, I could not improve those lines in your poem on the Prince and Princess, so I changed them to what you bid me, and left 'em at Perry's.[1] I think 'em altogether good, and do not see why you were solicitous about *any* alteration. I have not yet seen, but will make it my business to see, to-day's 'Chronicle,' for your verses on Horne Tooke. Dyer stanza'd him in one of the papers tother day, but, I think, unsuccessfully. Tooke's friends meeting was, I suppose, a dinner of condolence.[2]

"I am not sorry to find you (for all Sara) immersed in clouds of smoke and metaphysics. You know I had a sneaking kindness for this last noble science, and you taught me some smattering of it. I look to become no mean proficient under your tuition. Coleridge, what do you mean by saying you wrote to me about Plutarch and Porphyry? I received no such letter, nor remember a syllable of the matter, yet am not apt to forget any part of your epistles, least of all an injunction like that. I will cast about for 'em, tho' I am a sad hand to know what books are worth, and both these worthy gentlemen are alike out of my line. To-morrow I shall be less suspensive, and in better cue to write, so good bye at present.

"*Friday Evening.*—That execrable aristocrat and knave Richardson has given me an absolute refusal of leave. The *poor man* cannot guess at my disappointment. Is it not hard, 'this dread dependence on the low-bred mind?' Continue to write to me tho', and I must be content. Our loves and best good wishes attend upon you both.

"LAMB."

"Savory did return, but there are two or three more ill and absent, which was the plea for refusing me. I shall never have heart to ask for holidays again. The man next him in office, Cartwright, furnished him with the objections.

"C. LAMB."

[1] Some "occasional" verses of Coleridge's, written to order for the "Morning Chronicle."

[2] This was just after the Westminster Election, in which Mr. Tooke was defeated.

The little copy of verses in which Lamb commemorated and softened his disappointment, bearing date (a most unusual circumstance with Lamb), 5th July, 1796, opens the next letter, which refers to a scheme Coleridge had formed of settling in London on an invitation to share the Editorship of the "Morning Chronicle." The poem includes a lamentation over a fantastical loss —that of a draught of the Avon "which Shakespeare drank;" somewhat strangely confounding the Avon of Stratford with that of Bristol. It may be doubted whether Shakespeare knew the taste of the waves of one Avon more than of the other, or whether Lamb would not have found more kindred with the world's poet in a glass of sack than in the water of either stream. Coleridge must have enjoyed the misplaced sentiment of his friend, for he was singularly destitute of sympathy with local associations, which he regarded as interfering with the pure and simple impression of great deeds or thoughts, denied a special interest to the Pass of Thermopylæ, and instead of subscribing to purchase "Shakespeare's House," would scarcely have admitted the peculiar sanctity of the spot which enshrines his ashes.

"Thursday, July 5, 1796.

TO SARA AND HER SAMUEL.

"Was it so hard a thing?—I did but ask
A fleeting holiday. One little week,
Or haply two, had bounded my request.

What, if the jaded steer, who all day long
Had borne the heat and labour of the plough,
When evening came, and her sweet cooling hour,
Should seek to trespass on a neighbour copse,
Where greener herbage waved, or clearer streams
Invited him to slake his burning thirst?
That man were crabbed, who should say him nay;
That man were churlish, who should drive him thence!
A blessing light upon your heads, ye good,
Ye hospitable pair! I may not come,
To catch on Clifden's heights the summer gale;
I may not come, a pilgrim, to the banks
Of Avon, lucid stream, to taste the wave
Which Shakespeare drank, our British Helicon:
Or with mine eye intent on Redcliffe towers,

To muse in tears on that mysterious youth,
Cruelly slighted, who to London walls,
In evil hour, shaped his disastrous course.

Complaint begone; begone, unkind reproof:
Take up, my song, take up a merrier strain,
For yet again, and lo! from Avon's vales
Another 'minstrel' cometh! Youth endear'd,
God and good angels guide thee on thy way,
And gentler fortunes wait the friends I love.
"C. L.

"*Let us prose.*

"What can I do till you send word what priced and placed house you should like? Islington, possibly, you would not like; to me 'tis classical ground. Knightsbridge is a desirable situation for the air of the parks; St. George's Fields is convenient for its contiguity to the Bench. Choose! But are you really coming to town? The hope of it has entirely disarmed my petty disappointment of its nettles, yet I rejoice so much on my own account, that I fear I do not feel enough pure satisfaction on yours. Why, surely, the joint editorship of the Chronicle must be very comfortable and secure living for a man. But should not you read French, or do you? and can you write with sufficient moderation, as 'tis called, when one suppresses the one half of what one feels or could say on a subject, to chime in the better with popular lukewarmness? White's 'Letters' are near publication; could you review 'em or get 'em reviewed? Are you not connected with the 'Critical Review?' His frontispiece is a good conceit—Sir John learning to dance to please Madam Page, in dress of doublet, &c., from the upper half, and modern pantaloons with shoes, &c., of the eighteenth century, from the lower half; and the whole work is full of goodly quips and rare fancies, 'all deftly masqued like hoar antiquity'—much superior to Dr. Kenrick's 'Falstaff's Wedding,' which you have seen. Austin sometimes laughs at superstition and religion, and the like. A living fell vacant lately in the gift of the Hospital: White informed him that he stood a fair chance for it. He scrupled and scrupled about it, and at last, to use his own words, 'tampered' with Godwin to know whether the thing was

honest or not. Godwin said nay to it, and Austin rejected the living! Could the blindest poor papist have bowed more servilely to his priest or casuist? Why sleep the Watchman's answers to that Godwin? I beg you will not delay to alter, if you mean to keep those last lines I sent you. Do that and read these for your pains:—

TO THE POET COWPER.

Cowper, I thank my God that thou art heal'd!
Thine was the sorest malady of all;
And I am sad to think that it should light
Upon the worthy head! But thou art heal'd,
And thou art yet, we trust, the destined man,
Born to reanimate the lyre, whose chords
Have slumber'd, and have idle lain so long;
To the immortal sounding of whose strings
Did Milton frame the stately-pacèd verse;
Among whose wires with light finger playing,
Our elder bard, Spenser, a gentle name,
The lady Muses' dearest darling child,
Elicited the deftest tunes yet heard
In hall or bower, taking the delicate ear
Of Sidney and his peerless Maiden Queen.

Thou, then, take up the mighty epic strain,
Cowper, of England's Bards the wisest and the best.

"I have read your climax of praises in those three Reviews. These mighty spouters out of panegyric waters have, two of 'em, scattered their spray even upon me, and the waters are cooling and refreshing. Prosaically, the Monthly Reviewers have made indeed a large article of it, and done you justice. The Critical have, in their wisdom, selected not the very best specimens, and notice not, except as one name on the muster-roll, the 'Religious Musings.' I suspect Master Dyer[1] to have been the writer of that article, as the substance of it was the very remarks and the very language he used to me one day. I fear you will not accord entirely with my sentiments of Cowper, as *expressed* above (perhaps scarcely just); but the poor gentleman has just recovered from his lunacies, and that begets pity, and pity love, and love admiration; and then it goes hard with people but they lie! Have you read the Ballad called 'Leonora,' in the second number of the Monthly Magazine!

[1] [George Dyer, whose name will frequently recur.]

If you have!!!! There is another fine song, from the same author (Bürger) in the third number, of scarce inferior merit; and (vastly below these) there are some happy specimens of English hexameters, in an imitation of Ossian, in the fifth number. For your Dactyls—I am sorry you are so sore about 'em—a very Sir Fretful! In good troth, the Dactyls are good Dactyls, but their measure is naught. Be not yourself 'half anger, half agony,' if I pronounce your darling lines not to be the best you ever wrote in all your life—you have written much.

"Have a care, good Master Poet, of the Statute *de Contumeliâ*. What do you mean by calling Madame Mara harlot and naughty things?[1] The goodness of the verse would not save you in a court of justice. But are you really coming to town? Coleridge, a gentleman called in London lately from Bristol, and inquired whether there were any of the family of a Mr. Chambers living: this Mr. Chambers, he said, had been the making of a friend's fortune, who wished to make some return for it. He went away without seeing her. Now, a Mrs. Reynolds, a very intimate friend of ours,[2] whom you have seen at our house, is the only daughter, and all that survives, of Mr. Chambers; and a very little supply would be of service to her, for she married very unfortunately, and has parted with her husband. Pray find out this Mr. Pember (for that was the gentleman's friend's name); he is an attorney, and lives at Bristol. Find him out, and acquaint him with the circumstances of the case, and offer to be the medium of supply to Mrs. Reynolds, if he chooses to make her a present. She is in very distressed circumstances. Mr. Pember, attorney, Bristol. Mr. Chambers lived in the Temple; Mrs. Reynolds, his daughter, was my schoolmistress, and is in the room at this present writing. This last circumstance induced me to write so soon again. I have not further to add. Our loves to Sara.—C. LAMB."

[1] ——— "I detest
These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
In intricacies of laborious song."
Lines composed in a Concert Room, by S. T. C.

[2] [To this lady Lamb subsequently allowed an annuity of £30 for life.]

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE, CHIEFLY RELATING TO THE DEATH OF MRS. LAMB AND MISS LAMB'S SUBSEQUENT CONDITION.

[1796.]

THE autumn of 1796 found Lamb engaged all the morning in task-work at the India House, and all the evening in attempting to amuse his father by playing cribbage: sometimes snatching a few minutes for his only pleasure, writing to Coleridge; while Miss Lamb was worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery, by attention to needlework by day and to her mother by night, until the insanity, which had been manifested more than once, broke out into frenzy, which, on Thursday, 22nd of September, proved fatal to her mother. The following account of the proceedings on the inquest, copied from the Times of Monday, 26th September, 1796, supplies the details of this terrible calamity, doubtless with accuracy, except that it would seem, from Lamb's ensuing letter to Coleridge, that *he*, and not the landlord, took the knife from the unconscious hand.

"On Friday afternoon, the coroner and a jury sat on the body of a lady in the neighbourhood of Holborn, who died in consequence of a wound from her daughter the preceding day. It appeared by the evidence adduced that, while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and with loud shrieks approached her parent. The child, by her cries, quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by

her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room.

"For a few days prior to this, the family had observed some symptoms of insanity in her, which had so much increased on the Wednesday evening, that her brother, early the next morning, went to Dr. Pitcairn, but that gentleman was not at home.

"It seems the young lady had been once before deranged.

"The jury, of course, brought in their verdict—*Lunacy*." [1]

The following is Lamb's account of the event to Coleridge :—

"September 27th, 1796.

"My dearest Friend,—White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines :—My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses,—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Blue-coat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are

[1] A statement nearly similar to this will be found in several other journals of the day, and in the Annual Register for the year. The "True Briton" adds :—"It appears she had been before, in the earlier part of her life, deranged, from the harassing fatigues of too much business. As her carriage towards her mother had always been affectionate in the extreme, it is believed her increased attachment to her, as her infirmities called for it by day and by night, caused her loss of reason at this time. It has been stated in some of the morning papers that she has an insane brother in confinement; but this is without foundation." None of the accounts give the names of the sufferers; but in the index to the Annual Register the anonymous account is referred to with Mrs. Lamb's name.

passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel.

"God Almighty have us well in his keeping.—C. LAMB."

"Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

"Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family,—I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me. Write. I will not see you, if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us.—C. LAMB."

After the inquest, Miss Lamb was placed in an Asylum, where she was, in a short time, restored to reason. The following is Lamb's next letter:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"October 3rd, 1796.

"My dearest Friend,—Your letter[1] was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, to know that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses, to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has past, awful to her mind and impressive (as it must be to the end of life), but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder. I have seen her. I found her, this morning, calm and serene: far, very very far from an indecent forgetful serenity. She has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength

[1] [This is printed in part by Gilman.]

of mind and religious principle to look forward to a time when *even she* might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying,—my father, with his poor forehead plaistered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly,—my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room—yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense,—had endeavoured after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the 'ignorant present time;' and *this* kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties; and I was now left alone.

"One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me;—this tongue poor Mary got for me, and can I partake of it now, when she is far away? A thought occurred and relieved me,—if I give in to this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day, (I date from the day of horrors,) as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed on me to eat *with them*

(for to eat I never refused). They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest. I was going to partake with them, when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room;—a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me; and I think it did me good.

"I mention these things because I hate concealment, and love to give a faithful journal of what passes within me. Our friends have been very good. Sam Le Grice, who was then in town, was with me the three or four first days, and was as a brother to me, gave up every hour of his time, to the very hurting of his health and spirits, in constant attendance and humouring my poor father; talked with him, read to him, played at cribbage with him, (for so short is the old man's recollection, that he was playing at cards, as though nothing had happened while the coroner's inquest was sitting over the way!) Samuel wept tenderly when he went away, for his mother wrote him a very severe letter on his loitering so long in town; and he was forced to go. Mr. Norris, of Christ's Hospital, has been as a father to me, Mrs. Norris as a mother, though we had few claims on them. A gentleman, brother to my godmother,[1] from whom we never had right or reason to expect any such assistance, sent my father twenty pounds; and to crown all these God's blessings to our family at such a time, an old lady, a cousin of my father and aunt's, a gentlewoman of fortune, is to take my aunt and make her comfortable for the short remainder of her days. My aunt is recovered and as well as ever, and highly pleased at thoughts of going—and has generously given up the interest of her little money (which was formerly paid my father for

[1] [See "Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874, p. 136.]

her board) wholely and solely to my sister's use. Reckoning this, we have, Daddy and I, for our two selves and an old maid-servant to look after him, when I am out, which will be necessary, 170*l.* or 180*l.* rather a-year, out of which we can spare 50*l.* or 60*l.* at least for Mary while she stays at Islington, where she must and shall stay during her father's life, for his and her comfort. I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital. The good lady of the madhouse and her daughter, an elegant, sweet-behaved young lady, love her, and are taken with her amazingly; and I know from her own mouth she loves them, and longs to be with them as much. Poor thing, they say she was but the other morning saying, she knew she must go to Bethlem for life; that one of her brothers would have it so, but the other would wish it not, but be obliged to go with the stream; that she had often, as she passed Bethlem, thought it likely, 'here it may be my fate to end my days,' conscious of a certain flightiness in her poor head oftentimes, and mindful of more than one severe illness of that nature before. A legacy of 100*l.*, which my father will have at Christmas, and this 20*l.* I mentioned before, with what is in the house, will much more than set us clear. If my father, an old servant-maid and I can't live, and live comfortably, on 130*l.* or 120*l.* a-year, we ought to burn by slow fires; and I almost would that Mary might not go into an hospital.

"Let me not leave one unfavourable impression on your mind respecting my brother. Since this has happened, he has been very kind and brotherly; but I fear for his mind. He has taken his ease in the world, and is not fit himself to struggle with difficulties, nor has much accustomed himself to throw himself into their way; and I know his language is already, 'Charles, you must take care of yourself, you must not abridge yourself of a single pleasure you have been used to,' &c. &c., and in that style of talking. But you, a necessarian, can respect a difference of mind, and love what *is amiable* in a character not perfect. He has been very good,—but I fear for his mind. Thank God, I can unconnect myself with him, and shall manage all my father's moneys in future myself, if I take charge of Daddy,

which poor John has not even hinted a wish, at any future time even, to share with me. The lady at this madhouse assures me that I may dismiss immediately both doctor and apothecary, retaining occasionally a composing draught or so for a while; and there is a less expensive establishment in her house, where she will only not have a room and nurse to herself for 50*l.* or guineas a-year—the outside would be 60*l.*—you know, by economy, how much more even I shall be able to spare for her comforts. She will, I fancy, if she stays, make one of the family rather than of the patients; and the old and young ladies I like exceedingly, and she loves dearly; and they, as the saying is, take to her very extraordinarily, if it is extraordinary that people who see my sister should love her.

"Of all the people I ever saw in the world, my poor sister was most and thoroughly devoid of the least tincture of selfishness. I will enlarge upon her qualities, poor dear, dearest soul, in a future letter, for my own comfort, for I understand her thoroughly; and, if I mistake not, in the most trying situation that a human being can be found in, she will be found (I speak not with sufficient humility, I fear—but humanly and foolishly speaking), she will be found, I trust, uniformly great and amiable. God keep her in her present mind, to whom be thanks and praise for all His dispensations to mankind!

"C. LAMB.

"These mentioned good fortunes and change of prospects had almost brought my mind over to the extreme, the very opposite to despair. I was in danger of making myself too happy. Your letter brought me back to a view of things which I had entertained from the beginning. I hope (for Mary I can answer)—but I hope that *I* shall through life never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression, of what has happened than I have now. 'Tis not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life, and by such means may *both* of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty!

"Send me word how it fares with Sara. I repeat it, your letter was, and will be, an inestimable treasure to

me. You have a view of what my situation demands of me, like my own view, and I trust a just one.

"Coleridge, continue to write, but do not for ever offend me by talking of sending me cash. Sincerely, and on my soul, we do not want it. God love you both.

"I will write again very soon. Do you write directly."

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE IN THE AUTUMN OF 1796.

AS Lamb recovered from the shock of his own calamity, he found comfort in gently admonishing his friend on that imbecility of purpose which attended the development of his mighty genius. His next letter, commencing with this office of friendship, soon reverts to the condition of that sufferer, who was endeared to him the more, because others shrank from and forsook her.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"October 17th, 1796.

"My dearest Friend,—I grieve from my very soul to observe you in your plans of life, veering about from this hope to the other, and settling nowhere. Is it an untoward fatality (speaking humanly) that does this for you—a stubborn, irresistible concurrence of events—or lies the fault, as I fear it does, in your own mind? You seem to be taking up splendid schemes of fortune only to lay them down again; and your fortunes are an *ignis fatuus* that has been conducting you in thought from Lancaster-court, Strand, to somewhere near Matlock: then jumping across to Dr. Somebody's, whose son's tutor you were likely to be; and would to God the dancing demon *may* conduct you at last in peace and comfort to the 'life and labours of a cottager.' You see from the above awkward playfulness of fancy, that my spirits are not quite depressed. I should ill deserve God's blessings which, since the late terrible event, have come down in mercy upon us, if I indulged regret or querulousness. Mary continues serene and cheerful. I have not by me a little letter she wrote to me; for, though I see her almost every day, yet we delight to write to one another, for we can scarce see each other

but in company with some of the people of the house. I have not the letter by me, but will quote from memory what she wrote in it: 'I have no bad terrifying dreams. At midnight, when I happen to awake, the nurse sleeping by the side of me, with the noise of the poor mad people around me, I have no fear. The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason which the Almighty has given me. I shall see her again in heaven; she will then understand me better. My grandmother, too, will understand me better, and will then say no more, as she used to do, "Polly, what are those poor crazy moythered brains of yours thinking of always?" Poor Mary! my mother indeed *never understood* her right. She loved her, as she loved us all, with a mother's love, but in opinion, in feeling, and sentiment, and disposition bore so distant a resemblance to her daughter, that she never understood her right—never could believe how much *she* loved her, but met her caresses, her protestations of filial affection, too frequently with coldness and repulse. Still she was a good mother. God forbid I should think of her but *most* respectfully, *most* affectionately. Yet she would always love my brother above Mary, who was not worthy of one-tenth of that affection which Mary had a right to claim. But it is my sister's gratifying recollection, that every act of duty and of love she could pay, every kindness, (and I speak true, when I say to the hurting of her health, and most probably in great part to the derangement of her senses) through a long course of infirmities and sickness she could show her, she ever did. I will, some day, as I promised, enlarge to you upon my sister's excellences; 'twill seem like exaggeration, but I will do it. At present, short letters suit my state of mind best. So take my kindest wishes for your comfort and establishment in life and for Sara's welfare and comforts with you. God love you. God love us all.

"C. LAMB."

[Coleridge was still resident at Bristol; and Lamb, who at present lived alone with his father, now fast sinking into dotage, felt Coleridge's absence from London bitterly,

and sought a correspondence with him as almost his only comfort. His appeals for letters of news and fraternal sympathy, it may well be believed, were not made in vain to one who delighted in the lavish communication of the riches of his own mind even to strangers; but few of the letters of Coleridge to Lamb have been preserved. The following, addressed to Coleridge when fascinated with the idea of a cottage life, acknowledges, however, with gratitude one just received from him, and is at the same time remarkable as the earliest venture of the writer in the direction of advice and even remonstrance, clothed in the form of suggestion. We see that it is strongly imbued with Unitarianism.]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Oct. 24th, 1796.

"Coleridge, I feel myself much your debtor for that spirit of confidence and friendship which dictated your last letter. May your soul find peace at last in your cottage life! I only wish you were *but* settled. Do continue to write to me. I read your letters with my sister, and they give us both abundance of delight. Especially they please us two, when you talk in a religious strain,—not but we are offended occasionally with a certain freedom of expression, a certain air of mysticism, more consonant to the conceits of pagan philosophy, than consistent with the humility of genuine piety. To instance now in your last letter—you say, 'it is by the press, that God hath given finite spirits both evil and good (I suppose you mean *simply* bad men and good men), a portion as it were of His Omnipresence!' Now, high as the human intellect comparatively will soar, and wide as its influence, malign or salutary, can extend, is there not, Coleridge, a distance between the Divine Mind and it, which makes such language blasphemy? Again, in your first fine consolatory epistle you say, 'you are a temporary sharer in human misery, that you may be an eternal partaker of the Divine Nature.' What more than this do those men say, who are for exalting the man Christ Jesus into the second person of an unknown Trinity,—men, whom you or I scruple not

to call idolaters? Man, full of imperfections, at best, and subject to wants which momentarily remind him of dependence; man, a weak and ignorant being, 'servile' from his birth 'to all the skiey influences,' with eyes sometimes open to discern the right path, but a head generally too dizzy to pursue it; man, in the pride of speculation, forgetting his nature, and hailing in himself the future God, must make the angels laugh. Be not angry with me, Coleridge; I wish not to cavil; I know I cannot *instruct* you; I only wish to *remind* you of that humility which best becometh the Christian character. God, in the New Testament (*our best guide*), is represented to us in the kind, condescending, amiable, familiar light of a *parent*: and in my poor mind 'tis best for us so to consider of Him, as our *heavenly* Father, and our *best Friend*, without indulging too bald conceptions of His nature. Let us learn to think humbly of ourselves, and rejoice in the appellation of 'dear children,' 'brethren,' and 'co-heirs with Christ of the promises,' seeking to know no further.

"I am not insensible, indeed I am not, of the value of that first letter of yours, and I shall find reason to thank you for it again and again long after that blemish in it is forgotten. It will be a fine lesson of comfort to us, whenever we read it; and read it we often shall, Mary and I.

"Accept our loves and best kind wishes for the welfare of yourself and wife, and little one. Nor let me forget to wish you joy on your birthday so lately past; I thought you had been older. My kind thanks and remembrances to Lloyd.

"God love us all, and may He continue to be the father and the friend of the whole human race!

"C. LAMB.

"Sunday Evening."

The next letter, commencing in a similar strain, proceeds to announce Miss Lamb's gradual restoration and her brother's watchfulness over it, and then diverges to literary topics, and especially alludes to Walton's Angler, —a book which Lamb always loved as if it were a living friend.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Oct. 28th, 1796.

"My dear Friend, I am not ignorant that to be a partaker of the Divine Nature is a phrase to be met with in Scripture: I am only apprehensive, lest we in these latter days, tinctured (some of us perhaps pretty deeply) with mystical notions and the pride of metaphysics, might be apt to affix to such phrases a meaning, which the primitive users of them, the simple fishermen of Galilee for instance, never intended to convey. With that other part of your apology I am not quite so well satisfied. You seem to me to have been straining your comparing faculties to bring together things infinitely distant and unlike; the feeble narrow-sphered operations of the human intellect and the everywhere diffused mind of Deity, the peerless wisdom of Jehovah. Even the expression appears to me inaccurate—portion of omnipresence—omnipresence is an attribute whose very essence is unlimitedness. How can omnipresence be affirmed of anything in part? But enough of this spirit of disputatiousness. Let us attend to the proper business of human life, and talk a little together respecting our domestic concerns. Do you continue to make me acquainted with what you are doing, and how soon you are likely to be settled once for all.

"I have satisfaction in being able to bid you rejoice with me in my sister's continued reason and composedness of mind. Let us both be thankful for it. I continue to visit her very frequently, and the people of the house are vastly indulgent to her; she is likely to be as comfortably situated in all respects as those who pay twice or thrice the sum. They love her, and she loves them, and makes herself very useful to them. Benevolence sets out on her journey with a good heart, and puts a good face on it, but is apt to limp and grow feeble, unless she calls in the aid of self-interest by way of crutch. In Mary's case, as far as respects those she is with, 'tis well that these principles are so likely to co-operate. I am rather at a loss sometimes for books for her,—our reading is somewhat confined, and we have nearly exhausted our London library.

She has her hands too full of work to read much, but a little she must read; for reading was her daily bread.

"Have you seen Bowles's new poem on 'Hope?' What character does it bear? Has he exhausted his stores of tender plaintiveness? or is he the same in this last as in all his former pieces? The duties of the day call me off from this pleasant intercourse with my friend—so for the present adieu.

"Now for the truant borrowing of a few minutes from business. Have you met with a new poem called the 'Pursuits of Literature?'[1] From the extracts in the 'British Review' I judge it to be a very humorous thing; in particular I remember what I thought a very happy character of Dr. Darwin's poetry. Among all your quaint readings did you ever light upon Walton's 'Complete Angler?' I asked you the question once before; it breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant angry passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it. Have you made it up with Southey yet? Surely one of you two must have been a very silly fellow, and the other not much better, to fall out like boarding-school misses; kiss, shake hands, and make it up?

"When will he be delivered of his new epic? 'Madoc,' I think, is to be the name of it, though that is a name not familiar to my ears.[2] What progress do you make in your hymns? What 'Review' are you connected with? if with any, why do you delay to notice White's book? You are justly offended at its profaneness; but surely you have undervalued its *wit*, or you would have been more loud in its praises. Do not you think that in Slender's death and madness there is most exquisite humour, mingled with tenderness that is irresistible, truly Shakespearian? Be more full in your mention of it. Poor fellow, he has (very

[1] [By T. J. Mathias. This book passed through numerous editions; but the one to which Lamb probably refers is the first, which appeared anonymously in four parts, 1794-7, 8vo.]

[2] [Southey's "Madoc" was not published till 1805; it was preceded by his "Thalaba," which appeared in 1801.]

undeservedly) lost by it, nor do I see that it is likely ever to reimburse him the charge of printing, &c. Give it a lift, if you can. I suppose you know that Austin's wife is dead, and he just situated as he was, never the better, as the worldly people say, for her death, her money with her children being taken off his hands. I am just now wondering whether you will ever come to town again, Coleridge; 'tis among the things I dare not hope, but can't help wishing. For myself, I can live in the midst of town luxury and superfluity, and not long for them, and I can't see why your children might not hereafter do the same. Remember, you are not in Arcadia, when you are in the west of England, and they may catch infection from the world without visiting the metropolis. But you seem to have set your heart upon this same cottage plan, and God prosper you in the experiment! I am at a loss for more to write about, so 'tis as well that I am arrived at the bottom of my paper.

"God love you, Coleridge!—our best loves and tenderest wishes await on you, your Sara, and your little one.

"C. L."

The proposal by Coleridge to print Lamb's poems with a new edition of his own[1] (an association in which Lloyd was ultimately included) occasioned reciprocal communications of each other's verses, and many questions of small alterations suggested and argued on both sides. I have thought it better to omit much of this verbal criticism which, not very interesting in itself, is unintelligible without a contemporary reference to the poems which are its subject. The next letter was written on hearing of Coleridge being afflicted with a painful disease.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Nov. 8th, 1796.

"My Brother, my Friend,—I am distrest for you, believe me I am; not so much for your painful, troublesome complaint, which, I trust, is only for a time, as for those

[1] [The edition of 1797. That of 1796 contained only poems by Coleridge, with a few by Lamb.]

anxieties which brought it on, and perhaps even now may be nursing its malignity. Tell me, dearest of my friends, is your mind at peace, or has anything, yet unknown to me, happened to give you fresh disquiet, and steal from you all the pleasant dreams of future rest? Are you still (I fear you are) far from being comfortably settled? Would to God it were in my power to contribute towards the bringing of you into the haven where you would be! But you are too well skilled in the philosophy of consolation to need my humble tribute of advice; in pain and in sickness, and in all manner of disappointments, I trust you have that within you which shall speak peace to your mind. Make it, I entreat you, one of your puny[1] comforts, that I feel for you, and share all your griefs with you. I feel as if I were troubling you about *little* things; now I am going to resume the subject of our last two letters, but it may divert us both from unpleasanter feelings to make such matters, in a manner, of importance. Without further apology, then, it was not that I did not relish, that I did not in my heart thank you for, those little pictures of your feelings which you lately sent me, if I neglected to mention them. You may remember you had said much the same things before to me on the same subject in a former letter, and I considered those last verses as only the identical thoughts better clothed; either way (in prose or verse) such poetry must be welcome to me. I love them as I love the Confessions of Rousseau, and for the same reason: the same frankness, the same openness of heart, the same disclosure of all the most hidden and delicate affections of the mind: they make me proud to be thus esteemed worthy of the place of friend-confessor, brother-confessor, to a man like Coleridge. This last is, I acknowledge, language too high for friendship; but it is also, I declare, too sincere for flattery. Now, to put on stilts, and talk magnificently about trifles. I condescend, then, to your counsel, Coleridge, and allow my first Sonnet (sick to death am I to make mention of my sonnets, and I blush to be so taken up with them, indeed I do)—allow it to run thus, '*Fairy Land*,' &c. &c., as I last wrote it.

[1] [A curious use of the word in its primitive signification.]

"The Fragments I now send you[1] I want printed to get rid of 'em; for, while they stick burr-like to my memory, they tempt me to go on with the idle trade of versifying, which I long—most sincerely I speak it, I long to leave off, for it is unprofitable to my soul; I feel it is; and these questions about words, and debates about alterations, take me off, I am conscious, from the properer business of *my* life. Take my sonnets once for all, and do not propose any re-amendments, or mention them again in any shape to me, I charge you. I blush that my mind can consider them as things of any worth. And pray admit or reject these fragments, as you like or dislike them, without ceremony. Call 'em Sketches, Fragments, or what you will, but do not entitle any of my *things* Love Sonnets, as I told you to call 'em; 'twill only make me look little in my own eyes; for it is a passion of which I retain *nothing;* 'twas a weakness, concerning which I may say, in the words of Petrarch (whose life is now open before me), 'if it drew me out of some vices, it also prevented the growth of many virtues, filling me with the love of the creature rather than the Creator, which is the death of the soul.' Thank God, the folly has left me for ever; not even a review of my love verses renews one wayward wish in me; and if I am at all solicitous to trim 'em out in their best apparel, it is because they are to make their appearance in good company. Now to my fragments. Lest you have lost my Grandame, she shall be one, 'Tis among the few verses I ever wrote, that to Mary is another, which profit me in the recollection. God love her, and may we two never love each other less!

"These, Coleridge, are the few sketches I have thought worth preserving; how will they relish thus detached? Will you reject all or any of them? They are thine: do whatsoever thou listest with them. My eyes ache with writing long and late, and I wax wondrous sleepy; God bless you and yours, me and mine! Good night.

"C. LAMB.

[1] [In a former edition it was erroneously stated that these were the *Curious Fragments* from Burton attached to "John Woodvil" in 1801; but the latter were in prose, whereas those named in the text were evidently verse.]

"I will keep my eyes open reluctantly a minute longer to tell you, that I love you for those simple, tender, heart-flowing lines with which you conclude your last, and in my eyes best, sonnet (so you call 'em),

> 'So, for the mother's sake, the child was dear,
> And dearer was the mother for the child.'

Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge, or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight with it its own modest buds and genuine, sweet, and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hot-beds in the gardens of Parnassus. I am unwilling to go to bed, and leave my sheet unfilled (a good piece of night-work for an idle body like me), so will finish with begging you to send me the earliest account of your complaint, its progress, or (as I hope to God you will be able to send me) the tale of your recovery, or at least amendment. My tenderest remembrances to your Sara.——

"Once more good night."

A wish to delicate his portion of the volume to his sister gave occasion to the following touching letter:

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Nov. 14th, 1796.

"Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles. Genius of the sacred fountain of tears, it was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark green yew trees and the willow shades where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining melancholy, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future,

> 'When all the vanities of life's brief day
> Oblivion's hurrying hand hath swept away,
> And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
> Of the archangel's trump, are but as shadows past.'

"I have another sort of dedication in my head for my few things, which I want to know if you approve of,

and can insert. I mean to inscribe them to my sister. It will be unexpected, and it will give her pleasure; or do you think it will look whimsical at all? As I have not spoke to her about it, I can easily reject the idea. But there is a monotony in the affections, which people living together or, as we do now, very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give in to: a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise. Do you publish with Lloyd or without him? in either case my little portion may come last, and after the fashion of orders to a country correspondent I will give directions how I should like to have 'em done. The title-page to stand thus:—

POEMS.

BY

CHARLES LAMB, OF THE INDIA HOUSE.

"Under this title the following motto which, for want of room, I put over leaf, and desire you to insert, whether you like it or no. May not a gentleman choose what arms, mottoes, or armorial bearings the herald will give him leave, without consulting his republican friend, who might advise none? May not a publican put up the sign of the Saracen's Head, even though his undiscerning neighbour should prefer, as more genteel, the Cat and Gridiron?

[MOTTO.]

'This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued and served. Long did I love this lady.'

MASSINGER.

THE DEDICATION.

THE FEW FOLLOWING POEMS,
CREATURES OF THE FANCY AND THE FEELING
IN LIFE'S MORE VACANT HOURS,
PRODUCED, FOR THE MOST PART, BY
LOVE IN IDLENESS,
ARE,
WITH ALL A BROTHER'S FONDNESS,
INSCRIBED TO
MARY ANN LAMB,
THE AUTHOR'S BEST FRIEND AND SISTER.

"This is the pomp and paraphernalia of parting, with which I take my leave of a passion which has reigned so royally (so long) within me; thus, with its trappings of laureatship, I fling it off, pleased and satisfied with myself that the weakness troubles me no longer. I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh! my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair hair'd maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother's* fondness for her *school-boy*. What would I give to call her back to earth for *one* day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come; there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind 'charities' of relationship: these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear, by certain channels, that you, my friend, are reconciled with all your relations. 'Tis the most kindly and natural species of love, and we have all the associated train of early feelings to secure its strength and perpetuity. Send me an account of your health; *indeed* I am solicitous about you. God love you and yours. "C. LAMB."

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE IN THE WINTER OF 1796—MISS LAMB STILL AWAY FROM HOME—LAMB'S HEROIC DEVOTION AND FORTITUDE.

TWO months, though passed by Lamb in anxiety and labour, but cheered by Miss Lamb's continued possession of reason, so far restored the tone of his mind, that his interest in the volume, in which it had been contemplated to introduce his verses to the world, in association with those of his friends, was enkindled anew. While cherishing the hope of reunion with his sister, and painfully wresting his leisure hours from poetry and Coleridge to amuse the dotage of his father, he watched over his own returning sense of enjoyment with a sort of holy jealousy, apprehensive lest he should forget too soon the terrible visitation of Heaven. At this time he thus writes:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.[1]

[" Thursday Night,] December 2nd, 1796.

" I have delayed writing thus long, not having by me my copy of your poems, which I had lent.[2] I am not satisfied with all your intended omissions. Why omit 40, 63, 84? above all, let me protest strongly against your rejecting the 'Complaint of Ninathoma,' 86. The words, I acknowledge, are Ossian's, but you have added to them the 'music of Caril.' If a vicarious substitute be wanting, sacrifice (and 'twill be a piece of self-denial *too*), the 'Epitaph on an Infant,' of which its author seems so proud, so tenacious. Or, if your heart be set on *perpetuating* the four-line wonder, I'll tell you what do: sell the copyright

[1] [Partly written at the India Office and partly late in the evening on his return home.]

[2] [The edition of 1796, on which the new one was to be based.]

of it at once to a country statuary, commence in this manner Death's prime poet-laureate; and let your verses be adopted in every village round, instead of those hitherto famous ones:—

'Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain.'[1]

"I have seen your last very beautiful poem in the Monthly Magazine: write thus, and you most generally have written thus; and I shall never quarrel with you about simplicity. With regard to my lines—

'Laugh all that weep,' &c.

I would willingly sacrifice them; but my portion of the volume is so ridiculously little, that, in honest truth, I can't spare 'em: as things are, I have very slight pretensions to participate in the title-page. White's book is at length reviewed in the Monthly; was it your doing, or Dyer's to whom I sent him?—or, rather, do you not write in the Critical?—for I observed, in an article of this month's, a line quoted out of *that* sonnet on Mrs. Siddons,

'With eager wondering and perturb'd delight.'

And a line from *that* sonnet would not readily have occurred to a stranger. That sonnet, Coleridge, brings afresh to my mind the time when you wrote those on Bowles, Priestley, Burke;—'twas two Christmases ago, and in that nice little smoky room at the Salutation, which is ever now continually presenting itself to my recollection, with all its associated train of pipes, tobacco, egg-hot, welsh-rabbits, metaphysics, and poetry.—Are we *never* to

[1] This epitaph which, notwithstanding Lamb's gentle banter, occupied an entire page in the book, is curious—"a miracle instead of wit"—for it is a *common-place* of Coleridge who, investing ordinary things with a dreamy splendour, or weighing them down with accumulated thought, has rarely if ever written a stanza so smoothly vapid—so devoid of merit or offence—(unless it be an offence to make *fade* do duty as a verb active) as the following:—

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow *fade*,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there."

meet again? How differently I am circumstanced now! I have never met with any one—never shall meet with any one—who could or can compensate me for the loss of your society. I have no one to talk all these matters about to; I lack friends; I lack books to supply their absence. But these complaints ill become me. Let me compare my present situation, prospects and state of mind with what they were but two months back—but two months! O my friend, I am in danger of forgetting the awful lessons then presented to me! Remind me of them; remind me of my duty! Talk seriously with me when you do write! I thank you, from my heart I thank you, for your solicitude about my sister. She is quite well, but must not, I fear, come to live with us yet a good while. In the first place, because, at present, it would hurt her, and hurt my father, for them to be together: secondly, from a regard to the world's good report, for, I fear, tongues will be busy *whenever* that event takes place. Some have hinted, one man has pressed it on me, that she should be in perpetual confinement:[1] what she hath done to deserve, or the necessity of such an hardship, I see not; do you? I am starving at the India House,—near seven o'clock without my dinner, and so it has been, and will be, almost all the week. I get home at night o'erwearied, quite faint, and then to cards with my father, who will not let me enjoy a meal in peace. But I must conform to my situation; and I hope I am, for the most part, not unthankful.[2]

"I am got home at last, and, after repeated games at cribbage, have got my father's leave to write awhile—with difficulty got it, for when I expostulated about playing any more, he very aptly replied, 'If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all.' The argument was unanswerable, and I set to afresh. I told you I do not approve of your omissions, neither do I quite coincide with you in your arrangement. I have not time to point out a better, and I suppose some self-associations of your own have determined their place as they now stand. Your

[1] [He does not name him, perhaps, from delicacy; but it was his brother.]

[2] [How little this bears out the poor joke invented for Lamb about his going late and leaving early!]

beginning, indeed, with the 'Joan of Arc' lines I coincide entirely with. I love a splendid outset—a magnificent portico; and the diapason is grand. When I read the 'Religious Musings,' I think how poor, how unelevated, unoriginal, my blank verse is—'Laugh all that weep,' especially, where the subject demanded a grandeur of conception; and I ask what business they have among yours? but friendship covereth a multitude of defects. I want some loppings made in the 'Chatterton;' it wants but a little to make it rank among the finest irregular lyrics I ever read. Have you time and inclination to go to work upon it—or is it too late—or do you think it needs none? Don't reject those verses in one of your Watchmen, 'Dear native brook,' &c.; nor (I think) those last lines you sent me, in which 'all effortless' is without doubt to be preferred to 'inactive.' If I am writing more than ordinarily dully, 'tis that I am stupified with a tooth-ache. Hang it, do not omit 48, 52, and 53: what you do retain, though, call sonnets, for heaven's sake, and not effusions. Spite of your ingenious anticipation of ridicule in your preface, the five last lines of 50 are too good to be lost; the rest is not much worth. My tooth becomes importunate—I must finish. Pray, pray, write to me: if you knew with what an anxiety of joy I open such a long packet as you last sent me, you would not grudge giving a few minutes now and then to this intercourse (the only intercourse I fear we two shall ever have)—this conversation with your friend—such I boast to be called. God love you and yours! Write me when you move, lest I should direct wrong. Has Sara no poems to publish? Those lines, 129, are probably too light for the volume where the 'Religious Musings' are, but I remember some very beautiful lines, addressed by somebody at Bristol to somebody in London. God bless you once more. "C. LAMB."

In another letter Lamb transmitted to Coleridge two Poems for the volume—one a copy of verses "To a Young Lady going out to India," which were not inserted, and are not worthy of preservation; the other, entitled, "The Tomb of Douglas," which was inserted, and which he chiefly valued as a memorial of his impression of Mrs.

Siddons' acting in Lady Randolph. The following passage closes the sheet.

"December 5th, 1796.

"At length I have done with verse-making; not that I relish other people's poetry less; theirs comes from 'em without effort, mine is the difficult operation of a brain scanty of ideas, made more difficult by disuse. I have been reading 'The Task' with fresh delight. I am glad you love Cowper: I could forgive a man for not enjoying Milton, but I would not call that man my friend who should be offended with the 'divine chit-chat of Cowper.' Write to me. God love you and yours. "C. L."

[A few days later, he wrote two letters in immediate succession to his correspondent, having heard from Coleridge subsequently to the postage of the first. In the former of these, apparently written at home on the night of the 9th of December, he is down-hearted on domestic grounds, the relative who had taken Aunt Hetty off his hands, declining to keep her any longer; but in the second his spirits have sensibly rallied. The poetical present from his two friends can have been nothing but proof-sheets, so far as they were worked, or at least printed, of the second edition of the Poems of Coleridge, with which it had been arranged to incorporate those of Lloyd and Lamb. It must be remembered that in the first edition of 1796 Lamb had very little, and Lloyd no, direct concern.]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"[Little Queen-street, Night of Dec. 9th,] 1796.[1]

"I am sorry I cannot now relish your poetical present so thoroughly as I feel it deserves; but I do not the less thank Lloyd and you for it.

[1] [This letter, in the former editions, has been improperly placed among the correspondence of 1797, because, I apprehend, it refers to the composite volume of Poems by Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd, which appeared in that year. But, partly owing to the distance between the friends and partly to Coleridge's dilatoriness, that volume was occupying in its preparation an unusual space of time—nearly a twelvemonth; and that the real date is 1796 is proved not only by the allusion to it in its

"'In truth, Coleridge, I am perplexed, and at times almost cast down. I am beset with perplexities. The old hag of a wealthy relation, who took my aunt off our hands in the beginning of trouble, has found out that she is 'indolent and mulish'—I quote her own words, and that her attachment to us is so strong that she can never be happy apart. The lady, with delicate irony, remarks that, if I am not an hypocrite, I shall rejoice to receive her again; and that it will be a means of making me more fond of home to have so dear a friend to come home to! The fact is, she is jealous of my aunt's bestowing any kind recollections on us, while she enjoys the patronage of her roof. She says she finds it inconsistent with her own 'ease and tranquillity' to keep her any longer, and in fine summons me to fetch her home. Now, much as I should rejoice to transplant the poor old creature from the chilling air of such patronage, yet I know how straitened we are already, how unable already to answer any demand, which sickness or any extraordinary expense may make. I know this, and all unused as I am to struggle with perplexities I am somewhat nonplussed, to say no worse. This prevents me from a thorough relish of what Lloyd's kindness and yours have furnished me with. I thank you though from my heart, and feel myself not quite alone in the earth.

"Before I offer, what alone I have to offer, a few obvious remarks on the poems you sent me, I can but notice the odd coincidence of two young men, in one age, carolling their grandmothers. Love, what L. calls the 'feverish and romantic tie,' hath too long domineered over all the charities of home: the dear domestic ties of father, brother, husband. The amiable and benevolent Cowper has a beautiful passage in his 'Task,'—some natural and painful reflections on his deceased parents: and Hayley's sweet lines to his mother are notoriously the best things he ever wrote. Cowper's lines [in the *Winter Walk at Noon*,] some of them are—

successor, but by the fact that Aunt Hetty, who died in February, 1797, is here mentioned as still residing at the rich relative's, and as being on the eve of return to her old home. We see also that Coleridge had not yet accomplished his long-cherished project of removing from Bristol.]

'How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire; a mother, too,
That softer name, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.'

"I cannot but smile to see my granny so gaily decked forth: though, I think, whoever altered 'thy' praises to 'her' praises—'thy' honoured memory to 'her' honoured memory, did wrong—they best exprest my feelings. There is a pensive state of recollection, in which the mind is disposed to apostrophise the departed objects of its attachment; and, breaking loose from grammatical precision, changes from the first to the third, and from the third to the first person, just as the random fancy or the feeling directs. Among Lloyd's sonnets, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 11th, are eminently beautiful. I think him too lavish of his expletives; the *do's* and *did's*, when they occur too often, bring a quaintness with them along with their simplicity, or rather air of antiquity, which the patrons of them seem desirous of conveying.

"Another time, I may notice more particularly Lloyd's, Southey's, Dermody's Sonnets. I shrink from them now: my teasing lot makes me too confused for a clear judgment of things, too selfish for sympathy; and these ill-digested, meaningless remarks I have imposed on myself as a task, to lull reflection, as well as to show you I did not neglect reading your valuable present. Return my acknowledgments to Lloyd; you two seem to be about realising an Elysium upon earth, and, no doubt, I shall be happier. Take my best wishes. Remember me most affectionately to Mrs. C., and give little David Hartley—God bless its little heart!—a kiss for me. Bring him up to know the meaning of his Christian name, and what that name (imposed upon him) will demand of him.

"God love you! "C. LAMB.

"I write, for one thing to say, that I shall write no more till you send me word where you are, for you are so soon to move.

"My sister is pretty well, thank God. We think of you very often. God bless you: continue to be my correspondent, and I will strive to fancy that this world is *not* 'all barrenness.'"

[Then we come to the second epistle of the following morning, written at the Office; of which Talfourd remarks, that it alludes to the desponding expressions in the letter just preceding, which Coleridge had combated, and that it also illustrates Lamb's almost wayward admiration of his only friend, and a feeling, so temporary with him! of vexation with the imperfect sympathies of his elder brother.]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[India House] Dec. 10th, 1796.

"I had put my letter into the post rather hastily, not expecting to have to acknowledge another from you so soon. This morning's present [1] has made me alive again: my last night's epistle was childishly querulous; but you have put a little life into me, and I will thank you for your remembrance of me, while my sense of it is yet warm; for if I linger a day or two I may use the same phrase of acknowledgment, or similar; but the feeling that dictates it now will be gone. I shall send you a *caput mortuum*, not a *cor vivens*. Thy Watchman's, thy bellman's verses, I do retort upon thee, thou libellous varlet,—why, you cried the hours yourself, and who made you so proud? But I submit, to show my humility, most implicitly to your dogmas. I reject entirely the copy of verses you reject. With regard to my leaving off versifying,[2] you have said so many pretty things, so many fine compliments, ingeniously decked out in the garb of sincerity, and undoubtedly springing from a present feeling somewhat like sincerity, that you might melt the most un-muse-ical soul,—did you not (now for a Rowland compliment for your profusion of Olivers)—did you not in your very epistle, by the many pretty fancies and profusion of heart displayed in it, dissuade and discourage me from attempting anything after you. At present I have not leisure to make verses, nor anything approaching to a fondness for the exercise. In the ignorant present time, who can answer for the

[1] [The volume announced in the former letter, but perhaps received only on the next day.]

[2] [Compare the letters of Nov. 8th and Dec. 5th, 1796.]

future man? 'At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs'—and poets have sometimes a disingenuous way of forswearing their occupation. This though is not my case. The tender cast of soul, sombred with melancholy and subsiding recollections, is favourable to the Sonnet or the Elegy; but from

> 'The sainted growing woof,
> The teasing troubles keep aloof.'

The music of poesy may charm for awhile the importunate teasing cares of life; but the teased and troubled man is not in a disposition to make that music.

"You sent me some very sweet lines relative to Burns, but it was at a time when, in my highly agitated and perhaps distorted state of mind, I thought it a duty to read 'em hastily and burn 'em. I burned all my own verses, all my book of extracts from Beaumont and Fletcher and a thousand sources: I burned a little journal of my foolish passion which I had a long time kept—

> 'Noting ere they past away
> The little lines of yesterday.'

I almost burned all your letters,—I did as bad, I lent 'em to a friend to keep out of my brother's sight, should he come and make inquisition into our papers, for much as he dwelt upon your conversation while you were among us, and delighted to be with you, it has been his fashion ever since to depreciate and cry you down,—you were the cause of my madness—you and your damned foolish sensibility and melancholy—and he lamented with a true brotherly feeling that we ever met, even as the sober citizen, when his son went astray upon the mountains of Parnassus, is said to have 'cursed wit and Poetry and Pope.[1] I quote wrong, but no matter. These letters I

[1] [Lamb's recollection had failed him here. For the allusion, which occurs in Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot before the "Satires," refers, not to James Moore Smythe, whose father (Arthur Moore) thought Pope the cause of his son "going astray upon the mountains of Parnassus," but to a wholly different character:—

> "Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
> Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
> Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
> And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope."]

lent to a friend to be out of the way for a season; but I have claimed them in vain, and shall not cease to regret their loss. Your packets, posterior to the date of my misfortunes, commencing with that valuable consolatory epistle, are every day accumulating—they are sacred things with me.

"Publish your *Burns*[1] when and how you like; it will be new to me,—my memory of it is very confused, and tainted with unpleasant associations. Burns was the god of my idolatry, as Bowles of yours. I am jealous of your fraternising with Bowles, when I think you relish him more than Burns or my old favourite, Cowper. But you conciliate matters when you talk of the 'divine chit-chat' of the latter: by the expression I see you thoroughly relish him. I love Mrs. Coleridge for her excuses an hundredfold more dearly than if she heaped 'line upon line,' out-Hannah-ing Hannah More, and had rather hear you sing 'Did a very little baby' by your family fire-side, than listen to you when you were repeating one of Bowles's sweetest sonnets in your sweet manner, while we two were indulging sympathy, a solitary luxury, by the fire-side at the Salutation. Yet have I no higher ideas of heaven. Your company was one 'cordial in this melancholy vale'—the remembrance of it is a blessing partly, and partly a curse. When I can abstract myself from things present, I can enjoy it with a freshness of relish; but it more constantly operates to an unfavourable comparison with the uninteresting converse I always and *only* can partake in. Not a soul loves Bowles here; scarce one has heard of Burns; few but laugh at me for reading my Testament—they talk a language I understand not: I conceal sentiments that would be a puzzle to them. I can only converse with you by letter and with the dead in their books. My sister, indeed, is all I can wish in a companion; but our spirits are alike poorly, our reading and knowledge from the self-same sources, our communication with the scenes of the world alike narrow: never having kept separate company, or any 'company' *together*—never having read separate books, and few books *together*—what knowledge have we to

[1] [The lines on him, which Coleridge had sent to Lamb, and which the latter had burned.]

convey to each other? In our little range of duties and connexions, how few sentiments can take place without friends, with few books, with a taste for religion rather than a strong religious habit! We need some support, some leading-strings to cheer and direct us. You talk very wisely, and be not sparing of *your advice*. Continue to remember us, and to show us you do remember us: we will take as lively an interest in what concerns you and yours. All I can add to your happiness, will be sympathy. You can add to mine *more;* you can teach me wisdom. I am indeed an unreasonable correspondent; but I was unwilling to let my last night's letter go off without this qualifier: you will perceive by this my mind is easier, and you will rejoice. I do not expect or wish you to write, till you are moved; and of course shall not, till you announce to me that event, think of writing myself. Love to Mrs. Coleridge and David Hartley, and my kind remembrance to Lloyd, if he is with you. "C. LAMB.

"I will get 'Nature and Art,'[1]—have not seen it yet—nor any of Jeremy Taylor's works."

[1] [By Mr. Inchbald.]

CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE.

[1797.]

THE volume which was to combine in a revised and amplified shape the early poetry of the three friends was, meanwhile, passing slowly through the press, Lamb occasionally submitting an additional sonnet, or correction of one already sent, to the judgment of Coleridge, and filling long letters with minute suggestions on Coleridge's share of the work, and high, but honest expressions of praise of particular images and thoughts. The eulogy is only interesting as indicative of the reverential feeling with which Lamb regarded the genius of Coleridge. One or two specimens of the gentle rebuke which he ventured on, when the gorgeousness of Coleridge's language seemed to oppress his sense, are worthy of preservation. The following relates to a line in the noble "Ode on the Departing Year," in which Coleridge had written of

> "Th' ethereal multitude,
> Whose purple locks with snow-white glories shone."

"'Purple locks, and snow-white glories!'—these are things the muse talks about when, to borrow H. Walpole's witty phrase, she is not finely-frenzied, only a little light-headed, that's all—'Purple locks!' They may manage things differently in fairyland; but your 'golden tresses' are to my fancy."

On this remonstrance Coleridge changed the "purple" into "golden," defending his original epithet; and Lamb (in a letter dated "Monday morning from office," January 2, 1797) thus gave up the point:—

"'Golden locks and snow-white glories' are as incongruous as your former; and if the great Italian painters, of whom

my friend knows about as much as the man in the moon—if these great gentlemen be on your side, I see no harm in your retaining the purple. The glories that *I* have observed to encircle the heads of saints and madonnas in those old paintings, have been mostly of a dirty drab-coloured yellow—a dull gambogium. Keep your old line; it will excite a confused kind of pleasurable idea in the reader's mind, not clear enough to be called a conception, nor just enough, I think, to reduce to painting. It is a rich line, you say; and riches hide a many faults." And the word "wreathed" was ultimately adopted, instead of purple or golden; but the snow-white glories remain.

Not satisfied with the dedication of his portion of the volume to his sister, and the sonnet which had been sent to the press, Lamb urged on Coleridge the insertion of another, which seems to have been ultimately withheld as too poor in poetical merit for publication. The rejected sonnet, and the references made to it by the writer, have an interest now beyond what mere fancy can give:—

"If the fraternal sentiment conveyed in the following lines will atone for the total want of anything like merit or genius in it, I desire you will print it next after my other sonnet to my sister.

> "Friend of my earliest years and childish days,
> My joys, my sorrows, thou with me hast shared,
> Companion dear; and we alike have fared,
> Poor pilgrims we, through life's unequal ways.
> It were unwisely done, should we refuse
> To cheer our path, as featly as we may,—
> Our lonely path to cheer, as travellers use,
> With merry song, quaint tale, or roundelay.
> And we will sometimes talk past troubles o'er,
> Of mercies shown, and all our sickness heal'd,
> And in His judgments God remembering love:
> And we will learn to praise God evermore,
> For those 'glad tidings of great joy,' reveal'd
> By that sooth messenger, sent from above."—1797.

"This has been a sad long letter[1] of business, with no room in it for what honest Bunyan terms heart-work. I

[1] [Referring to the long critical remarks on Coleridge's Ode, which filled the earlier part of the letter of Jan. 2nd, 1797.]

have just room left to congratulate you on your removal to Stowey, to wish success to all your projects, to 'bid fair peace' be to that house, to send my love and best wishes, breathed warmly, after your dear Sara and her little David Hartley. If Lloyd be with you, bid him write to me: I feel to whom I am obliged primarily for two very friendly letters I have received already from him. A dainty sweet book that 'Nature and Art' is.—I am at present re-re-reading Priestley's Examination of the Scotch Doctors: how the rogue strings 'em up three together! You have no doubt read that clear, strong, humorous, most entertaining piece of reasoning? If not, procure it, and be exquisitely amused. I wish I could get more of Priestley's works. Can you recommend me to any more books, easy of access, such as circulating shops afford? God bless you and yours.

"Poor Mary is very unwell with a sore throat and a slight species of scarlet fever. God bless her too."

The following long letter is addressed to Mr. Coleridge at Stowey, near Bridgewater, whither he had at last removed from Bristol, to enjoy the society and protection of his friend Mr. Poole, [and to embody his favourite dream of a cottage life. The change, to which Lamb himself had already referred in the previous communication, tended still further, perhaps, to delay the completion of the volume of Poems; and Coleridge, occupied with his own speculations, did not respond with so much regularity as Lamb could have desired to the letters, which to him formed a solace and distraction in his unhappy domestic and official surroundings.] The original is a curious specimen of clear compressed penmanship; being contained in three sides of a sheet of foolscap.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[Little Queen-street and India House, January 5-6, 1797.]

"*Sunday Morning.*—You cannot surely mean to degrade the Joan of Arc into a pot-girl. You are not going, I hope, to annex to that most splendid ornament of Southey's poem all this cock-and-a-bull story of Joan, the publican's daughter

of Neufchatel with the lamentable episode of a waggoner, his wife, and six children. The texture will be most lamentably disproportionate. The first forty or fifty lines of these addenda are no doubt, in their way, admirable, too; but many would prefer the Joan of Southey.

> 'On mightiest deeds to brood
> Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
> Throb fast; anon I paused, and in a state
> Of half expectance listened to the wind;'
>
> 'They wondered at me, who had known me once
> A cheerful careless damsel;'
>
> 'The eye,
> That of the circling throng and of the visible world
> Unseeing, saw the shapes of holy phantasy;'

I see nothing in your description of the Maid equal to these. There is a fine originality certainly in those lines—

> 'For she had lived in this bad world
> As in a place of tombs,
> And touched not the pollutions of the dead;'

but your 'fierce vivacity' is a faint copy of the 'fierce and terrible benevolence' of Southey; added to this, that it will look like rivalship in you, and extort a comparison with Southey,—I think to your disadvantage. And the lines, considered in themselves as an addition to what you had before written (strains of a far higher mood) are but such as Madame Fancy loves in some of her more familiar moods, at such times as she has met Noll Goldsmith, and walked and talked with him, calling him 'old acquaintance.' Southey certainly has no pretensions to vie with you in the sublime of poetry; but he tells a plain tale better than you. I will enumerate some woful blemishes, some of 'em sad deviations from that simplicity which was your aim. 'Hailed who might be near' (the 'canvas-coverture moving,' by the by, is laughable); 'a woman and six children' (by the way,—why not nine children? It would have been just half as pathetic again): 'statues of sleep they seemed': 'frost-mangled wretch': 'green putridity': 'hailed him immortal' (rather ludicrous again): 'voiced a sad and simple tale' (abominable!): 'improvendered': 'such his tale': 'Ah! suffering to the height of what was suffered'

(a most *insufferable line*): 'amazements of affright': 'the hot, sore brain attributes its own hues of ghastliness and torture' (what shocking confusion of ideas!)

"In these delineations of common and natural feelings, in the familiar walks of poetry, you seem to resemble Montauban dancing with Roubigné's tenants, '*much of his native loftiness remained in the execution.*'

"I was reading your 'Religious Musings' the other day, and sincerely I think it the noblest poem in the language, next after the 'Paradise Lost,' and even that was not made the vehicle of such grand truths. 'There is one mind,' &c., down to 'Almighty's throne,' are without a rival in the whole compass of my poetical reading.

> 'Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
> Views all creation.'

I wish I could have written those lines. I rejoice that I am able to relish them. The loftier walks of Pindus are your proper region. There you have no compeer in modern times. Leave the lowlands, unenvied, in possession of such men as Cowper and Southey. Thus am I pouring balsam into the wounds I may have been inflicting on my poor friend's vanity.

"In your notice of Southey's new volume you omit to mention the most pleasing of all, the 'Miniature'—

> 'There were
> Who formed high hopes and flattering ones of thee,
> Young Robert!'

> 'Spirit of Spenser!—was the wanderer wrong?'

"Fairfax I have been in quest of a long time. Johnson, in his 'Life of Waller,' gives a most delicious specimen of him,[1] and adds, in the true manner of that delicate critic, as well as amiable man, 'It may be presumed that this old version will not be much read after the elegant translation of my friend Mr. Hoole.' I endeavoured—I wished—to gain some idea of Tasso from this Mr. Hoole, the great boast and ornament of the India House, but soon desisted.

[1] [The version of Tasso by Edward Fairfax, of which Lamb subsequently picked up a copy.]

I found him more vapid than smallest small beer 'sun-vinegared.' Your 'Dream,' down to that exquisite line—

'I can't tell half his adventures,'

is a most happy resemblance of Chaucer. The remainder is so-so. The best line, I think, is, 'He belong'd, I believe, to the witch Melancholy.' By the way, when will our volume come out? Don't delay it till you have written a new Joan of Arc. Send what letters you please by me, and in any way you choose, single or double. The India Company is better adapted to answer the cost than the generality of my friend's correspondents—such poor and honest dogs as John Thelwall, particularly. I cannot say I know Coulson,[1] at least intimately; I once supped with him and Austin; I think his manners very pleasing. I will not tell you what I think of Lloyd, for he may by chance come to see this letter, and that thought puts a restraint on me. I cannot think what subject would suit your epic genius: some philosophical subject, I conjecture, in which shall be blended the sublime of poetry and of science. Your proposed 'Hymns' will be a fit preparatory study wherewith 'to discipline your young noviciate soul.' I grow dull; I'll go walk myself out of my dulness.

"*Sunday night.*—You and Sara are very good to think so kindly and so favourably of poor Mary; I would to God all did so too. But I very much fear she must not think of coming home in my father's lifetime. It is very hard upon her; but our circumstances are peculiar, and we must submit to them. God be praised she is so well as she is. She bears her situation as one who has no right to complain. My poor old aunt, whom you have seen, the the kindest, goodest creature to me when I was at school; who used to toddle there to bring me good things, when I, schoolboy-like, only despised her for it, and used to be ashamed to see her come and sit herself down on the old coal-hole steps as you went into the old grammar-school, and open her apron, and bring out her basin, with some nice thing she had caused to be saved for me—the good old creature is now lying on her death-bed. I cannot bear

[1] [Either William Coulson the surgeon or his brother Walter.]

to think on her deplorable state. To the shock she received on that our evil day, from which she never completely recovered, I impute her illness. She says, poor thing, she is glad she is come home to die with me. I was always her favourite:

> 'No after friendship e'er can raise
> The endearments of our early days;
> Nor e'er the heart such fondness prove,
> As when it first began to love.'

"Lloyd has kindly left me, for a keep-sake, 'John Woolman.'[1] You have read it, he says, and like it. Will you excuse one short extract? I think it could not have escaped you.—'Small treasure to a resigned mind is sufficient. How happy is it to be content with a little, to live in humility, and feel that in us, which breathes out this language—Abba! Father!'——I am almost ashamed to patch up a letter in this miscellaneous sort—but I please myself in the thought, that anything from me will be acceptable to you. I am rather impatient, childishly so, to see our names affixed to the same common volume. Send me two, when it does come out; two will be enough—or indeed one—but two better. I have a dim recollection that, when in town, you were talking of the Origin of Evil as a most prolific subject for a long poem;—why not adopt it, Coleridge?—there would be room for imagination. Or the description (from a Vision or Dream, suppose) of an Utopia in one of the planets (the moon, for instance.) Or a Five Days' Dream, which shall illustrate, in sensible imagery, Hartley's five Motives to Conduct:—1. Sensation; 2. Imagination; 3. Ambition; 4. Sympathy; 5. Theopathy:—*First* Banquets, music, &c., effeminacy,—and their insufficiency. *Second.* 'Beds of hyacinth and roses, where young Adonis oft reposes;' 'Fortunate Isles;' 'The pagan Elysium,' &c.; poetical pictures; antiquity as pleasing to the fancy;—their emptiness; madness, &c. *Third.* Warriors, Poets, some famous yet, more forgotten, their fame or oblivion now alike indifferent; pride, vanity, &c. *Fourth.* All manner of pitiable stories, in Spenser-like verse; love; friendship, relationship, &c. *Fifth.*

[1] [The Journal of the Life of John Woolman, late of Mount Holly, New Jersey, 8vo, 1794. Woolman was of the Society of Friends.]

Hermits; Christ and his apostles; martyrs; heaven, &c. An imagination like yours, from these scanty hints, may expand into a thousand great ideas, if indeed you at all comprehend my scheme, which I scarce do myself.

"*Monday morn.*—'A London letter—Ninepence halfpenny!' Look you, master poet, I have remorse as well as another man, and my bowels can sound upon occasion. But I must put you to this charge, for I cannot keep back my protest, however ineffectual, against the annexing your latter lines to those former—this putting of new wine into old bottles. This my duty done, I will cease from writing till you invent some more reasonable mode of conveyance. Well may the 'ragged followers of the Nine!' set up for flocci-nauci-what-do-you-call-'em-ists! and I do not wonder that, in their splendid visions of Utopias in America, they protest against the admission of those *yellow*-complexioned, *copper*-coloured, *white*-livered gentlemen, who never prove themselves their friends! Don't you think your verses on a 'Young Ass' too trivial a companion for the 'Religious Musings?'—'scoundrel monarch,' alter that; and the 'Man of Ross' is scarce admissible, as it now stands, curtailed of its fairer half: reclaim its property from the 'Chatterton,' which it does but encumber, and it will be a rich little poem. I hope you expunge great part of the old notes in the new edition: that, in particular, most barefaced, unfounded, impudent assertion, that Mr. Rogers is indebted for his story to *Loch Lomond*, a poem by Bruce! I have read the latter. I scarce think you have. Scarce anything is common to them both. The author of the 'Pleasures of Memory'[1] was somewhat hurt, Dyer says, by the accusation of unoriginality. He never saw the poem. I long to read your poem on Burns—I retain so indistinct a memory of it. In what shape and how does it come into public? As you leave off writing poetry till you finish your Hymns, I suppose you print now all you have got by you. You have scarce enough unprinted to make a second volume with Lloyd? Tell me all about it.

[1 Rogers had published his "Ode to Superstition" and a few other pieces in 1786, but the "Pleasures of Memory" came out in 1792, and was reprinted thrice between that date and 1795. It was accompanied by the Ode and the rest of his early productions.]

What is become of Cowper? Lloyd told me of some verses on his mother. If you have them by you, pray send 'em me. I do so love him! Never mind their merit. May be *I* may like 'em, as your taste and mine do not always exactly *identify*. Yours, "C. LAMB."

He recurs to the subject in his next letter, which is also interesting, as urging Coleridge to attempt some great poem worthy of his genius.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Jan. 10th, 1797.

"I need not repeat my wishes to have my little sonnets printed *verbatim* my last way. In particular, I fear lest you should prefer printing my first sonnet, as you have done more than once, 'did the wand of Merlin wave,' it looks so like MR. Merlin, the ingenious successor of the immortal Merlin, now living in good health and spirits, and flourishing in magical reputation, in Oxford-street; and, on my life, one half who read it would understand it so. Do put 'em forth finally, as I have, in various letters, settled it; for first a man's self is to be pleased, and then his friends,—and, of course, the greater number of his friends, if they differ *inter se*. Thus taste may safely be put to the vote. I do long to see our names together; not for vanity's sake, and naughty pride of heart altogether, for not a living soul I know, or am intimate with, will scarce read the book,—so I shall gain nothing, *quoad famam;* and yet there is a little vanity mixes in it, I cannot help denying.—I am aware of the unpoetical cast of the six last lines of my last sonnet, and think myself unwarranted in smuggling so tame a thing into the book; only the sentiments of those six lines are thoroughly congenial to me in my state of mind, and I wish to accumulate perpetuating tokens of my affection to poor Mary,—that it has no originality in its cast, nor anything in the feelings but what is common and natural to thousands, nor ought properly to be called poetry, I see; still it will tend to keep present to my mind a view of things which I ought to indulge. These six lines, too, have not, to a reader, a connectedness with the foregoing. Omit it, if

you like.—What a treasure it is to my poor, indolent, and unemployed mind, thus to lay hold on a subject to talk about, though 'tis but a sonnet, and that of the lowest order! How mournfully inactive I am!—'Tis night: good night.

"My sister, I thank God, is nigh recovered: she was seriously ill. Do, in your next letter, and that right soon, give me some satisfaction respecting your present situation at Stowey. Is it a farm that you have got? and what does your worship know about farming?

"Coleridge, I want you to write an epic poem. Nothing short of it can satisfy the vast capacity of true poetic genius. Having one great end to direct all your poetical faculties to, and on which to lay out your hopes, your ambition will show you to what you are equal. By the sacred energies of Milton! by the dainty, sweet, and soothing phantasies of honey-tongued Spenser! I adjure you to attempt the epic. Or do something more ample than the writing an occasional brief ode or sonnet; something 'to make yourself for ever known,—to make the age to come your own. But I prate; doubtless you meditate something. When you are exalted among the lords of epic fame, I shall recall with pleasure, and exultingly, the days of your humility, when you disdained not to put forth, in the same volume with mine, your 'Religious Musings' and that other poem from the 'Joan of Arc,' those promising first-fruits of high renown to come. You have learning, you have fancy, you have enthusiasm, you have strength and amplitude of wing enow for flights like those I recommend. In the vast and unexplored regions of fairy-land there is ground enough unfound and uncultivated; search there, and realise your favourite Susquehannah scheme. In all our comparisons of taste, I do not know whether I have ever heard your opinion of a poet very dear to me,—the now-out-of-fashion Cowley. Favour me with your judgment of him, and tell me if his prose essays, in particular, as well as no inconsiderable part of his verse, be not delicious. I prefer the graceful rambling of his essays even to the courtly elegance and ease of Addison, abstracting from this the latter's exquisite humour.

* * * * *

"When the little volume is printed, send me three or

four, at all events not more than six copies, and tell me if I put you to any additional expense by printing with you. I have no thought of the kind, and in that case must reimburse you.

"Priestley, whom I sin in almost adoring, speaks of 'such a choice of company as tends to keep up that right bent and firmness of mind, which a necessary intercourse with the world would otherwise warp and relax.' 'Such fellowship is the true balsam of life; its cement is infinitely more durable than that of the friendships of the world, and it looks for its proper fruit and complete gratification to the life beyond the grave.' Is there a possible chance for such an one as I to realise in this world such friendships? Where am I to look for 'em? What testimonials shall I bring of my being worthy of such friendship? Alas! the great and good go together in separate herds, and leave such as I to lag far, far behind in all intellectual and, far more grievous to say, in all moral accomplishments. Coleridge, I have not one truly elevated character among my acquaintance: not one Christian: not one but undervalues Christianity—singly what am I to do? Wesley (have you read his life?)—was *he* not an elevated character? Wesley has said, 'Religion is not a solitary thing.' Alas! it necessarily is so with me, or next to solitary. 'Tis true you write to me. But correspondence by letter and personal intimacy are very widely different. Do, do write to me, and do some good to my mind, already how much 'warped and relaxed' by the world! 'Tis the conclusion of another evening. Good night. God have us all in his keeping.

"If you are sufficiently at leisure, oblige me with an account of your plan of life at Stowey—your literary occupations and prospects—in short, make me acquainted with every circumstance which, as relating to you, can be interesting to me. Are you yet a Berkleyan? Make me one. I rejoice in being, speculatively, a necessarian. Would to God, I were habitually a practical one! Confirm me in the faith of that great and glorious doctrine, and keep me steady in the contemplation of it. You some time since expressed an intention you had of finishing some extensive work on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. Have you let that intention go? Or are you doing any-

thing towards it? Make to yourself other ten talents. My letter is full of nothingness. I talk of nothing. But I must talk. I love to write to you. I take a pride in it. It makes me think less meanly of myself. It makes me think myself not totally disconnected from the better part of mankind. I know I am too dissatisfied with the beings around me; but I cannot help occasionally exclaiming, 'Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Meshech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.' I know I am noways better in practice than my neighbours, but I have a taste for religion, an occasional earnest aspiration after perfection, which they have not. I gain nothing by being with such as myself—we encourage one another in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself. All this must sound odd to you; but these are my predominant feelings, when I sit down to write to you, and I should put force upon my mind, were I to reject them. Yet I rejoice, and feel my privilege with gratitude, when I have been reading some wise book, such as I have just been reading—"Priestley on Philosophical Necessity,' in the thought that I enjoy a kind of communion, a kind of friendship even, with the great and good. Books are to me instead of friends. I wish they did not resemble the latter in their scarceness.

"And how does little David Hartley? '*Ecquid in antiquam virtutem?*' Does his mighty name work wonders yet upon his little frame and opening mind? I did not distinctly understand you—you don't mean to make an actual ploughman of him? Is Lloyd with you yet? Are you intimate with Southey? What poems is he about to publish?—he hath a most prolific brain, and is indeed a most sweet poet. But how can you answer all the various mass of interrogation I have put to you in the course of the sheet? Write back just what you like, only write something, however brief. I have now nigh finished my page, and got to the end of another evening (Monday evening), and my eyes are heavy and sleepy, and my brain unsuggestive. I have just heart enough awake to say good-night once more, and God love you, my dear friend; God love us all. Mary bears an affectionate remembrance of you. "CHARLES LAMB."

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE AND MANNING IN LAMB'S FIRST YEARS OF LIFE WITH HIS SISTER—DEATH OF AUNT HETTY.

[1797.]

THE anxieties of Lamb's position were assuaged during the spring of 1797 by frequent communications with Coleridge respecting the anticipated volume and by some additions to his own share in its pages. He was also cheered by the company of Lloyd who, having resided for a few months with Coleridge at Stowey, came to London in some perplexity as to his future course. Of this visit Lamb speaks in the following letter, written in January. It contains some verses expressive of his delight at Lloyd's visit, which, although afterwards inserted in the volume, are so well fitted to their framework of prose, and so indicative of the feelings of the writer at this crisis of his life, that I may be excused for presenting them with the context.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Jan. 16, 1797.

"Dear Col.,—You have learned by this time, with surprise no doubt, that Lloyd is with me in town. The emotions I felt on his coming so unlooked-for are not ill expressed in what follows, and what, if you do not object to them as too personal and to the world obscure, or otherwise wanting in worth, I should wish to make a part of our little volume. I should be sorry if that volume comes out, as it necessarily must do, unless you print those very schoolboy-ish verses I sent you on not getting leave to come down to Bristol last summer. I say I shall be sorry that I have addressed you in nothing which can appear[1] in our joint volume: so frequently, so habitually, as you

[1] [He seems to mean "in anything which cannot appear."]

dwell in my thoughts, 'tis some wonder those thoughts came never yet in contact with a poetical mood. But you dwell in my heart of hearts, and I love you in all the naked honesty of prose. God bless you and all your little domestic circle—my tenderest remembrances to your beloved Sara, and a smile and a kiss from me to your dear, dear little David Hartley. The verses I refer to above, slightly amended, I have sent (forgetting to ask your leave, tho' indeed I gave them only your initials), to the Monthly Magazine, where they may possibly appear next month, and where I hope to recognise your poem on Burns.

TO

CHARLES LLOYD AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Alone, obscure, without a friend,
A cheerless, solitary thing,
Why seeks my Lloyd the stranger out?
What offering can the stranger bring

Of social scenes, home-bred delights,
That him in aught compensate may
For Stowey's pleasant winter nights,
For loves and friendships far away,

In brief oblivion to forego
Friends, such as thine, so justly dear,
And be awhile with me content,
To stay, a kindly loiterer, here?

For this a gleam of random joy
Hath flush'd my unaccustom'd cheek;
And, with an o'er-charged, bursting heart,
I feel the thanks I cannot speak.

O! sweet are all the Muse's lays,
And sweet the charm of matin bird—
'Twas long, since these estranged ears
The sweeter voice of friend had heard.

The voice hath spoke: the pleasant sounds
In memory's ear, in after time
Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,
And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.

For when the transient charm is fled,
And when the little week is o'er,
To cheerless, friendless solitude
When I return, as heretofore—

Long, long, within my aching heart
The grateful sense shall cherish'd be;
I'll think less meanly of myself,
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me.

"O Coleridge, would to God you were in London with us, or we two at Stowey with you all. Lloyd takes up his abode at the Bull and Mouth Inn;[1] the Cat and Salutation would have had a charm more forcible for me. *O noctes cœnæque Deûm!* Anglice—Welch rabbits, punch, and poesy. Should you be induced to publish those very schoolboy-ish verses, print 'em as they will occur, if at all, in the Monthly Magazine; yet I should feel ashamed that to you I wrote nothing better: but they are too personal, and almost trifling and obscure withal. Some lines of mine to Cowper were in last Monthly Magazine; they have not body of thought enough to plead for the retaining of 'em. My sister's kind love to you all.

"C. LAMB."

A poem of Coleridge, emulous of Southey's "Joan of Arc," which he proposed to call the "Maid of Orleans," on which Lamb had made some critical remarks, produced the humorous recantation with which the following letter opens.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Feb. 13th, 1797.

"Your poem is altogether admirable—parts of it are even exquisite—in particular your personal account of the Maid far surpasses any thing of the sort in Southey. I perceived all its excellences, on a first reading, as readily as now you have been removing a supposed film from my eyes. I was only struck with [a] certain faulty disproportion in the matter and the *style*, which I still think I perceive, between these lines and the former ones. I had an end in view; I wished to make you reject the poem, only as being discordant with the other; and, in subservience to that end, it was politically done in me to over-pass, and make no mention of merit which, could you think me capable of

[1] [But from a later letter to Coleridge it is inferable that Lloyd subsequently stayed with Jem White.]

overlooking, might reasonably damn for ever in your judgment all pretensions in me to be critical. There, I will be judged by Lloyd, whether I have not made a very handsome recantation. I was in the case of a man whose friend has asked him his opinion of a certain young lady; the deluded wight gives judgment against her *in toto*—don't like her face, her walk, her manners—finds fault with her eyebrows —can see no wit in her. His friend looks blank; he begins to smell a rat; wind veers about; he acknowledges her good sense, her judgment in dress, a certain simplicity of manners and honesty of heart, something too in her manners which gains upon you after a short acquaintance, —and then her accurate pronunciation of the French language and a pretty uncultivated taste in drawing. The reconciled gentleman smiles applause, squeezes him by the hand, and hopes he will do him the honour of taking a bit of dinner with Mrs. —— and him—a plain family dinner—some day next week. 'For, I suppose, you never heard we were married! I'm glad to see you like my wife, however; you'll come and see her, ha?' Now am I too proud to retract entirely? Yet I do perceive I am in some sort straitened; you are manifestly wedded to this poem, and what fancy has joined let no man separate. I turn me to the Joan of Arc, second book.

"The solemn openings of it are with sounds, which Lloyd would say, 'are silence to the mind.' 'The deep preluding strains are fitted to initiate the mind, with a pleasing awe, into the sublimest mysteries of theory concerning man's nature and his noblest destination—the philosophy of a first cause—of subordinate agents in creation superior to man—the subserviency of Pagan worship and Pagan faith to the introduction of a purer and more perfect religion, which you so elegantly describe as winning, with gradual steps her difficult way northward from Bethabra. After all this cometh Joan, a *publican's* daughter, sitting on an ale-house *bench*, and marking the *swingings* of the *signboard*, finding a poor man, his wife and six children, starved to death with cold, and thence roused into a state of mind proper to receive visions, emblematical of equality; which what the devil Joan had to do with, I don't know, or indeed with the French and American revolutions, though

that needs no pardon, it is executed so nobly. After all, if you perceive no disproportion, all argument is vain: I do not so much object to parts. Again, when you talk of building your fame on these lines in preference to the 'Religious Musings,' I cannot help conceiving of you and of the author of that as two different persons, and I think you a very vain man.

"I have been re-reading your letter. Much of it I *could* dispute; but with the latter part of it, in which you compare the two Joans with respect to their predispositions for fanaticism, I *toto corde* coincide; only I think that Southey's strength rather lies in the description of the emotions of the Maid under the weight of inspiration,—these (I see no mighty difference between *her* describing them or *you* describing them)—these if you only equal, the previous admirers of his poem, as is natural, will prefer his; if you surpass, prejudice will scarcely allow it, and I scarce think you will surpass, though your specimen at the conclusion (I am in earnest) I think very nigh equals them. And in an account of a fanatic or of a prophet the description of her *emotions* is expected to be most highly finished. By the way, I spoke far too disparagingly of your lines, and, I am ashamed to say, purposely. I should like you to specify or particularise; the story of the 'Tottering Eld,' of 'his eventful years all come and gone,' is too general; why not make him a soldier, or some character, however, in which he has been witness to frequency of 'cruel wrong and strange distress!' I think I should. When I laughed at the 'miserable man crawling from beneath the coverture,' I wonder I did not perceive it was a laugh of horror—such as I have laughed at Dante's picture of the famished Ugolino. Without falsehood, I perceive an hundred beauties in your narrative. Yet I wonder you do not perceive something out-of-the-way, something unsimple and artificial, in the expression, 'voiced a sad tale.' I hate made-dishes at the muses' banquet. I believe I was wrong in most of my other objections. But surely 'hailed him immortal,' adds nothing to the terror of the man's death, which it was your business to heighten, not diminish by a phrase which takes away all terror from it. I like that line, 'They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas

death.' Indeed, there is scarce a line I do not like. '*Turbid* ecstasy' is surely not so good as what you *had* written, 'troublous.' Turbid rather suits the muddy kind of inspiration which London porter confers. The versification is, throughout to my ears unexceptionable, with no disparagement to the measure of the 'Religious Musings,' which is exactly fitted to the thoughts.

"You were building your house on a rock, when you rested your fame on that poem. I can scarce bring myself to believe, that I am admitted to a familiar correspondence, and all the licence of friendship, with a man who writes blank verse like Milton. Now, this is delicate flattery, *indirect* flattery. Go on with your 'Maid of Orleans,' and be content to be second to yourself. I shall become a convert to it, when 'tis finished.

"This afternoon I attend the funeral of my poor old aunt, who died on Thursday.[1] I own I am thankful that the good creature has ended all her days of suffering and infirmity. She was to me the 'cherisher of infancy,' and one must fall on these occasions into reflections, which it would be common-place to enumerate, concerning death, 'of chance and change, and fate in human life.' Good God, who could have foreseen all this but four months back! I had reckoned, in particular, on my aunt's living many years; she was a very hearty old woman. But she was a mere skeleton before she died, looked more like a corpse that had lain weeks in the grave, than one fresh dead. 'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; but let a man live many days and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many.' Coleridge, why are we to live on after all the strength and beauty of existence are gone, when all the life of life is fled, as poor Burns expresses it? Tell Lloyd I have had thoughts of turning Quaker, and have been reading, or am rather just beginning to read, a most capital book, good thoughts in good language, William Penn's 'No Cross, no Crown;' I like it immensely.

[1] [Aunt Hetty (Miss Henrietta Field) was buried at St. Andrew's, Holborn, February 13, 1797; she had died the previous Thursday. Mrs. Lamb, Charles's mother, already lay there. It may be recollected that Lamb had fetched his aunt home in December preceding.]

Unluckily I went to one of his meetings, tell him, in St. John Street, yesterday, and saw a man under all the agitations and workings of a fanatic, who believed himself under the influence of some 'inevitable presence.' This cured me of Quakerism; I love it in the books of Penn and Woolman, but I detest the vanity of a man thinking he speaks by the Spirit, when what he says an ordinary man might say without all that quaking and trembling. In the midst of his inspiration, and the effects of it were most noisy, was handed into the midst of the meeting a most terrible blackguard Wapping sailor; the poor man, I believe, had rather have been in the hottest part of an engagement, for the congregation of broad-brims, together with the ravings of the prophet, were too much for his gravity, though I saw even he had delicacy enough not to laugh out. And the inspired gentleman, though his manner was so supernatural, yet neither talked nor professed to talk anything more than good sober sense, common morality, with now and then a declaration of not speaking from himself. Among other things, looking back to his childhood and early youth, he told the meeting what a graceless young dog he had been, that in his youth he had a good share of wit: reader, if thou hadst seen the gentleman, thou wouldst have sworn that it must indeed have been many years ago, for his rueful physiognomy would have scared away the playful goddess from the meeting, where he presided, for ever. A wit! a wit! what could he mean? Lloyd, it minded me of Falkland in the 'Rivals,'[1] 'Am I full of wit and humour? No, indeed you are not. Am I the life and soul of every company I come into? No, it cannot be said you are.' That hard-faced gentleman, a wit! Why, nature wrote on his fanatic forehead fifty years ago, 'Wit never comes, that comes to all.' I should be as scandalised at a *bon mot* issuing from his oracle-looking mouth, as to see Cato go down a country-dance. God love you all. You are very good to submit to be pleased with reading my nothings. 'Tis the privilege of friendship to talk nonsense, and to have her nonsense respected.—Yours ever, "C. LAMB."

[1] [Lloyd was staying in London near Lamb at the time this letter was written. See Letter of January 16, 1797, and the Note.]

[It appears from letters to Coleridge of January 2 and 10, 1797, that Lamb had at that time succeeded in overcoming the difficulties created by his brother John and others, in the way of Miss Lamb's restoration to liberty. Painful doubts had been suggested by the authorities of the parish, where the terrible occurrence happened,] whether they were not bound to institute proceedings, which must have placed her for life at the disposition of the Crown, especially as no medical assurance could be given against the probable recurrence of dangerous frenzy. But Charles came to her deliverance; he satisfied all the parties who had power to oppose her release by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life; and he kept his word. Whether any communication with the Home Secretary occurred before her release, I have been unable to ascertain; it was the impression of Mr. Lloyd, from whom my own knowledge of the circumstances, which the letters do not ascertain, was derived, that a communication took place, on which a similar pledge was given; at all events, the result was that she left the asylum and took up her abode in some lodgings at Hackney, which Charles engaged. For her sake, at the same time, he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than £100 a-year, derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age cheerfully with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity and the constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it!

A good portion of the next letter is occupied with the writer's account of his success in achieving the result, for which he had so passionately yearned:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"April 7th, 1797.

"Your last letter was dated the 10th February; in it you promised to write again the next day. At least, I did not expect so long, so unfriend-like a silence. There was a time, Col., when a remissness of this sort in a dear friend

would have lain very heavy on my mind, but latterly I have been too familiar with neglect to feel much from the semblance of it. Yet, to suspect one's self overlooked and in the way to oblivion, is a feeling rather humbling; perhaps, as tending to self-mortification, not unfavourable to the spiritual state. Still, as you meant to confer no benefit on the soul of your friend, you do not stand quite clear from the imputation of unkindliness (a word, by which I mean the diminutive of unkindness). Lloyd tells me he has been very ill, and was on the point of leaving you. I addressed a letter to him at Birmingham: perhaps he got it not, and is still with you. I hope his ill-health has not prevented his attending to a request I made in it, that he would write again very soon to let me know how he was. I hope to God poor Lloyd is not very bad, or in a very bad way. Pray satisfy me about these things. And then David Hartley was unwell; and how is the small philosopher, the minute philosopher? and David's mother? Coleridge, I am not trifling, nor are these matter-of-fact questions only. You are all very dear and precious to me; do what you will, Col., you may hurt me and vex me by your silence, but you cannot estrange my heart from you all. I cannot scatter friendship like chuck-farthings, nor let them drop from mine hand like hour-glass sand. I have two or three people in the world to whom I am more than indifferent, and I can't afford to whistle them off to the winds.

"By the way, Lloyd may have told you about my sister. I told him. If not, I have taken her out of her confinement, and taken a room for her at Hackney, and spend my Sundays, holidays, &c., with her. She boards herself. In one little half year's illness, and in such an illness of such a nature and of such consequences! to get her out into the world again, with a prospect of her never being so ill again—this is to be ranked not among the common blessings of Providence. May that merciful God make tender my heart, and make me as thankful, as in my distress I was earnest in my prayers. Congratulate me on an ever-present and never-alienable friend like her. And do, do insert, if you have not *lost*, my dedication. It will have lost half its value by coming so late. If you

really are going on with that volume, I shall be enabled in a day or two to send you a short poem to insert. Now, do answer this. Friendship, and acts of friendship, should be reciprocal, and free as the air; a friend should never be reduced to beg an alms of his fellow. Yet I will beg an alms; I entreat you to write, and tell me all about poor Lloyd, and all of you. God love and preserve you all.

"C. LAMB."

CHAPTER IX.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH COLERIDGE — PUBLICATION OF THE VOLUME OF POEMS BY THE THREE FRIENDS—VISIT OF THE LAMBS TO STOWEY—DEPARTURE OF COLERIDGE FOR GERMANY.

[1797-8.]

THE next letter to Coleridge begins with a transcript of Lamb's Poem, entitled "A Vision of Repentance," which was inserted in the *Addenda* to the volume, and is preserved among his collected poems, and thus proceeds:

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"April 15th, 1797.

"The above you will please to print immediately before the blank verse fragments. Tell me if you like it. I fear the latter half is unequal to the former, in parts of which I think you will discover a delicacy of pencilling not quite un-Spenser-like. The latter half aims at the *measure*, but has failed to attain the *poetry*, of Milton in his 'Comus' and Fletcher in that exquisite thing ycleped the 'Faithful Shepherdess,' where they both use eight-syllable lines. But this latter half was finished in great haste, and as a task, not from that impulse which affects the name of inspiration.

"By the way, I have lit upon Fairfax's 'Godfrey of Bullen' for half-a-crown. Rejoice with me.[1]

"Poor dear Lloyd! I had a letter from him yesterday; his state of mind is truly alarming. He has, by his own confession, kept a letter of mine unopened three weeks, afraid, he says, to open it, lest I should speak upbraidingly to him; and yet this very letter of mine was in answer to one, wherein he informed me that an alarming illness had

[1] [It was the common octavo edition of 1687.]

alone prevented him from writing. You will pray with me, I know, for his recovery; for surely, Coleridge, an exquisiteness of feeling like this must border on derangement. But I love him more and more, and will not give up the hope of his speedy recovery, as he tells me he is under Dr. Darwin's regimen.[1]

"God bless us all, and shield us from insanity, which is 'the sorest malady of all.'

"My kind love to your wife and child. "C. LAMB.

"Pray write, now."

At length the book containing the poems of Coleridge, Lloyd and Lamb, was published by Mr. Cottle at Bristol.[2] It excited little attention; but Lamb had the pleasure of seeing his dedication to his sister printed in good set form after his own fashion, and of witnessing the delight and pride with which she received it. This little book, now very scarce, had the following motto expressive of Coleridge's feeling towards his associates:—*Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiæ et similium junctarumque Camænarum; quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas.* Lamb's share of the work consists of eight sonnets, four short fragments of blank verse, of which the *Grandame* is the principal, a poem called the Tomb of Douglas, the verses to Charles Lloyd, and a Vision of Repentance; which are all published in the last edition of his poetical works, except one of the sonnets, which was addressed to Mrs. Siddons, and the Tomb of Douglas, which was justly

[1] Poor Charles Lloyd! These apprehensions were sadly realized. Delusions of the most melancholy kind thickened over his latter days—yet left his admirable intellect free for the finest processes of severe reasoning. At a time when, like Cowper, he believed himself the especial subject of Divine wrath, he could bear his part in the most subtle disquisition on questions of religion, morals and poetry with the nicest accuracy of perception and the most exemplary candour; and, after an argument of hours, revert with a faint smile to his own despair!

[2] ["Poems, By S. T. Coleridge, Second Edition. To which are now added Poems By Charles Lamb, and Charles Lloyd. *Duplex*. . . . Groscoll. Epist. ad Car. Utenbov. . . . Printed by W. Biggs, For J. Cottle, Bristol, and Messrs. Robinsons, London. 1797." Small octavo. A facsimile of the title, and an account of it, the volume of 1796, and that (presently to be noticed) of 1798, will be found in my "Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874, pp. 164-5.]

omitted as common-place and vapid. They only occupy twenty-eight duodecimo pages, within which space was comprised all that Lamb at this time had written which he deemed worth preserving.

As summer advanced, Lamb discerned a hope of compensation for the disappointment of last year by a visit to Coleridge, and thus expressed his wishes.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Thursday [May 11, 1797.]

"I discern a possibility of my paying you a visit next week. May I, can I, shall I, come as soon? Have you *room* for me, *leisure* for me, and are you all pretty well? Tell me all this honestly—immediately. And by what *day*-coach could I come soonest and nearest to Stowey? A few months hence may suit you better; certainly me as well. If so, say so. I long, I yearn, with all the longings of a child do I desire to see you, to come among you—to see the young philosopher, to thank Sara for her last year's invitation in person—to read your tragedy—to read over together our little book—to breathe fresh air—to revive in me vivid images of 'Salutation scenery.' There is a sort of sacrilege in my letting such ideas slip out of my mind and memory. Still that knave Richardson[1] remaineth—a thorn in the side of Hope, when she would lean towards Stowey. Here I will leave off, for I dislike to fill up this paper, which involves a question so connected with my heart and soul, with meaner matter or subjects to me less interesting. I can talk, as I can think, nothing else.

"C. LAMB."

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"June 13th, 1797.

"I stared with wild wonderment to see thy well-known hand again. It revived many a pleasing recollection of an epistolary intercourse, of late strangely suspended, once

[1] [One of the superior clerks at the India Office, of whom Lamb more than once complains as interfering with his vacation. See the Letter of July 1, 1796.]

the pride of my life. Before I even opened thy letter, I figured to myself a sort of complacency which my little hoard at home would feel at receiving the new-comer into the little drawer where I keep my treasures of this kind. You have done well in writing to me. The little room (was it not a little one?) at the Salutation was already in the way of becoming a fading idea! it had begun to be classed in my memory with those 'wanderings with a fair hair'd maid,' in the recollection of which I feel I have no property. You press me, very kindly do you press me, to come to Stowey; obstacles, strong as death, prevent me at present; maybe I shall be able to come before the year is out; believe me, I will come as soon as I can, but I dread naming a probable time. It depends on fifty things, besides the expense, which is not nothing. Lloyd wants me to come and see him; but, besides that you have a prior claim on me, I should not feel myself so much at home with him, till he gets a house of his own. As to Richardson, caprice may grant what caprice only refused, and it is no more hardship, rightly considered, to be dependent on him for pleasure, than to lie at the mercy of the rain and sunshine for the enjoyment of a holiday: in either case we are not to look for a suspension of the laws of nature. 'Grill will be grill.' Vide Spenser.

"I could not but smile at the compromise you make with me for printing Lloyd's poems first; but there is in nature, I fear, too many tendencies to envy and jealousy not to justify you in your apology. Yet, if any one is welcome to pre-eminence from me, it is Lloyd, for he would be the last to desire it. So pray, let his name *uniformly* precede mine, for it would be treating me like a child to suppose it could give me pain. Yet, alas! I am not insusceptible of the bad passions. Thank God, I have the ingenuousness to be ashamed of them. I am dearly fond of Charles Lloyd; he is all goodness, and I have too much of the world in my composition to feel myself thoroughly deserving of his friendship.

"Lloyd tells me that Sheridan put you upon writing your tragedy. I hope you are only Coleridgeizing when you talk of finishing it in a few days. Shakspeare was a more modest man; but you best know your own power.

"Of my last poem you speak slightingly; surely the longer stanzas were pretty tolerable; at least there was one good line in it,

'Thick-shaded trees, with dark green leaf rich clad.'

"To adopt your own expression, I call this a 'rich' line, a fine full line. And some others I thought even beautiful. Believe me, my little gentleman will feel some repugnance at riding behind in the basket, though, I confess, in pretty good company. Your picture of idiocy, with the sugar-loaf head, is exquisite; but are you not too severe upon our more favoured brethren in fatuity? Lloyd tells me how ill your wife and child have been. I rejoice that they are better. My kindest remembrances and those of my sister. I send you a trifling letter; but you have only to think that I have been skimming the superficies of my mind, and found it only froth. Now, do write again; you cannot believe how I long and love always to hear about you. Yours, most affectionately, "CHARLES LAMB."

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"June 24th, 1797.

"Did you seize the grand opportunity of seeing Kosciusko while he was at Bristol? I never saw a hero; I wonder how they look. I have been reading a most curious romance-like work, called the 'Life of John Buncle, Esq.'[1] 'Tis very interesting, and an extraordinary compound of all manner of subjects, from the depth of the ludicrous to the heights of sublime religious truth. There is much abstruse science in it above my cut and an infinite fund of pleasantry. John Buncle is a famous fine man, formed in nature's most eccentric hour. I am ashamed of what I write. But I have no topic to talk of. I see nobody, and sit, and read or walk alone, and hear nothing. I am quite lost to conversation from disuse; and out of the sphere of my little family, who, I am thankful, are dearer and dearer to me every day, I see no face that brightens up at my

[1] A work by Thomas Amory, written in the manner of Sterne. In 1825, at Hazlitt's suggestion, a new edition was published in three duodecimo volumes.

approach. My friends are at a distance; worldly hopes are at a low ebb with me, and unworldly thoughts are not yet familiarised to me, though I occasionally indulge in them. Still I feel a calm not unlike content. I fear it is sometimes more akin to physical stupidity than to a heaven-flowing serenity and peace. What right have I to obtrude all this upon you? what is such a letter to you? and if I come to Stowey, what conversation can I furnish to compensate my friend for those stores of knowledge and of fancy, those delightful treasures of wisdom, which I know he will open to me? But it is better to give than to receive; and I was a very patient hearer and docile scholar in our winter evening meetings at Mr. May's, was I not, Col.? What I have owed to thee, my heart can ne'er forget.

"God love you and yours. "C. L."

[The visit to Coleridge at Stowey, of which so much has been said, was at last enjoyed by Lamb; whether Miss Lamb accompanied him is rather uncertain. Coleridge, in a letter to Cottle of June 29, 1797,[1] says, "Charles Lamb will probably be here in about a fortnight. Could you not contrive to put yourself in a Bridgewater coach, and T. Poole would fetch you in a one-horse chaise to Stowey? What delight would it not give us!" But a fortnight of the time only was spent with Coleridge; the remainder was devoted to a stay with Lloyd at Southey's in the neighbourhood of Christchurch in Hampshire, where Lamb left his poor friend behind him. He had never enjoyed before such an opportunity of forming an estimate of his admirable host, and the approximation, doubtless, had the effect of ripening the mere acquaintance with Southey, commenced in 1795, into a life-long friendship.

After his return from a holiday, which must have been peculiarly agreeable,] Lamb was once more left to the daily labours of the India House and the unceasing anxieties of his home. His feelings, on the recurrence of the season which had, last year, been darkened by his terrible calamity, will be understood from the first of two pieces of blank verse, which fill the two first sheets of a letter to

[1] ["Reminiscences," 1847, p. 149.]

Coleridge, written under an apprehension of some neglect on the part of his friend, which had its cause in no estrangement of Coleridge's affections, but in the vicissitudes of the imaginative philosopher's fortune and the constancy of his day-dreamings.

[Sept. 1797.]

WRITTEN A TWELVEMONTH AFTER THE EVENTS.

[*Friday next, Coleridge, is the day on which my mother died.*]

Alas! how am I changed! where be the tears,
The sobs and forced suspensions of the breath,
And all the dull desertions of the heart
With which I hung o'er my dear mother's corse?
Where be the blest subsidings of the storm
Within; the sweet resignedness of hope
Drawn heavenward, and strength of filial love,
In which I bow'd me to my Father's will?
My God and my Redeemer, keep not thou
My heart in brute and sensual thanklessness
Seal'd up, oblivious ever of that dear grace,
And health restor'd to my long-loved friend.
Long loved, and worthy known! Thou didst not keep
Her soul in death. O keep not now, my Lord,
Thy servants in far worse—in spiritual death
And darkness—blacker than those feared shadows
O' the valley all must tread. Lend us thy balms,
Thou dear Physician of the sin-sick soul,
And heal our cleansed bosoms of the wounds
With which the world hath pierc'd us thro' and thro'!
Give us new flesh, new birth; Elect of heaven
May we become, in thine election sure
Contain'd, and to one purpose stedfast drawn—
Our souls' salvation.
Thou and I, dear friend,
With filial recognition sweet, shall know
One day the face of our dear mother in heaven,
And her remember'd looks of love shall greet
With answering looks of love, her placid smiles
Meet with a smile as placid, and her hand
With drops of fondness wet, nor fear repulse.[1]
Be witness for me, Lord, I do not ask
Those days of vanity to return again,
(Nor fitting me to ask, nor thee to give),
Vain loves, and "wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid:"
(Child of the dust as I am), who so long
My foolish heart steep'd in idolatry,

[1] [Note in the margin of MSS.] "This is almost literal from a letter of my sister's—less than a year ago."

And creature-loves. Forgive it, O my Maker!
If in a mood of grief, I sin almost
In sometimes brooding on the days long past,
(And from the grave of time wishing them back),
Days of a mother's fondness to her child—
Her little one! Oh, where be now those sports
And infant play-games? Where the joyous troops
Of children, and the haunts I did so love?
O my companions! O ye loved names
Of friend, or playmate dear, gone are ye now.
Gone divers ways; to honour and credit some:
And some, I fear, to ignominy and shame![1]
I only am left, with unavailing grief
One parent dead to mourn, and see one live
Of all life's joys bereft, and desolate:
Am left, with a few friends, and one above
The rest, found faithful in a length of years,
Contented as I may, to bear me on,
T' the not unpeaceful evening of a day
Made black by morning storms.

"The following I wrote when I had returned from C. Lloyd, leaving him behind at Burton with Southey. To understand some of it, you must remember that at that time he was very much perplexed in mind.

A stranger and alone, I past those scenes
We past so late together; and my heart
Felt something like desertion, as I look'd
Around me, and the pleasant voice of friend
Was absent, and the cordial look was there
No more, to smile on me. I thought on Lloyd—
All he had been to me! And now I go
Again to mingle with a world impure;
With men who make a mock of holy things,
Mistaken, and of man's best hope think scorn.
The world does much to warp the heart of man;
And I may sometimes join its idiot laugh:
Of this I now complain not. Deal with me,
Omniscient Father, as Thou judgest best,
And in *Thy* season soften thou my heart.
I pray not for myself: I pray for him
Whose soul is sore perplexed. Shine thou on him,
Father of Lights! and in the difficult paths
Make plain his way before him: his own thoughts
May he not think—his own ends not pursue—
So shall he best perform Thy will on earth.
Greatest and Best, Thy will be ever ours!

[1] [Note in the margin of MS.] "Alluding to some of my old playfellows being literally, 'on the town,' and some otherwise wretched."

"The former of these poems I wrote with unusual celerity t'other morning at office. I expect you to like it better than anything of mine; Lloyd does, and I do myself.

"You use Lloyd very ill, never writing to him. I tell you again that his is not a mind with which you should play tricks. He deserves more tenderness from you.

"For myself, I must spoil a little passage of Beaumont and Fletcher to adapt it to my feelings:—

> 'I am prouder
> That I was once your friend, tho' now forgot,
> Than to have had another true to me.'

If you don't write to me now, as I told Lloyd, I shall get angry, and call you hard names—Manchineel and I don't know what else. I wish you would send me my great-coat.[1] The snow and the rain season is at hand, and I have but a wretched old coat, once my father's, to keep 'em off, and that is transitory.

> 'When time drives flocks from field to fold,
> When ways grow foul and blood gets cold,'

I shall remember where I left my coat. Meet emblem wilt thou be, old Winter, of a friend's neglect—cold, cold, cold! Remembrance, where remembrance is due.

"C. LAMB."

The following lines, which Lamb transmitted to his new friend Southey, bespeak the remarkable serenity with which, when the first shock was over and the duties of life-long love arranged, Lamb was able to contemplate the victim of his sister's frenzy:[2]

[1] [Lamb's great-coat could not have proved of any service to Coleridge, unless at this time the latter was comparatively spare. His tendency to corpulence had begun to manifest itself a few years later; for in a letter from Southey to a relative of September 9, 1808, he describes his friend as having returned from abroad, "about half as big as the house."]

[2] These lines were originally given in the first volume of "Southey's Life and Correspondence," p. 325, where they appear in a letter from Southey to Mr. Wynn. The Biographer courteously adds, that they would have been sent to the Editor, but that they were not observed till after the publication of the First Edition of these Memorials.

Thou should'st have longer lived, and to the grave
Have peacefully gone down in full old age;
Thy children would have tended thy gray hairs.
We might have sat, as we have often done,
By our fire-side, and talk'd whole nights away,
Old time, old friends, and old events recalling,
With many a circumstance of trivial note,
To memory dear, and of importance grown.
How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear!

A wayward son oft-times was I to thee
And yet, in all our little bickerings,
Domestic jars, there was I know not what
Of tender feeling that were ill exchang'd
For this world's chilling friendships, and their smiles
Familiar, whom the heart calls strangers still.

A heavy lot hath he, most wretched man.
Who lives the last of all his family!
He looks around him, and his eye discerns
The face of the stranger; and his heart is sick.
Man of the world, what can'st thou do for him?
Wealth is a burthen which he could not bear;
Mirth a strange crime, the which he dares not act;
And generous wines no cordial to his soul.
For wounds like his, Christ is the only cure.
Go! preach thou to him of a world to come,
Where friends shall meet and know each other's face!
Say less than this, and say it to the winds.

In 1798, Coleridge seemed to attain a settled home by accepting an invitation to become the minister of a Unitarian congregation at Shrewsbury—a hope of short duration.[1] The following letter was addressed by Lamb to him at this time as "S. T. Coleridge"—as if the Mr. were dropped and the "Reverend" not quite adopted—"at the Reverend A. Rowe's, Shrewsbury, Shropshire." The tables are turned here;—Lamb, instead of accusing Coleridge of neglect, takes the charge to himself in deep humility of spirit, and regards the effect of Miss Lamb's renewed illnesses on his mind as inducing indifference with an affecting self-jealousy.

[1] [A full and interesting account of Coleridge's visit to Shropshire, when he was the guest of the Rev. W. Hazlitt, at Wem, is given in the paper by Hazlitt, so well known and so often reprinted, called "My First Acquaintance with Poets."]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"January 28th, 1798.

"You have writ me many kind letters, and I have answered none of them. I don't deserve your attentions. An unnatural indifference has been creeping on me since my last misfortunes, or I should have seized the first opening of a correspondence with *you*. To you I owe much under God. In my brief acquaintance with you in London, your conversations won me to the better cause, and rescued me from the polluting spirit of the world. I might have been a worthless character without you; as it is, I do possess a certain improvable portion of devotional feelings, tho' when I view myself in the light of divine truth, and not according to the common measures of human judgment, I am altogether corrupt and sinful. This is no cant. I am very sincere.

"These last afflictions, Coleridge, have failed to soften and bend my will. They found me unprepared. My former calamities produced in me a spirit of humility and a spirit of prayer. I thought they had sufficiently disciplined me; but the event ought to humble me. If God's judgments now fail to take away from me the heart of stone, what more grievous trials ought I not to expect? I have been very querulous, impatient under the rod—full of little jealousies and heartburnings.—I had well nigh quarrelled with Charles Lloyd, and for no other reason, I believe, than that the good creature did all he could to make me happy. The truth is, I thought he tried to force my mind from its natural and proper bent; he continually wished me to be from home; he was drawing me *from* the consideration of my poor dear Mary's situation, rather than assisting me to gain a proper view of it with religious consolations. I wanted to be left to the tendency of my own mind in a solitary state which, in times past, I knew had led to quietness and a patient bearing of the yoke. He was hurt that I was not more constantly with him; but he was living with White, a man to whom I had never been accustomed to impart my *dearest feelings*, tho' from long habits of friendliness, and many a social and good quality,

I loved him very much. I met company there sometimes —indiscriminate company. Any society almost, when I am in affliction, is sorely painful to me. I seem to breathe more freely, to think more collectedly, to feel more properly and calmly, when alone. All these things the good creature did with the kindest intentions in the world, but they produced in me nothing but soreness and discontent. I became, as he complained, 'jaundiced' towards him . . . but he has forgiven me—and his smile, I hope, will draw all such humours from me. I am recovering, God be praised for it, a healthiness of mind, something like calmness—but I want more religion—I am jealous of human helps and leaning-places. I rejoice in your good fortunes. May God at the last settle you!—You have had many and painful trials; humanly speaking they are going to end; but we should rather pray that discipline may attend us thro' the whole of our lives . . . . A careless and a dissolute spirit has advanced upon *me* with large strides—pray God that my present afflictions may be sanctified to me! Mary is recovering; but I see no opening yet of a situation for her; your invitation went to my very heart, but you have a power of exciting interest, of leading all hearts captive, too forcible to admit of Mary's being with you. I consider her as perpetually on the brink of madness. I think you would almost make her dance within an inch of the precipice; she must be with duller fancies and cooler intellects. I know a young man of this description, who has suited her these twenty years, and may live to do so still, if we are one day restored to each other. In answer to your suggestions of occupation for me, I must say that I do not think my capacity altogether suited for disquisitions of that kind . . . . I have read little, I have a very weak memory, and retain little of what I read; am unused to composition in which any methodising is required; but I thank you sincerely for the hint, and shall receive it as far as I am able, that is, endeavour to engage my mind in some constant and innocent pursuit. I know my capacities better than you do.

"Accept my kindest love, and believe me yours, as ever.

"C. L."

CHAPTER X.

THE VOLUME OF BLANK VERSE—ROSAMUND GRAY—LETTERS TO COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY.

[1798.]

IN the year 1798, the blank verse of Lloyd and Lamb, which had been contained in the two editions of 1796-7, published in conjunction with Coleridge, was, with some additions by Lloyd, published in a thin duodecimo, price 2s. 6d., under the title of "Blank Verse, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb." This unpretending book was honoured by a brief and scornful notice in the catalogue of "The Monthly Review," in the small print of which the works of the poets who are now recognised as the greatest ornaments of their age, and who have impressed it most deeply by their genius, were usually named to be dismissed with a sneer. After a contemptuous notice of "The Mournful Muse" of Lloyd, Lamb receives his *quietus* in a line:—"Mr. Lamb, the joint author of this little volume, seems to be very properly associated with his plaintive companion."[1]

In this year Lamb composed his prose tale, "Rosamund Gray," and published it in a volume of the same size and price with the last, under the title of "A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret," which, having a semblance of story, sold much better than his poems, and added a few pounds to his slender income.[2] This miniature romance is unique in English literature. It bears the impress of a recent perusal of "The Man of Feeling" and "Julia de Roubigné;" and while on the one hand it wants the graphic force and delicate touches of Mackenzie, it is

[1] "Monthly Review," Sept. 1798. [Of this periodical and its editor, Dr. Aikin, Coleridge, according to Allsop, once said, that it was an Aching Void and he a Void Aikin.]

[2] [As to this little work and its probable germ, it may suffice here to refer to my "Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874, p. 163.]

informed with deeper feeling and breathes a diviner morality than the most charming of his tales. Lamb never possessed the faculty of constructing a plot either for drama or novel; and while he luxuriated in the humour of Smollett, the wit of Fielding, or the solemn pathos of Richardson, he was not amused, but perplexed, by the attempt to thread the windings of story which conduct to their most exquisite passages through the maze of adventure. In this tale, nothing is made out with distinctness, except the rustic piety and grace of the lovely girl and her venerable grandmother, which are pictured with such earnestness and simplicity as might beseem a fragment of the book of Ruth. The villain who lays waste their humble joys is a murky phantom without individuality; the events are obscured by the haze of sentiment which hovers over them; and the narrative gives way to the reflections of the author, who is mingled with the persons of the tale in visionary confusion, and gives to it the character of a sweet but disturbed dream. It has an interest now beyond that of fiction; for in it we may trace, "as in a glass darkly," the characteristics of the mind and heart of the author at a time when a change was coming upon them. There was the dainty sense of beauty just weaned from its palpable object, and quivering over its lost images: feeling grown retrospective before its time, and tinging all things with a strange solemnity: hints of that craving after immediate appliances which might give impulse to a harassed frame and confidence to struggling fancy, and of that escape from the pressure of agony into fantastic mirth, which in after life made Lamb a problem to a stranger, while they endeared him a thousandfold to those who really knew him. While the fulness of the religious sentiments and the scriptural cast of the language still partake of his early manhood, the visit of the narrator of the tale to the churchyard where his parents lie buried, after his nerves had been strung for the endeavour by wine at the village inn, and the half-frantic jollity of his old heart-broken friend (the lover of the tale), whom he met there, with the exquisite benignity of thought breathing through the whole, prophesy the delightful peculiarities and genial frailties of an after day. The reflections he makes on the

eulogistic character of all the inscriptions, are drawn from his own childhood; for when a very little boy, walking with his sister in a churchyard, he suddenly asked her, "*Mary, where do the naughty people lie?*"

"Rosamund Gray" remained unreviewed till August, 1800, when it received the following notice in "The Monthly Review's" catalogue, the manufacturer of which was probably more tolerant of heterodox composition in prose than verse:—"In the perusal of this pathetic and interesting story, the reader who has a mind capable of enjoying rational and moral sentiment will feel much gratification. Mr. Lamb has here proved himself skilful in touching the nicest feelings of the heart, and in affording great pleasure to the imagination, by exhibiting events and situations which, in the hands of a writer less conversant with the springs and energies of the *moral sense*, would make a very '*sorry figure.*'" While we acknowledge this scanty praise as a redeeming trait in the long series of critical absurdities, we cannot help observing how curiously misplaced all the laudatory epithets are; the sentiment being profound and true, but not "*rational*," and the "springs and energies of the moral sense" being substituted for a weakness which had a power of its own!

There had been a project on the part of Coleridge and Wordsworth to visit Germany together; but eventually the latter, after crossing the Channel in September, 1798, and proceeding a short distance, abandoned the idea for the present, and Coleridge, who had accepted a very kind offer from Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood to settle on him an annuity of £150,[1] pursued his way alone.[2] Some time before he started, Lamb, who seems to have drawn closer to Lloyd just now, and to have been somewhat estranged from Coleridge by the mystical abstruseness and profundity of the latter, rather injudiciously sent his friend a series of questions, or Theses, for solution in a letter.

[1] [According to Cottle, Coleridge denied, notwithstanding every report to the contrary, that he had hesitated in taking the money ("Recoll.," 1847, p. 173). And compare "Memoirs of Hazlitt," 1867, i. 49.]

[2] [The most complete narrative of this episode is given in the paper by the editor, entitled, "Coleridge Abroad," inserted in the volume called, "Offspring of Thought in Solitude," 8vo., 1884.]

Coleridge, as was not unnatural, was a good deal hurt at first; but the feeling soon faded away. Here is what he received:—

[June, 1798.][1]

"THESES QUÆDAM THEOLOGICÆ.

"First, whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?

"Second, Whether the Archangel Uriel could affirm an untruth? and if he could, whether he would?

"Third, Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather to be reckoned among those qualities which the schoolmen term *virtutes minus splendidæ*?

"Fourth, Whether the higher order of Seraphim illuminati ever sneer?

"Fifth, Whether pure intelligences can love?

"Sixth, Whether the Seraphim ardentes do not manifest their virtues by the way of vision and theory? and whether practice be not a sub-celestial and merely human virtue?

"Seventh, Whether the vision beatific be any thing more or less than a perpetual representment to each individual angel of his own present attainments and future capabilities, somehow in the manner of mortal looking-glasses, reflecting a perpetual complacency and self-satisfaction?

"Eighth, and last, Whether an immortal and amenable soul may not come to be condemned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?

"LEARNED SIR, MY FRIEND.—Presuming on our long habits of friendship, and emboldened further by your late liberal permission to avail myself of your correspondence in case I want any knowledge,[2] (which I intend to do when I have no Encyclopædia or Ladies' Magazine at hand to refer to

[1] [Cottle's "Reminiscences of S. T. Coleridge and R. Southey," 1847, pp. 168-70. Cottle says: "Coleridge gave me this letter, saying, 'These young visionaries will do each other no good.'" The counterpart of the "Theses" was sent by Lamb to Southey in July.]

[2] [This referred to an alleged observation made by Coleridge to a common acquaintance to the precise effect which Lamb mentions, and repeated very foolishly (if true) to the person intended.]

in any matter of science), I now submit to your inquiries thé above theological propositions, to be by you defended or oppugned, or both, in the schools of Germany, whither, I am told, you are departing, to the utter dissatisfaction of your native Devonshire and regret of universal England, but to my own individual consolation if, through the channel of your wished return, learned sir, my friend, may be transmitted to this our island from those famous theological wits of Leipsic and Gottingen any rays of illumination, in vain to be derived from the home growth of our English halls and colleges. Finally wishing, learned sir, that you may see Schiller, and swing in a wood (*vide* poems) and sit upon a tun, and eat fat hams of Westphalia,

"I remain, your friend and docile pupil to instruct,

"CHARLES LAMB."[1]

Lamb, however, was not now so lonely as when he wrote to Coleridge imploring his correspondence as the only comfort of his sorrows and labours; for, through the instrumentality of Coleridge, he was now rich in friends. Among them he marked George Dyer, the guileless and simple-hearted, whose love of learning was a passion, and who found, even in the forms of verse, objects of worship; Southey, in the young vigour of his genius; and Wordsworth, the great regenerator of English poetry, preparing for his long contest with the glittering forms of inane phraseology which had usurped the dominion of the public mind, and with the cold mockeries of scorn with which their supremacy was defended. By the two latter the beauty of his character was felt, the original cast of his powers was appreciated, and his peculiar humour was detected and kindled into fitful life.

[1] ["Mr. Coleridge, at first, appeared greatly hurt at this letter: an impression which I endeavoured to counteract, by considering it as a sign of ebullition of feeling that would soon subside; which happily proved to be the case."—Cottle. Coleridge had perhaps nettled Lamb a little by his didactic and deprecatory tone in speaking of religious questions, though he told Allsop that he thought Lamb an excellent Christian at heart. See, for instance, the letter from Lamb to him of Oct. 28, 1796, in reply to something of this kind, which Coleridge had addressed to him.]

Lamb had been introduced by Coleridge to Southey as early as the year 1795; but no intimacy ensued until he accompanied Lloyd in the summer of 1797 (as we have mentioned above) to the little village of Burton, near Christchurch, in Hampshire, where Southey was then residing, and where they spent a fortnight as the poet's guests. After Coleridge's departure for Germany in 1798, a correspondence began between Lamb and Southey, which continued through that and part of the following year: Southey communicating to Lamb his Eclogues, which he was then preparing for the press, and Lamb repaying the confidence by submitting the products of his own leisure hours to his genial critic. If Southey did not, in all respects, compensate Lamb for the absence of his earlier friend, he excited in him a more entire and active intellectual sympathy; as the character of Southey's mind bore more resemblance to his own than that of Coleridge. In purity of thought, in the love of the minutest vestige of antiquity, in a certain primness of style bounding in the rich humour which threatened to overflow it, they were nearly akin: both alike reverenced childhood, and both had preserved its best attributes unspotted from the world. If Lamb bowed to the genius of Coleridge with a fonder reverence, he felt more at home with Southey; and although he did not pour out the inmost secrets of his soul in his letters to him as to Coleridge, he gave more scope to the "first sprightly runnings" of his humorous fancy.

The following appears to be the first letter of the series which was to pass between the friends. In order to make its allusions intelligible, it is only necessary to mention that Southey was then contemplating a calendar illustrative of the remarkable days of the year. Lamb was still sufficiently enamoured of his *Theses* to communicate them to his new correspondent.

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"Saturday, July 28th, 1798.

"I am ashamed that I have not thanked you before this for the 'Joan of Arc,' but I did not know your address,

and it did not occur to me to write through Cottle. The poem delighted me, and the notes amused me, but methinks she of Neufchatel, in the print, holds her sword too 'like a dancer.' I sent your *notice* to Phillips, particularly requesting an immediate insertion, but I suppose it came too late. I am sometimes curious to know what progress you make in that same 'Calendar:' whether you insert the nine worthies and Whittington? what you do or how you can manage when two Saints meet and quarrel for precedency? Martlemas and Candlemas, and Christmas, are glorious themes for a writer like you, antiquity-bitten, smit with the love of boars' heads and rosemary; but how you can ennoble the 1st of April I know not. By the way I had a thing to say, but a certain false modesty has hitherto prevented me: perhaps I can best communicate my wish by a hint,—my birthday is on the 10th of February, New Style; but if it interferes with any remarkable event, why rather than my country should lose her fame, I care not if I put my nativity back eleven days. Fine family patronage for your 'Calendar,' if that old lady of prolific memory were living, who lies (or lyes) in some church in London (saints forgive me, but I have forgot *what* church), attesting that enormous legend of as many children as days in the year. I marvel her impudence did not grasp at a leap-year. Three hundred and sixty-five dedications, and all in a family—you might spit in spirit on the oneness of Macænas' patronage!

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to the eternal regret of his native Devonshire, emigrates to Westphalia—'Poor Lamb (these were his last words), if he wants any *knowledge*, he may apply to me,'——in ordinary cases I thanked him, I have an 'Encyclopedia' at hand, but on such an occasion as going over to a German university, I could not refrain from sending him the following propositions,[1] to be by him defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Gottingen. . . . . .

"Samuel Taylor hath not deigned an answer; was it impertinent of me to avail myself of that offered source of knowledge?

[1] [Here follow the "Theses," as in the letter to Coleridge.]

"Wishing 'Madoc' may be born into the world with as splendid promise as the second birth or purification of the Maid of Neufchatel,—I remain yours sincerely,

"C. LAMB.

"I hope Edith is better; my kindest remembrances to her. You have a good deal of trifling to forgive in this letter."

The following letters, which must have been written after a short interval, shew a rapid change of opinion, very unusual with Lamb (who stuck to his favourite books as he did to his friends) as to the relative merits of the "Emblems" of Wither and of Quarles:

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"Oct. 18th, 1798.

"Dear Southey,—I have at last been so fortunate as to pick up Wither's Emblems for you, that 'old book and quaint,' as the brief author of 'Rosamund Gray' hath it; it is in a most detestable state of preservation, and the cuts are of a fainter impression than I have seen. Some child, the curse of antiquaries and bane of bibliopolical rarities, hath been dabbling in some of them with its paint and dirty fingers, and in particular hath a little sullied the author's own portraiture, which I think valuable, as the poem that accompanies it is no common one; this last excepted, the Emblems are far inferior to old Quarles. I once told you otherwise, but I had not then read old Q. with attention. I have picked up, too, another copy of Quarles for ninepence!!! O tempora! O lectores!—so that if you have lost or parted with your own copy, say so, and I can furnish you, for you prize these things more than I do. You will be amused, I think, with honest Wither's 'Supersedeas to all them whose custom it is, without any deserving, to importune authors to give unto them their books.' I am sorry 'tis imperfect, as the lottery board annexed to it also is. Methinks you might modernise and elegantise this Supersedeas, and place it in front of your

'Joan of Arc,' as a gentle hint to Messrs. Park,[1] &c. One of the happiest emblems and comicalest cuts is the owl and little chirpers, page 63.

"Wishing you all amusement, which your true emblem-fancier can scarce fail to find in even bad emblems, I remain your caterer to command, "C. LAMB.

"Love and respects to Edith. I hope she is well. How does your Calendar prosper?"

The following is interesting, as tracing the origin of his "Rosamund," and exhibiting his young enthusiasm for the old English drama, so nobly developed in his "Specimens:"—

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

[Later in October, 1798.]

"Dear Southey,—I thank you heartily for the Eclogue;[2] it pleases me mightily, being so full of picture-work and circumstances. I find no fault in it, unless perhaps that Joanna's ruin is a catastrophe too trite: and this is not the first or second time you have clothed your indignation, in verse, in a tale of ruined innocence. The old lady, spinning in the sun, I hope would not disdain to claim some kindred with old Margaret. I could almost wish you to vary some circumstances in the conclusion. A gentleman seducer has so often been described in prose and verse; what if you had accomplished Joanna's ruin by the clumsy arts and rustic gifts of some country-fellow? I am thinking, I believe, of the song,

'An old woman clothed in grey,
Whose daughter was charming and young,
And she was deluded away
By Roger's false flattering tongue.'

[1] [Thomas Park the antiquary, and author of a volume of sonnets. Lamb misspells his name *Parke*.]

[2] [This production appears to have been sent to Lamb in MS., as nothing of the kind, I believe, was published by Southey at this time. It was, doubtless, forwarded in a manuscript form for suggestions, and was included in a volume, with other pieces, in 1799. Compare letter to Southey of March 15, 1799.]

A Roger-Lothario would be a novel character: I think you might paint him very well. You may think this a very silly suggestion, and so, indeed, it is; but, in good truth, nothing else but the first words of that foolish ballad put me upon scribbling my 'Rosamund.' But I thank you heartily for the poem. Not having anything of my own to send you in return—though, to tell truth, I am at work upon something, which if I were to cut away and garble, perhaps I might send you an extract or two that might not displease you; but I will not do that; and whether it will come to anything, I know not, for I am as slow as a Fleming painter when I compose anything—I will crave leave to put down a few lines of old Christopher Marlow's; I take them from his tragedy, 'The Jew of Malta.' The Jew is a famous character, quite out of nature; but, when we consider the terrible idea our simple ancestors had of a Jew, not more to be discommended for a certain discolouring (I think Addison calls it) than the witches and fairies of Marlow's mighty successor. The scene is betwixt Barabas the Jew and Ithamore, a Turkish captive exposed to sale for a slave.

'BARABAS.

'(*A precious rascal.*)

'As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights.
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about, and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may. walking in my gallery,
See 'm go pinioned along by my door.
Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practise first upon the Italian:
There I enriched the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells;
And, after that, was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of serving Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the jails with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals,

And every moon made some or other mad;
And now and then one hang'd himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll,
How I with interest tormented him.'

"Now hear Ithamore, the other gentle nature, explain how he has spent his time:—

'ITHAMORE.

'(*A comical dog.*)

'Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an hostler in an inn,
And in the night-time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats.
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strowed powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
That I have laugh'd a-good to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

'BARABAS.

'Why, this is something'—[1]

"There is a mixture of the ludicrous and the terrible in these lines, brimful of genius and antique invention, that at first reminded me of your old description of cruelty in hell, which was in the true Hogarthian style. I need not tell *you* that Marlow was author of that pretty madrigal, 'Come live with me, and be my Love,' and of the tragedy of "Edward II.," in which are certain *lines* unequalled in our English tongue. Honest Walton mentions the said madrigal under the denomination of 'certain smooth verses made long since by Kit Marlow.'[2]

"I am glad you have put me on the scent after old Quarles. If I do not put up those eclogues,[3] and that shortly, say I am no true-nosed hound. I have had a letter from Lloyd; the young metaphysician of Caius is well, and is busy recanting the new heresy, metaphysics, for the old

[1] [Dyce's "Marlowe," 1850, vol. i., p. 277.]
[2] [I believe that the madrigal in question was first printed in "England's Helicon," 4to., 1600.]
[3] ["The Shepheards Oracles," 4to., 1646.]

dogma, Greek. My sister, I thank you, is quite well. She had a slight attack the other day, which frightened me a good deal; but it went off unaccountably. Love and respects to Edith.

"Yours sincerely, "C. LAMB."

Lamb was sufficiently impressed by Southey's poetical communication to reperuse it, and write to the author again upon it:—

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

[Nov. 3, 1798.]

"I have read your Eclogue repeatedly, and cannot call it bald or without interest; the cast of it, and the design, are completely original, and may set people upon thinking: it is as poetical as the subject requires, which asks no poetry; but it is defective in pathos. The woman's own story is the tamest part of it—I should like you to remould that—it too much resembles the young maid's history: both had been in service. Even the omission would not injure the poem; after the words 'growing wants,' you might, not unconnectedly, introduce 'look at that little chub' down to 'welcome one.' And, decidedly, I would have you end it somehow thus,

> 'Give them at least this evening a good meal.
> [*Gives her money.*
> Now, fare thee well; hereafter you have taught me
> To give sad meaning to the village-bells,' &c.,

which would leave a stronger impression (as well as more pleasingly recall the beginning of the Eclogue), than the present common-place reference to a better world, which the woman 'must have heard at church.' I should like you, too, a good deal to enlarge the most striking part, as it might have been, of the poem—'Is it idleness?' &c.; that affords a good field for dwelling on sickness and inabilities, and old age. And you might also a good deal enrich the piece with a picture of a country wedding: the woman might very well, in a transient fit of oblivion, dwell upon the ceremony and circumstances of her own nuptials six years ago, the smugness of the bridegroom, the feastings, the cheap merriment, the welcomings, the secret envyings

of the maidens—then dropping all this, recur to her present lot. I do not know that I can suggest anything else, or that I have suggested anything new or material. I shall be very glad to see some more poetry, though I fear your trouble in transcribing will be greater than the service my remarks may do them.

"Yours affectionately, "C. LAMB.

"I cut my letter short because I am called off to business."

Southey had meanwhile received the copy of Wither from Lamb, and had written to the latter, expressing his views of the comparative merits of that writer and Quarles, which produced a farther series of remarks on the subject from his new London correspondent:—

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"Nov. 8th, 1798.

"I perfectly accord with your opinion of old Wither. Quarles is a wittier writer, but Wither lays more hold of the heart. Quarles thinks of his audience when he lectures; Wither soliloquises in company with a full heart. What wretched stuff are the 'Divine Fancies' of Quarles! Religion appears to him no longer valuable than it furnishes matter for quibbles and riddles; he turns God's grace into wantonness. Wither is like an old friend, whose warm-heartedness and estimable qualities make us wish he possessed more genius, but at the same time make us willing to dispense with that want. I always love W., and sometimes admire Q. Still that portrait is a fine one; and the extract from 'The Shepherds' Hunting' places him in a starry height far above Quarles. If you wrote that review in 'Crit. Rev.,' I am sorry you are so sparing of praise to the 'Ancient Marinere;'—so far from calling it, as you do, with some wit but more severity, 'A Dutch Attempt,' &c., I call it a right English attempt, and a successful one, to dethrone German sublimity. You have selected a passage fertile in unmeaning miracles, but have passed by fifty passages as miraculous as the miracles they

celebrate. I never so deeply felt the pathetic as in that part,

> 'A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
> And I bless'd them unaware—'

It stung me into high pleasure through sufferings. Lloyd does not like it; his head is too metaphysical, and your taste too correct; at least I must allege something against you both, to excuse my own dotage—

> 'So lonely 'twas, that God himself
> Scarce seemèd there to be!'—&c., &c.

But you allow some elaborate beauties—you should have extracted 'em. 'The Ancient Marinere' plays more tricks with the mind than that last poem, which is yet one of the finest written. But I am getting too dogmatical; and before I degenerate into abuse, I will conclude with assuring you that I am

"Sincerely yours,
"C. LAMB.

"I am going to meet Lloyd at Ware on Saturday, to return on Sunday. Have you any commands or commendations to the metaphysician? I shall be very happy if you will dine or spend any time with me in your way through the great ugly city; but I know you have other ties upon you in these parts.

"Love and respects to Edith, and friendly remembrances to Cottle."

CHAPTER XI.

LETTERS TO SOUTHEY—ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY—LAMB'S LITERARY OCCUPATIONS—HIS CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

[1798.]

IN 1798 Mr. Cottle proposed to publish an annual volume of fugitive poetry by various hands under the title of the "Annual Anthology;" Coleridge and Southey were to be principal contributors; and the editorship was given to the latter. To this little work, the first volume of which was published in the following year, Lamb contributed a short religious effusion in blank verse, entitled, "Living without God in the World." The following letter to Southey refers to this poem by its first words, "Mystery of God," recurs to the rejected sonnet to his sister; and alludes, to an intention, afterwards changed, of entitling the proposed collection "Gleanings." There is also a reference to the solemnly fantastic poem of "The Witch," which he probably had sent to Southey in MS. for his judgment.

Almost the only literary man whom Lamb yet knew in London was George Dyer, who had been noted as an accomplished scholar, in Lamb's early childhood, at Christ's Hospital. For him Lamb cherished all the esteem that his guileless simplicity of character and gentleness of nature could inspire; in these qualities the friends were akin. But no two men could be more opposite than they were to each other in intellectual qualifications and tastes: Lamb, in all things original, and rejoicing in the quaint, the strange, the extravagant; Dyer, the quintessence of learned commonplace; Lamb wildly catching the most evanescent spirit of wit and poetry; Dyer the wondering disciple of their established forms. Dyer officiated as a revering High Priest at the Altar of the Muses—such as they were in the staid, antiquated trim of the closing years of the eighteenth century, before they formed sentimental attachments in

Germany, or flirted with revolutionary France, or renewed their youth by drinking the Spirit of the Lakes., Lamb esteemed and loved him so well, that he felt himself entitled to make sport with his peculiarities; but it was as Fielding might sport with his own idea of Parson Adams, or Goldsmith with his Dr. Primrose.

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"Nov. 28th, 1798.

"I can have no objection to your printing 'Mystery of God' with my name and all due acknowledgments for the honour and favour of the communication; indeed, 'tis a poem that can dishonour no name. Now, that is in the true strain of modern modesto-vanitas. . . . . But for the sonnet, I heartily wish it, as I thought it was, dead and forgotten. If the exact circumstances under which I wrote could be known or told, it would be an interesting sonnet; but to an indifferent and stranger reader it must appear a very bald thing, certainly inadmissible in a compilation. I wish you could affix a different name to the volume; there is a contemptible book, a wretched assortment of vapid feelings, entitled 'Pratt's Gleanings,' which hath damned and impropriated the title for ever. Pray think of some other. The gentleman is better known (better had he remained unknown) by an Ode to Benevolence, written and spoken for and at the annual dinner of the Humane Society, who walk in procession once a-year, with all the objects of their charity before them, to return God thanks for giving them such benevolent hearts.

"I like 'Bishop Brunn;' but not so abundantly as your 'Witch Ballad,' which is an exquisite thing of its kind.

"I showed my 'Witch' and 'Dying Lover' to Dyer last night; but George could not comprehend how that could be poetry which did not go upon ten feet, as George and his predecessors had taught it to do; so George read me some lectures on the distinguishing qualities of the Ode, the Epigram, and the Epic, and went home to illustrate his doctrine by correcting a proof sheet of his own Lyrics. George writes odes where the rhymes, like fashionable man and wife, keep a comfortable distance of six or eight lines

apart, and calls that 'observing the laws of verse.' George tells you, before he recites, that you must listen with great attention, or you'll miss the rhymes. I did so, and found them pretty exact. George, speaking of the dead Ossian, exclaimeth, 'Dark are the poet's eyes.' I humbly represented to him that his own eyes were dark, and many a living bard's besides, and recommended 'Clos'd are the poet's eyes.' But that would not do. I found there was an antithesis between the darkness of his eyes and the splendour of his genius; and I acquiesced.

"Your recipe for a Turk's poison is invaluable and truly Marlowish .... Lloyd objects to 'shutting up the womb of his purse' in my Curse (which for a Christian witch in a Christian country is not too mild, I hope); do you object? I think there is a strangeness in the idea, as well as 'shaking the poor like snakes from his door,' which suits the speaker. Witches illustrate, as fine ladies do, from their own familiar objects, and snakes and shutting up of wombs are in their way. I don't know that this last charge has been before brought against 'em, nor either the sour milk or the mandrake babe; but I affirm these be things a witch would do if she could.

"My tragedy will be a medley (as I intend it to be a medley) of laughter and tears, prose and verse, and in some places rhyme, songs, wit, pathos, humour, and, if possible, sublimity; at least, it is not a fault in my intention, if it does not comprehend most of these discordant colours. Heaven send they dance not the 'Dance of Death!' I hear that the Two Noble Englishmen[1] have parted no sooner than they set foot on German earth, but I have not heard the reason—possibly, to give novelists an handle to exclaim, 'Ah me! what things are perfect!' I think I shall adopt your emendation in the 'Dying Lover,' though I do not myself feel the objection against 'Silent Prayer.'

"My tailor has brought me home a new coat lapelled, with a velvet collar. He assures me everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making

[1] [Coleridge and Wordsworth, who started for Germany together.]

inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters; but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury, neither becomes him as a tailor or the ninth of a man. My meek gentleman was robbed the other day, coming with his wife and family in a one-horse shay from Hampstead; the villains rifled him of four guineas, some shillings and half-pence, and a bundle of customers' measures, which they swore were bank-notes. They did not shoot him, and when they rode off he addrest them with profound gratitude, making a congee: 'Gentlemen, I wish you good night, and we are very much obliged to you that you have not used us ill!' And this is the cuckoo that has had the audacity to foist upon me ten buttons on a side and a black velvet collar—A cursed ninth of a scoundrel!

"When you write to Lloyd, he wishes his Jacobin correspondents to address him as *Mr.* C. L. Love and respects to Edith. I hope she is well.

"Yours sincerely,
"C. LAMB."

The next letter to Southey illustrates strikingly the restless kindness and exquisite spirit of allowance in Lamb's nature; it is an earnest pleading for a poor fellow whose distress actually haunted him:—

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"Dec. 27, 1798.

"Dear Southey,—Your friend John May[1] has formerly made kind offers to Lloyd of serving me in the India House, by the interest of his friend Sir Francis Baring. It is not likely that I shall ever put his goodness to the test on my own account, for my prospects are very comfortable. But I know a man, a young man, whom he could serve through the same channel, and, I think, would be disposed

[1] [This gentleman has been already mentioned. Southey, in a letter to Cottle, of May, 1797, speaks of him as "a Lisbon acquaintance, and a very valuable one." Perhaps he assisted Southey in his Brazilian researches; and I take him to have been the same person, at whose house Lamb speaks in one of his letters of Coleridge and himself passing some agreeable winter evenings in London. Coleridge's tailor, whose score Lamb settled, bore the same names.]

to serve if he were acquainted with his case. This poor fellow (whom I know just enough of to vouch for his strict integrity and worth) has lost two or three employments from illness, which he cannot regain; he was once insane, and, from the distressful uncertainty of his livelihood, has reason to apprehend a return of that malady. He has been for some time dependent on a woman whose lodger he formerly was, but who can ill afford to maintain him; and I know that on Christmas night last he actually walked about the streets all night, rather than accept of her bed which she offered him (and offered herself to sleep in the kitchen); and that, in consequence of that severe cold, he is labouring under a bilious disorder, besides a depression of spirits, which incapacitates him from exertion when he most needs it. For God's sake, Southey, if it does not go against you to ask favours, do it now; ask it as for me; but do not do a violence to your feelings, because he does not know of this application, and will suffer no disappointment. What I meant to say was this,—there are in the India House what are called *extra clerks*, not on the establishment, like me, but employed in extra business, by-jobs; these get about £50 a year, or rather more, but never rise. A director can put in at any time a young man in this office, and it is by no means considered so great a favour as making an established clerk. He would think himself as rich as an emperor if he could get such a certain situation, and be relieved from those disquietudes which, I do fear, may one day bring back his distemper.

"You know John May better than I do, but I know enough to believe that he is a good man. He did make me that offer I have mentioned; but you will perceive that such an offer cannot authorise me in applying for another person.

"But I cannot help writing to you on the subject, for the young man is perpetually before my eyes, and I shall feel it a crime not to strain all my petty interest to do him service, though I put my own delicacy to the question by so doing. I have made one other unsuccessful attempt already; at all events I will thank you to write, for I am tormented with anxiety. "C. LAMB."

[Lamb lost his father in 1799. The old man was buried at St. Andrew's, Holborn, with his wife and her sister, Aunt Hetty. With him expired the annuity from Mr. Salt, which had contributed to support the family;[1] but the latter now consisted of the brother and sister only.]

At this time Lamb's most intimate associates in London (not reckoning Dyer) were Lloyd and Jem White, author of the Falstaff Letters. When Lloyd was in town, he and White often lodged in the same house, and were fast friends, though no two men could be more unlike, Lloyd having no drollery in his nature, and White nothing else. "You will easily understand," observes Southey, in a letter to Moxon, "how Lamb could sympathise with both."

The fellowship of Lamb with Coleridge and Southey was at present of a more purely literary complexion; and it was destined to draw down upon him the hostility of the young scorners of the "Anti-Jacobin" who, luxuriating in boyish pride and aristocratic patronage, tossed the arrows of their wit against all charged with innovation, whether in politics or poetry, and cared little whom they wounded. No one could be more innocent than Lamb of political heresy, no one more strongly opposed to new theories in morality, which he always regarded with disgust! and yet he not only shared in the injustice which accused his friends of the last, but was confounded in the charge of the first,—his only crime being that he had published a few poems deeply coloured with religious enthusiasm, in conjunction with two other men of genius, who were dazzled by the glowing phantoms which the French Revolution had raised.

The very first number of the "Anti-Jacobin Magazine and Review" was adorned by a caricature of Gilray, in which Coleridge and Southey were introduced with asses' heads, and Lloyd and Lamb as toad and frog. In the number for July appeared the well-known poem of the

[1] [There is a portrait of Mr. John Lamb in Procter's Biography, 1866, p. 20; and in my "Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874, I collected all that I could in elucidation of his history and character. Some interesting information as to Lamb's father and mother will be found in Mrs. Gilchrist's little book on Mary Lamb, which is, however, in the main a mere collection of extracts from other works.]

"New Morality," in which all the prominent objects of the hatred of these champions of religion and order were introduced as offering homage to Lepaux, a French charlatan,—of whose existence Lamb had never even heard.

> "Couriers and Stars, sedition's evening host,
> Thou Morning Chronicle and Morning Post,
> Whether ye make the 'Rights of Man' your theme,
> Your country libel, and your God blaspheme,
> *Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,*
> Still *blasphemous or blackguard,* praise Lepaux.
>
> And ye five other wandering bards, that move
> In sweet accord of harmony and love,
> C——dge and S—th—y, L—d, and L—b and Co.,
> Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!"

Not content with thus confounding persons of the most opposite opinions and the most various characters in one common libel, the party returned to the charge in the number for September, and thus denounced the young poets, in a parody on the "Ode to the Passions," under the title of "The Anarchists."

> "Next H—lc—ft[1] vow'd in doleful tone,
> No more to fire a thankless age:
> Oblivion mark'd his labours for her own,
> Neglected from the press, and damn'd upon the stage.
>
> See! faithful to their mighty dam,
> C——dge, S—th—y, L—d,[2] and L—b
> In splay-foot madrigals of love,
> Soft moaning like the widow'd dove,
> Pour, side by side, their sympathetic notes;
> Of equal rights, and civic feasts,
> And tyrant kings, and knavish priests,
> Swift through the land the tuneful mischief floats.
>
> And now to softer strains they struck the lyre,
> They sung the beetle or the mole,
> The dying kid, or ass's foal,
> By cruel man permitted to expire."

These effusions have the palliation which the excess of sportive wit, impelled by youthful spirits and fostered by the applause of the great, brings with it; but it will be difficult to palliate the coarse malignity of a passage in the

[1] [Holcroft.] [2] [Lloyd.]

prose department of the same work, in which the writer added to a statement that Mr. Coleridge was dishonoured at Cambridge for preaching Deism: "Since then he has left his native country, commenced citizen of the world, left his poor children fatherless and his wife destitute. *Ex hoc disce* his friends Lamb and Southey." It was surely rather too much even for partisans, when denouncing their political opponents as men who "dirt on private worth and virtue threw," thus to slander two young men of the most exemplary character—one, of an almost puritanical exactness of demeanour and conduct—and the other, persevering in a life of noble self-sacrifice, chequered only by the frailties of a sweet nature, which endeared him even to those who were not admitted to the intimacy necessary to appreciate the touching example of his severer virtues!

If Lamb's acquaintance with Coleridge and Southey procured for him the scorn of the more virulent of the Anti-Jacobin party, he shewed by his intimacy with another distinguished object of their animosity, that he was not solicitous to avert it. He was introduced by Mr. Coleridge to one of the most remarkable persons of that stirring time—the author of "Caleb Williams" and of "Political Justice." The first meeting between Lamb and Godwin did not wear a promising aspect. Lamb grew warm as the conviviality of the evening advanced, and indulged in some freaks of humour which had not been dreamed of in Godwin's philosophy; and the latter, forgetting the equanimity with which he usually looked on the vicissitudes of the world or the whist-table, broke into an allusion to Gilray's caricature, and said, "Pray, Mr. Lamb, are you *toad* or *frog?*"[1] Coleridge was apprehensive of a rupture; but, calling the next morning on Lamb, he found Godwin seated at breakfast with him; and an interchange of civilities and card-parties was established, which lasted through the life of Lamb, whom Godwin only survived a couple of years. Indifferent altogether to the politics of the age, Lamb could not help being struck with productions of its new-born energies so remarkable as the works and the character of Godwin. He seemed to realise

[1] [See the fuller version of this given above in the sketch of Godwin.]

in himself what Wordsworth long afterwards described, "the central calm at the heart of all agitation." Through the medium of his mind the stormy convulsions of society were seen "silent as in picture." Paradoxes the most daring wore the air of deliberate wisdom as he pronounced them. He foretold the future happiness of mankind, not with the inspiration of the poet, but with the grave and passionless voice of the oracle. There was nothing better calculated at once to feed and to make steady the enthusiasm of youthful patriots than the high speculations, in which he taught them to engage on the nature of social evils and the great destiny of his species. No one would have suspected the author of those wild theories, which startled the wise and shocked the prudent, in the calm, gentlemanly person who rarely said anything above common-place, and took interest in little beyond the whist-table. His peculiar opinions were entirely subservient to his love of letters. He thought any man who had written a book had obtained a superiority over his fellows which placed him in another class, and could scarcely understand other distinctions. Of all his works Lamb liked his "Essay on Sepulchres" the best—a short development of a scheme for preserving in one place the memory of all great writers deceased, and assigning to each his proper station,—quite chimerical in itself, but accompanied with solemn and touching musings on life and death, and fame, embodied in a style of singular refinement and beauty.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS TO SOUTHEY—JOHN WOODVIL IN SLOW COURSE OF COMPOSITION.

[1799.]

THE following three letters, addressed to Mr. Southey in the spring of this year, require no commentary.

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"Jan. 21st, 1799.

"I am requested by Lloyd to excuse his not replying to a kind letter received from you. He is at present situated in most distressful family perplexities, which I am not at liberty to explain; but they are such as to demand all the strength of his mind, and quite exclude any attention to foreign objects. His brother Robert (the flower of his family) hath eloped from the persecutions of his father, and has taken shelter with me. What the issue of his adventure will be, I know not. He hath the sweetness of an angel in his heart, combined with admirable firmness of purpose: an uncultivated, but very original and, I think, superior genius. But this step of his is but a small part of their family troubles.

"I am to blame for not writing to you before on *my own account;* but I know you can dispense with the expressions of gratitude, or I should have thanked you before for all May's kindness.[1] He has liberally supplied the person I spoke to you of with money, and had procured him a situation just after himself had lighted upon a similar one, and engaged too far to recede. But May's kindness was the same, and my thanks to you and him are the same. May went about on this business as if it had been his own. But you knew John May before this: so I will be silent.

"I shall be very glad to hear from you when convenient.

[1] [See letter of Dec. 27th, 1798.]

I do not know how your Calendar and other affairs thrive; but, above all, I have not heard a great while of your "Madoc"—the *opus magnum*. I would willingly send you something to give a value to this letter; but I have only one slight passage to send you, scarce worth the sending, which I want to edge in somewhere into my play, which, by the way, hath not received the addition of ten lines, besides, since I saw you. A father, old Walter Woodvil, (the witch's PROTÉGÉ) relates this of his son John, who 'fought in adverse armies,' being a royalist, and his father a parliamentary man:—

> 'I saw him in the day of Worcester fight,
> Whither he came at twice seven years,
> Under the discipline of the Lord Falkland,
> (His uncle by the mother's side,
> Who gave his youthful politics a bent
> Quite *from* the principles of his father's house;)
> There did I see this valiant Lamb of Mars,
> This sprig of honour, this unbearded John,
> This veteran in green years, this sprout, this Woodvil,
> (With dreadless ease guiding a fire-hot steed,
> Which seem'd to scorn the manage of a boy),
> Prick forth with such a *mirth* into the field,
> To mingle rivalship and acts of war
> Even with the sinewy masters of the art,—
> You would have thought the work of blood had been
> A play-game merely, and the rabid Mars
> Had put his harmful hostile nature off,
> To instruct raw youth in images of war,
> And practice of the unedged players' foils.
> The rough fanatic and blood-practised soldiery
> Seeing such hope and virtue in the boy,
> Disclosed their ranks to let him pass unhurt,
> Checking their swords' uncivil injuries,
> As loth to mar that curious workmanship
> Of Valour's beauty pourtray'd in his face."

"Lloyd objects to 'pourtrayed in his face,' do you? I like the line.

"I shall clap this in somewhere. I think there is a spirit through the lines; perhaps the 7th, 8th, and 9th owe their origin to Shakspeare, though no image is borrowed.

"He says in Henry the Fourth—

> 'This infant Hotspur,
> Mars in swathing clothes.'

But pray did Lord Falkland die before Worcester fight? In that case I must make bold to unclify some other nobleman.

"Kind love and respects to Edith. "C. LAMB."

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"March 15th, 1799.

"Dear Southey,—I have received your little volume,[1] for which I thank you, though I do not entirely approve of this sort of intercourse, where the presents are all on one side. I have read the last Eclogue again with great pleasure. It hath gained considerably by abridgment, and now I think it wants nothing but enlargement. You will call this one of tyrant Procrustes' criticisms to cut and pull so to his own standard; but the old lady is so great a favourite with me, I want to hear more of her; and of 'Joanna' you have given us still less. But the picture of the rustics leaning over the bridge, and the old lady travelling abroad on a summer evening to see her garden watered, are images so new and true, that I decidedly prefer this 'Ruin'd Cottage' to any poem in the book. Indeed I think it the only one that will bear comparison with your 'Hymn to the Penates' in a former volume.

"I compare dissimilar things, as one would a rose and a star for the pleasure they give us, or as a child soon learns to choose between a cake and a rattle; for dissimilars have mostly some points of comparison. The next best poem, I think, is the First Eclogue; 'tis very complete, and abounding in little pictures and realities. The remainder Eclogues, excepting only the 'Funeral,' I do not greatly admire. I miss *one*, which had at least as good a title to publication as the 'Witch,' or the 'Sailor's Mother.' You call'd it the 'Last of the Family.' The 'Old Woman of Berkeley' comes next; in some humours I would give it the preference above any. But who the devil is Matthew of Westminster? You are as familiar

[1] [*A second volume of poems printed this year in duodecimo, uniform with that issued in 1795 in co-operation with the late Robert Lovell. See the letter of Nov. 3, 1798, and the one preceding it.*]

with these antiquated monastics, as Swedenborg or, as his followers affect to call him, the Baron, with his invisibles. But you have raised a very comic effect out of the true narrative of Matthew of Westminster. 'Tis surprising with how little addition you have been able to convert with so little alteration his incidents, meant for terror, into circumstances and food for the spleen. The Parody is *not* so successful; it has one famous line indeed, which conveys the finest death-bed image I ever met with:

'The doctor whisper'd the nurse, and the surgeon knew what he said.'

But the offering the bride three times bears not the slightest analogy or proportion to the fiendish noises three times heard! In 'Jaspar,' the circumstance of the great light is very affecting. But I had heard you mention it before. The 'Rose' is the only insipid piece in the volume; it hath neither thorns nor sweetness, and, besides, sets all chronology and probability at defiance.

"'Cousin Margaret,' you know, I like. The allusions to the 'Pilgrim's Progress' are particularly happy, and harmonise tacitly and delicately with old cousins and aunts. To familiar faces we do associate familiar scenes and accustomed objects; but what hath Apollidon and his sea-nymphs to do in these affairs? Apollyon I could have borne, though he stands for the devil; but who is Apollidon? I think you are too apt to conclude faintly, with some cold moral, as in the end of the poem called 'The Victory'—

'Be thou her comforter, who art the widow's friend;'

a single common-place line of comfort, which bears no proportion in weight or number to the many lines which describe suffering. This is to convert religion into mediocre feelings, which should burn, and glow, and tremble. A moral should be wrought into the body and soul, the matter and tendency of a poem, not tagged to the end, like a 'God send the good ship into harbour,' at the conclusion of our bills of lading. The finishing of the 'Sailor' is also imperfect. Any dissenting minister may say and do as much.

"These remarks, I know, are crude and unwrought; but I do not lay claim to much accurate thinking. I never

judge system-wise of things, but fasten upon particulars. After all, there is a great deal in the book that I must, for time, leave *unmentioned*, to deserve my thanks for its own sake, as well as for the friendly remembrances implied in the gift. I again return you my thanks.

"Pray present my love to Edith. "C. L."

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"March 20th, 1799.

"I am hugely pleased with your 'Spider,' 'your old freemason,' as you call him. The three first stanzas are delicious; they seem to me a compound of Burns and Old Quarles, those kind of home-strokes, where more is felt than strikes the ear; a terseness, a jocular pathos, which makes one feel in laughter. The measure, too, is novel and pleasing. I could almost wonder Rob. Burns in his lifetime never stumbled upon it. The fourth stanza is less striking, as being less original. The fifth falls off. It has no felicity of phrase, no old-fashioned phrase or feeling.

"Young hopes, and love's delightful dreams,'

savour neither of Burns nor Quarles; they seem more like shreds of many a modern sentimental sonnet. The last stanza hath nothing striking in it, if I except the two concluding lines, which are Burns all over. I wish, if you concur with me, these things could be looked to. I am sure this is a kind of writing, which comes tenfold better recommended to the heart, comes there more like a neighbour or familiar, than thousands of Hamnels and Zillahs and Madelons. I beg you will send me the 'Holly-tree,' if it at all resemble this, for it must please me. I have never seen it. I love this sort of poems, that open a new intercourse with the most despised of the animal and insect race. I think this vein may be further opened; Peter Pindar hath very prettily apostrophised a fly; Burns hath his mouse and his louse; Coleridge, less successfully, hath made overtures of intimacy to a jackass, therein only following at unresembling distance Sterne and greater Cervantes. Besides these, I know of no other examples of breaking down the partition between us and our 'poor

earth-born companions.'[1] It is sometimes revolting to be put in a track of feeling by other people, not one's own immediate thoughts, else I would persuade you, if I could (I am in earnest), to commence a series of these animal poems, which might have a tendency to rescue some poor creatures from the antipathy of mankind. Some thoughts come across me;—for instance—to a rat, to a toad, to a cockchafer, to a mole—people bake moles alive by a slow oven-fire to cure consumption. Rats are, indeed, the most despised and contemptible parts of God's earth. I killed a rat the other day by punching him to pieces, and feel a weight of blood upon me to this hour. Toads you know are made to fly, and tumble down and crush all to pieces. Cockchafers are old sport; then again to a worm, with an apostrophe to anglers, those patient tyrants, meek inflictors of pangs intolerable, cool devils; to an owl; to all snakes, with an apology for their poison; to a cat in boots or bladders. Your own fancy, if it takes a fancy to these hints, will suggest many more. A series of such poems, suppose them accompanied with plates descriptive of animal torments, cooks roasting lobsters, fishmongers crimping skates, &c., &c. would take excessively. I will willingly enter into a partnership in the plan with you: I think my heart and soul would go with it too—at least, give it a thought. My plan is but this minute come into my head; but it strikes me instantaneously as something new, good and useful, full of pleasure and full of moral. If old Quarles and Wither could live again, we would invite them into our firm. Burns hath done his part.

"Poor Sam. le Grice![2] I am afraid the world, and the camp, and the university, have spoilt him among them. 'Tis certain he had at one time a strong capacity of turning out something better. I knew him, and that not long since, when he had a most warm heart. I am ashamed of

[1] [This was one of the Cockney School addressing a Laker. Lamb seems here unconsciously to recognize the influence of Wordsworth.]

[2] [A brother of the C. V. Le Grice, who had gone as tutor to a gentleman in Cornwall. Lamb here refers to the paternal tenderness of Le Grice, when he was in the lowest depth of grief and melancholy after his mother's death, and while he had to be a companion to his poor father. Samuel Le Grice died not long after from yellow fever in the West Indies.]

the indifference I have sometimes felt towards him. I think the devil is in one's heart. I am under obligations to that man for the warmest friendship and heartiest sympathy, even for an agony of sympathy exprest both by word and deed, and tears for me, when I was in my greatest distress. But I have forgot that! as, I fear, he has nigh forgot the awful scenes which were before his eyes when he served the office of a comforter to me. No service was too mean or troublesome for him too perform. I can't think what but the devil, 'that old spider,' could have suck'd my heart so dry of its sense of all gratitude. If he does come in your way, Southey, fail not to tell him that I retain a most affectionate remembrance of his old friendliness, and an earnest wish to resume our intercourse. In this I am serious. I cannot recommend him to your society, because I am afraid whether he be quite worthy of it. But I have no right to dismiss him from *my* regard. He was at one time, and in the worst of times, my own familiar friend, and great comfort to me then. I have known him to play at cards with my father, meal-times excepted, literally all day long, in long days too, to save me from being teased by the old man, when I was not able to bear it.

"God bless him for it, and God bless you, Southey.

"C. L."

The year 1799, which had reduced the establishment at Little Queen Street to the brother and sister, and their servant Hetty, found Lamb (now in his four and twentieth year) engaged during his leisure hours in completing his tragedy of "John Woodvil," which seems to have been finished about Christmas, and transmitted to Mr. Kemble. Like all young authors, who are fascinated by the splendour of theatrical representation, he longed to see his conceptions embodied on the stage, and to receive his immediate reward in the sympathy of a crowd of excited spectators. The hope was vain; but it cheered him in many a lonely hour, and inspired him to write when exhausted with the business of the day, and when the less powerful stimulus of the press would have been insufficient to rouse him. In the meantime he continued

to correspond with Mr. Southey, to send him portions of his play, and to reciprocate criticisms with him. Lamb's admiration of the dramatists of Elizabeth's age was yet young, and had some of the indiscretion of an early love; but there was nothing affected in the antique cast of his language, or the frequent roughness of his verse. His delicate sense of beauty had found a congenial organ in the style which he tasted with rapture; and criticism gave him little encouragement to adapt it to the frigid insipidities of the time.

In the following letter to Mr. Southey, he introduces the delicious rhymed passage in the "Forest Scene," which Godwin, having accidentally seen quoted, took for a choice fragment of an old dramatist, and went to Lamb to assist him in finding the author.

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"May 20th, 1799.

"Dear Southey,—I thank you heartily for your intended presents, but do by no means see the necessity you are under of burthening yourself thereby. You have read old Wither's Supersedeas to small purpose. You object to my pauses being at the end of my lines. I do not know any great difficulty I shall find in diversifying or changing my blank verse; but I go upon the model of Shakspeare in my Play,[1] and endeavour after a colloquial ease and spirit, something like him.[2] I could so easily imitate

[1] ["John Woodvil," already commenced, but not printed till 1801.]

[2] [In the first volume of the "Retrospective Review," p. 15, in the course of a paper on the dramatic criticisms of Rymer, the writer observes:—"The old English feeling of tender beauty has at last begun to revive. Lamb's 'John Woodvil,' despised by the critics, and for a while neglected by the people, awakened those gentle pulses of deep joy, which had long forgotten to beat. Here first, after a long interval, instead of the pompous swelling of inane declamation, the music of humanity was heard in its sweetest tones. The air of freshness breathed over its forest scenes, the delicate grace of its images, its nice disclosure of consolations and venerableness in the nature of man, and the exquisite beauty of its catastrophe, where the strong remorse of the hero is melted into child-like tears, as he kneels on the little hassock where he had often knelt in infancy, is truly Shakespearian." This notice came *from a very friendly pen* in 1820, nineteen years after the first appear-

Milton's versification; but my ear and feeling would reject it, or any approaches to it, in the *drama*. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry that witches have been detected aforetimes in the shutting up of wombs. I certainly invented that conceit, and its coincidence with fact is accidental, for I never heard it. I have not seen those verses on Colonel Despard—I do not read any newspapers. Are they short to copy without much labour? I should like to see them.

"I just send you a few rhymes from my play, the only rhymes in it—a forest-liver giving an account of his amusements:—

> 'What sports have you in the forest?
> Not many,—some few,—as thus,
> To see the sun to bed, and see him rise,
> Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
> Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him:
> With all his fires and travelling glories round him:
> Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
> Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
> And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
> Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep:
> Sometimes outstretch'd in very idleness,
> Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
> To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
> Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
> When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
> Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
> And how the woods berries and worms provide,
> Without their pains, when earth hath nought beside
> To answer their small wants;
> To view the graceful deer come trooping by,
> Then pause, and gaze, then turn they know not why,
> Like bashful younkers in society;
> To mark the structure of a plant or tree;
> And all fair things of earth, how fair they be!' &c. &c.

"I love to anticipate charges of unoriginality: the first line is almost Shakspeare's:—

> 'To have my love to bed and to arise.'
> *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

ance of the volume; and Lamb, who probably saw it, must have been struck by the contrast between the critical tone and that with which the little book was greeted on its original publication, whatever he might privately think of the comparison now flatteringly instituted.]

"I think there is a sweetness in the versification not unlike some rhymes in that exquisite play, and the last line but three is yours:

'An eye
That met the gaze, or turn'd it knew not why.'
Rosamund's Epistle.

"I shall anticipate all my play, and have nothing to show you. An idea for Leviathan. Commentators on Job have been puzzled to find out a meaning for Leviathan,—'tis a whale, say some; a crocodile, say others. In my simple conjecture, Leviathan is neither more nor less than the Lord Mayor of London for the time being.

"'Rosamund'[1] sells well in London, malgre the non-revival of it. I sincerely wish you better health, and better health to Edith. Kind remembrances to her.

"C. LAMB.

"My sister Mary was never in better health or spirits than now."

The next brought a further instalment of the Tragedy:

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.[2]

[No superscription.] [May, 1799.]

"The following is a second Extract from my Tragedy *that is to be*,—'tis narrated by an old Steward to Margaret, orphan ward of Sir Walter Woodvil;—this, and the Dying Lover I gave you, are the only extracts I can give without mutilation. I expect you to like the old woman's curse:

OLD STEWARD.

One summer night, Sir Walter, as it chanc'd,
Was pacing to & fro in the avenue
That westward fronts our house,
Among those aged oaks, said to have been planted
Three hundred years ago
By a neighb'ring Prior of the Woodvil name.
But so it was,
Being overtask't in thought, he heeded not

[1] ["Rosamund Gray," printed the year before.]
[2] [F. W. Cosens orig.]

The importune suitor who stood by the gate,
And beg'd an alms.
Some say he shov'd her rudely from the gate
With angry chiding; but I can never think
(Sir Walter's nature hath a sweetness in it)
That he would use a woman—an old woman—
With such discourtesy;
For old she was who beg'd an alms of him.
Well, he refus'd her;
Whether for importunity, I know not,
Or that she came between his meditations.
But better had he met a Lion in the streets
Than this old woman that night;
For she was one who practis'd the black arts,
And served the devil—being since burn'd for witchcraft.
She look'd at him like one that meant to blast him,
And with a frightful noise
('Twas partly like a woman's voice,
And partly like the hissing of a snake)
She nothing said but this (Sir Walter told the words):

"A mischief, mischief, mischief,
And a nine-times killing curse,
By day and by night, to the caitive wight
Who shakes the poor like snakes from his door,
And shuts up the womb of his purse;
And a mischief, mischief, mischief,
And a nine-fold withering curse,—
For that shall come to thee, that will render thee
Both all that thou fear'st, and worse."

These words four times repeated, she departed,
Leaving Sir Walter like a man beneath
Whose feet a scaffolding had suddenly fal'n:
So he describ'd it.

MARGARET.

A terrible curse!

OLD STEWARD.

O Lady, such bad things are told of that old woman,
As, namely, that the milk she gave was sour,
And the babe who suck'd her shrivel'd like a mandrake;
And things besides, with a bigger horror in them,
Almost, I think, unlawful to be told!

MARGARET.

Then I must never hear them. But proceed,
And say what follow'd on the witch's curse.

OLD STEWARD.

Nothing immediate; but some nine months after,
Young Stephen Woodvil suddenly fell sick,

And none could tell what ail'd him: for he lay,
And pin'd, and pin'd, that all his hair came off;
And he, that was full-flesh'd, became as thin
As a two-months' babe that hath been starved in the nursing;—
And sure, I think,
He bore his illness like a little child,
With such rare sweetness of dumb melancholy
He strove to clothe his agony in smiles,
Which he would force up in his poor, pale cheeks,
Like ill-tim'd guests that had no proper business there;—
And when they ask'd him his complaint, he laid
His hand upon his heart to show the place
Where Satan came to him a nights, he said,
And prick'd him with a pin.—
And hereupon Sir Walter call'd to mind
The Beggar Witch that stood in the gate-way,
And begg'd an alms—

MARGARET.

I do not love to credit Tales of magic.
Heav'n's music, which is order, seems unstrung;
And this brave world,
Creation's beauteous work, unbeautified,
Disorder'd, marr'd, where such strange things are acted.

"This is the extract I brag'd of, as superior to that I sent to you from Marlow. Perhaps you smile; but I should like your remarks on the above, as you are deeper witch-read than I.[1]

[Indorsed:]
Rob. Southey,
Mr. Cottle's, Bookseller, High Street, Bristol.

[1] [The foregoing does not appear in the printed edition—perhaps Southey advised its exclusion; and one cannot help thinking, if so, that he judged rightly.]

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO HERTFORDSHIRE—COMMENCEMENT OF A CORRESPONDENCE WITH MANNING—RESUMED LETTERS TO COLERIDGE—VISITS TO STOWEY AND OXFORD—REMOVALS TO PENTONVILLE AND SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS.

[1799-1800.]

IN the autumn of 1799 Lamb revisited the scenes in Hertfordshire, where, in his grandmother's time, he had spent so many happy holidays. In the following letter, he just hints at feelings which, many years after, he so beautifully developed in those essays of Elia,—"Blakesmoor" and "Mackery End."

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"Oct. 31st, 1799.

"Dear Southey,—I have but just got your letter, being returned from Herts,[1] where I have passed a few red-letter days with much pleasure. I would describe the county to you, as you have done by Devonshire, but alas! I am a poor pen at that same. I could tell you of an old house with a tapestry bed-room, the 'judgment of Solomon' composing one pannel, and 'Actæon spying Diana naked' the other. I could tell of an old marble hall, with Hogarth's prints and the Roman Cæsars in marble hung round. I could tell of a *wilderness*, and of a village church, and where the bones of my honoured grandam lie; but there are feelings which refuse to be translated, sulky aborigines,

[1] [In a former letter (Nov. 8th, 1798, to Coleridge), Lamb states that he was going to meet Lloyd at Ware, to spend a day or two with him. It seems likely that when he speaks of again visiting Hertfordshire, it was as the guest of the same old friend, as it is known that Lloyd introduced Lamb to Manning just at this time, and the last-named may have met the author of Elia at Lloyd's. Lamb now took occasion to look once more at the mansion of the Plumers—the "old house" to which he refers in the text.]

which will not be naturalised in another soil. Of this nature are old family faces and scenes of infancy.

"I have given your address, and the books you want, to the Arches;[1] they will send them as soon as they can get them, but they do not seem quite familiar to their names. I shall have nothing to communicate, I fear, to the Anthology. You shall have some fragments of my play, if you desire them, but I think I had rather print it whole. Have you seen it, or shall I lend you a copy? I want your opinion of it.

"I must get to business, so farewell; my kind remembrances to Edith. "C. L."

It was during this short autumnal visit that Lamb's choice list of friends received a most important addition in Mr. Thomas Manning, son of a minister in Norfolk, and then a mathematical tutor at Cambridge; of whom he became a frequent correspondent, and to whom he remained strongly attached through life. Lloyd had become a graduate of the university, and to his introduction Lamb was indebted for Manning's friendship.[2] The following letters will shew how earnestly, yet how modestly, Lamb sought it. A very intimate friend of Coleridge and Lamb writes:—"I retain a very vivid recollection of Manning. . . . . I think few persons had so great a share of Lamb's admiration, for to few did he vouchsafe manifestations of his very extraordinary powers."[3] Lamb elsewhere describes Manning as a stupendous creature. It is to be suspected that in him Lamb was won by the union of academical *status* with a certain share of culture and homage to culture in others; and the visits paid by Lamb to the Universities from time to time evince a sort of regretful liking

[1] [The firm of publishers in Cornhill. Like Longman and Co. and other houses, they probably combined the retail business and literary agency.]

[2] [It seems by no means improbable that the Lloyds and Manning were connected by marriage. Was Mrs. Lloyd Manning's sister? I think I have seen it stated that Lloyd married one of the Frickers, Byron's "milliner of Bath;" but that is apparently a mistake, as Coleridge and Southey married two of the sisters, and the third was single many years after this date, as one collects from a letter from Miss Lamb to the mother of the late John Payne Collier.]

[3] [Allsop's "Letters, &c., of Coleridge," ed. 1864, p. 114.]

for their classic soil and its fine associations. Hazlitt says of him, when he was in Oxford with him in 1809, "in the quadrangles he walked gowned"—quoting in fact from Lamb's own "Sonnet written at Cambridge," when he went thither for the first time to see Lloyd in the winter of 1799, and was introduced to Manning.

TO MR. MANNING.

"Dec. 1799.

"Dear Manning,—The particular kindness, even up to a degree of attachment, which I have experienced from you, seems to claim some distinct acknowledgment on my part. I could not content myself with a bare remembrance to you, conveyed in some letter to Lloyd.

"Will it be agreeable to you, if I occasionally recruit your memory of me, which must else soon fade, if you consider the brief intercourse we have had? I am not likely to prove a troublesome correspondent. My scribbling days are past. I shall have no sentiments to communicate, but as they spring up from some living and worthy occasion.

"I look forward with great pleasure to the performance of your promise, that we should meet in London early in the ensuing year. The century must needs commence auspiciously for me, that brings with it Manning's friendship as an earnest of its after gifts.

"I should have written before, but for a troublesome inflammation in one of my eyes, brought on by night travelling with the coach windows sometimes up.

"What more I have to say shall be reserved for a letter to Lloyd. I must not prove tedious to you in my first outset, lest I should affright you by my ill-judged loquacity.

"I am, yours most sincerely,

"C. LAMB."

TO MR. MANNING.

"Dec. 28th, 1799.

"Dear Manning,—Having suspended my correspondence a decent interval, as knowing that even good things may be taken to satiety, a wish cannot but recur to learn

whether you be still well and happy. Do all things continue in the state I left them in Cambridge?

"Do your night parties still flourish? and do you continue to bewilder your company, with your thousand faces, running down through all the keys of idiotism (like Lloyd over his perpetual harpsicord), from the smile and the glimmer of half-sense and quarter-sense to the grin and hanging lip of Betty Foy's own Johnny? And does the face-dissolving curfew sound at twelve? How unlike the great originals were your petty terrors in the postscript, not fearful enough to make a fairy shudder, or a Lilliputian fine lady, eight months full of child, miscarry. Yet one of them, which had more beast than the rest, I thought faintly resembled *one* of your brutifications. But, seriously, I long to see your own honest Manning-face again. I did not mean a pun,—your *man's* face, you will be apt to say, I know your wicked will to pun. I cannot now write to Lloyd and you too, so you must convey as much interesting intelligence as this may contain, or be thought to contain, to him and Sophia,[1] with my dearest love and remembrances.

"By the by, I think you and Sophia both incorrect with regard to the *title* of the *play*.[2] Allowing your objection (which is not necessary, as pride may be, and is in real life often, cured by misfortunes not directly originating from its own acts, as Jeremy Taylor will tell you a naughty desire is sometimes sent to cure it—I know you read these *practical divines*). But allowing your objection, does not the betraying of his father's secret directly spring from pride?—from the pride of wine and a full heart, and a proud over-stepping of the ordinary rules of morality, and contempt of the prejudices of mankind, which are not to bind superior souls—'as *trust* in *the matter* of *secret* all *ties* of *blood*, &c., &c., keeping of *promises*, the feeble mind's religion, binding our *morning knowledge* to the performance of what *last night's ignorance* spake'—does he not prate, that '*Great Spirits*' must do more than die for their friend—does not the pride of wine incite him to display some evidence of friendship, which its own irregularity shall

[1] [Mrs. Lloyd.]

[2] It had been proposed to entitle "John Woodvil" "Pride's Cure."

make great? This I know, that I meant his punishment not alone to be a cure for his daily and habitual *pride*, but the direct consequence and appropriate punishment of a particular act of pride.

"If you do not understand it so, it is my fault in not explaining my meaning.

"I have not seen Coleridge since, and scarcely expect to see him,—perhaps he has been at Cambridge.

"Need I turn over to blot a fresh clean half-sheet? merely to say, what I hope you are sure of without my repeating it, that I would have you consider me, dear Manning,

"Your sincere friend,

"C. LAMB."

[The two, however, were not to remain long apart, for at the close of 1799 Coleridge, returned from Germany, had come up to London to make an effort to support himself by contributions to the daily press. The following note was addressed to him after his settlement for a time in the Metropolis, where he procured an engagement on the "Morning Post":—]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Jan. 2nd, 1800.

"Dear Coleridge,—Now I write, I cannot miss this opportunity of acknowledging the obligations myself, and the readers in general of that luminous paper, the 'Morning Post,' are under to you for the very novel and exquisite manner in which you combined political with grammatical science, in your yesterday's dissertation on Mr. Wyndham's unhappy composition. It must have been the death-blow to that ministry. I expect Pitt and Grenville to resign. More especially the delicate and Cottrellian grace with which you officiated, with a ferula for a white wand, as gentleman usher to the word 'also,' which it seems did not know its place.

"I expect Manning of Cambridge in town to-night—will you fulfil your promise of meeting him at my house? He is a man of a thousand. Give me a line to say what

day, whether Saturday, Sunday, Monday, &c., and if Sarah and the Philosopher can come. I am afraid if I did not at intervals call upon you, I should *never see you*. But I forget, the affairs of the nation engross your time and your mind.

"Farewell, "C. L."

Constant to the fame of Jem White, Lamb did not fail to enlist Manning among the admirers of the "Falstaff Letters." The next letter, referring to them is, however, more interesting for the light which it casts on Lamb's indifference to the politics of the time and fond devotion to the past.

TO MR. MANNING.

"March 1st, 1800.

"I hope by this time you are prepared to say, the 'Falstaff's letters' are a bundle of the sharpest, queerest, profoundest humours, of any these juice-drained latter times have spawned. I should have advertised you, that the meaning is frequently hard to be got at; and so are the future guineas, that now lie ripening and aurifying in the womb of some undiscovered Potosi; but dig, dig, dig, dig, Manning! I set to with an unconquerable propulsion to write, with a lamentable want of what to write. My private goings on are orderly as the movements of the spheres, and stale as their music to angels' ears. Public affairs—except as they touch upon me, and so turn into private, I cannot whip up my mind to feel any interest in. I grieve, indeed, that War, and Nature, and Mr. Pitt, that hangs up in Lloyd's best parlour, should have conspired to call up three necessaries, simple commoners as our fathers knew them, into the upper house of luxuries; bread, and beer, and coals, Manning. But as to France and Frenchmen, and the Abbé Sièyes and his constitutions, I cannot make these present times present to me. I read histories of the past, and I live in them; although, to abstract senses, they are far less momentous than the noises which keep Europe awake. I am reading Burnet's own Times. Did you ever read that garrulous, pleasant history? He tells his story like an old man past political service, brag-

ging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions, when 'his old cap was new.' Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness, that actually gives the *momentum* to national actors. Quite the prattle of age and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto relievo*. Himself a party man—he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold, and unnatural, and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, so fine and composite. None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the revolution present to me—the French revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far *from* me. To quit this tiresome subject, and to relieve you from two or three dismal yawns, which I hear in spirit, I here conclude my more than commonly obtuse letter; dull up to the dulness of a Dutch commentator on Shakspeare.

"My love to Lloyd and Sophia.

"C. L."

In February, 1800, Coleridge, who was still at work on the "Morning Post," took up his abode for a time with Lamb, as appears from the following letter:—

TO MR. MANNING.

"March 17th, 1800.

"Dear Manning,—I am living in a continuous feast. Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks, and the more I see of him in the quotidian undress and relaxation of his mind, the more cause I see to love him, and believe him a *very good man*, and all those foolish impressions to the contrary fly off like morning slumbers. He is engaged in translations, which I hope will keep him this month to come. He is uncommonly kind and friendly to me. He ferrets me day and night to *do something*. He tends me, amidst all his own worrying and heart-oppressing occupa-

tions, as a gardener tends his young *tulip*. Marry come up! what a pretty similitude, and how like your humble servant! He has lugged me to the brink of engaging to a newspaper, and has suggested to me for a first plan the forgery of a supposed manuscript of Burton the anatomist of melancholy.[1] I have even written the introductory letter; and, if I can pick up a few guineas this way, I feel they will be most *refreshing*, bread being so dear. If I go on with it, I will apprise you of it, as you may like to see my things! and the *tulip*, of all flowers, loves to be admired most.

"Pray pardon me, if my letters do not come very thick. I am so taken up with one thing or other, that I cannot pick out (I will not say time, but) fitting times to write to you. My dear love to Lloyd and Sophia, and pray split this thin letter into three parts, and present them with the *two biggest* in my name.

"They are my oldest friends; but ever the new friend driveth out the old, as the ballad sings! God bless you all three! I would hear from Lloyd, if I could.

"C. L."

"Flour has just fallen nine shillings a sack! we shall be all too rich.

"Tell Charles[2] I have seen his mamma, and have almost fallen in love with *her*, since I mayn't with Olivia. She is so fine and graceful, a complete matron-lady Quaker. She has given me two little books. Olivia grows a charming girl—full of feeling, and thinner than she was; but I have not time to fall in love.

"Mary presents her *general compliments*. She keeps in fine health! Huzza! boys, and down with the Atheists."[3]

[1] [The "Fragments of Burton," subsequently printed with "John Woodvil" in 1801.]

[2] [Charles Lloyd. Olivia was Lloyd's daughter.]

[3] [The more or less frequent recurrence in the Early Letters to matters of faith, taken with the original editor's somewhat elaborate efforts to explain them, unfolds a wavering condition of religious thought, such as one cannot be much surprised to find in a man of Lamb's keen sensibility and acute insight, surrounded by thinking acquaintances, who represented various shades of opinion, and some of whom proved inconstant to their youthful creeds.]

[A very long letter to Coleridge belongs here. It was written immediately after the completion of "John Woodvil," of which the writer transmits to his correspondent an early copy, and while Miss Lamb was still at home in the enjoyment of reason. It relates the invasion of the Lambs' lodgings by some bluestockings, rather probably to the sister's detriment, and among other matters solicits Coleridge to forward in MS. some lines wanted to complete an imperfect autograph copy of "Christabel," which Lamb says that he had found among some papers left in his charge.]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[End of 1800.]

"I send you, in this parcel, my play, which I beg you to present in my name, with my respect and love, to Wordsworth and his sister. You blame us for giving your direction to Miss Wesley; the woman has been ten times after us about it, and we gave it her at last, under the idea that no further harm would ensue, but she would *once* write to you, and you would bite your lips and forget to answer it, and so it would end. You read us a dismal homily upon 'Realities.' We know, quite as well as you do, what are shadows and what are realities. You, for instance, when you are over your fourth or fifth jorum, chirping about old school occurrences, are the best of realities. Shadows are cold, thin things, that have no warmth or grasp in them. Miss Wesley and her friend, and a tribe of authoresses that come after you here daily, and, in defect of you, hive and cluster upon us, are the shadows. You encouraged that mopsey, Miss Wesley, to dance after you, in the hope of having her nonsense put into a nonsensical Anthology. We have pretty well shaken her off, by that simple expedient of referring her to you; but there are more burrs in the wind. I came home t'other day from business, hungry as a hunter, to dinner, with nothing, I am sure, of *the author but hunger* about me, and whom found I closeted with Mary but a friend of this Miss Wesley, one Miss Benje, or Bengey—I don't know how she spells her name. I just came in time enough, I believe,

luckily to prevent them from exchanging vows of eternal friendship. It seems she is one of your authoresses, that you first foster, and then upbraid us with. But I forgive you. 'The rogue has given me potions to make me love him.' Well; go she would not, nor step a step over our threshold, till we had promised to come and drink tea with her next night. I had never seen her before, and could not tell who the devil it was that was so familiar. We went, however, not to be impolite. Her lodgings are up two pairs of stairs in East Street. Tea and coffee, and macaroons—a kind of cake I much love. We sat down. Presently Miss Benje broke the silence, by declaring herself quite of a different opinion from D'Israeli, who supposes the differences of human intellect to be the mere effect of organization. She begged to know my opinion. I attempted to carry it off with a pun upon organ; but that went off very flat. She immediately conceived a very low opinion of my metaphysics; and, turning round to Mary, put some question to her in French,—possibly having heard that neither Mary nor I understood French. The explanation that took place occasioned some embarrassment and much wondering. She then fell into an insulting conversation about the comparative genius and merits of all modern languages, and concluded with asserting that the Saxon was esteemed the purest dialect in Germany. From thence she passed into the subject of poetry; where I, who had hitherto sat mute and a hearer only, humbly hoped I might now put in a word to some advantage, seeing that it was my own trade in a manner. But I was stopped by a round assertion, that no good poetry had appeared since Dr. Johnson's time. It seems the Doctor has suppressed many hopeful geniuses that way by the severity of his critical strictures in his 'Lives of the Poets.' I here ventured to question the fact, and was beginning to appeal to *names*, but I was assured 'it was certainly the case.' Then we discussed Miss More's book on education, which I had never read. It seems Dr. Gregory, another of Miss Bengey's friends, has found fault with one of Miss More's metaphors. Miss More has been at some pains to vindicate herself—in the opinion of Miss Bengey, not without success. It seems the Doctor is invariably against

the use of broken or mixed metaphor, which he reprobates against the authority of Shakspeare himself. We next discussed the question, whether Pope was a poet? I find Dr. Gregory is of opinion he was not, though Miss Seward does not at all concur with him in this.[1] We then sat upon the comparative merits of the ten translations of 'Pizarro,' and Miss Bengey or Benje advised Mary to take two of them home; she thought it might afford her some pleasure to compare them *verbatim;* which we declined. It being now nine o'clock, wine and macaroons were again served round, and we parted, with a promise to go again next week, and meet the Miss Porters[2] who, it seems, have heard much of Mr. Coleridge, and wish to meet *us*, because we are *his* friends. I have been preparing for the occasion. I crowd cotton in my ears. I read all the reviews and magazines of the past month against the dreadful meeting, and I hope by these means to cut a tolerable second-rate figure.

"Pray let us have no more complaints about shadows. We are in a fair way, *through you*, to surfeit sick upon them.

"Our loves and respects to your host and hostess.[3] Our dearest love to Coleridge.[4]

"Take no thought about your prôof-sheets; they shall be done as if Woodfall[5] himself did them. Pray send us word of Mrs. Coleridge and little David Hartley, your little reality.

"Farewell, dear Substance. Take no umbrage at any thing I have written. "C. LAMB, *Umbra.*"

"Land of Shadows,
Shadow-month the 16th or 17th, 1800."

[1] [This question did not meet with its final solution here; perhaps it never will. In the "Scots' Magazine" for February, 1818, Hazlitt has a paper on the subject.]

[2] [Anna Maria and Jane Porter, authors of a series of novels, &c., from 1793 to 1826. The "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw" were perhaps the most popular of these now forgotten productions.]

[3] [The Wordsworths, with whom Coleridge was staying.]

[4] [The letter is addressed to Coleridge, of course; but Lamb's sense appears to be clear: he intends a sort of antithesis to the expression of his sentiments towards the Wordsworths.]

[5] [H. S. Woodfall, publisher of the "Public Advertiser," in which the "Letters of Junius" originally appeared.]

"Coleridge, I find loose among your papers a copy of "*Christabel.*" It wants about thirty lines; you will very much oblige me by sending me the beginning as far as that line,—

'And the spring comes slowly up this way;'

and the intermediate lines between—

'The lady leaps up suddenly,
The lovely Lady Christabel;'

and the lines,—

'She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.'

The trouble to you *will be small*, and the benefit to us *very great!* A pretty antithesis! A figure in speech I much applaud.

"Godwin has called upon us. He spent one evening here. Was very friendly. Kept us up till midnight. Drank punch, and talked about you. He seems, above all men, mortified at your going away.[1] Suppose you were to write to that good-natured heathen—'or is he a *shadow?*' If I do not *write*, impute it to the long postage, of which you have so much cause to complain. I have scribbled over a *queer letter*, as I find by perusal; but it means no mischief.

"I am, and will be, yours ever, in sober sadness,

"C. L."

"Write your *German* as plain as sunshine, for that must correct itself. You know I am homo unius linguæ: in English, illiterate, a dunce, a ninny."

[1] [A letter from Coleridge to Godwin, of March 25, 1801, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of "Antonio," accounts somewhat for his omission to write to the latter. He describes himself as having during the previous three months undergone a process of "intellectual exsiccation." "In my long illness," he says, "I had compelled into hours of delight many a sleepless, painful hour of darkness by chasing down metaphysical game, and since then I have continued the hunt, until I found myself unaware at the root of pure mathematics. . . . . The poet is dead in me." He does not refer to Lamb, but just asks his correspondent whether he had seen the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads." He did not write again apparently till July.—KEGAN PAUL'S *Godwin*, vol. ii., pp. 77-9.]

It would seem from the letters of 1800, that the natural determination of Lamb "to take what pleasure he could between the acts of his distressful drama," had led him into a wider circle of companionship, and had prompted sallies of wilder and broader mirth, which afterwards softened into delicacy, retaining all its whim. The following letter to Manning proves that his apprehensions for the diminution of his reverence for sacred things were not wholly unfounded; while, amidst its grotesque expressions, may be discerned that repugnance to the philosophical infidelity of some of his companions, which he retained through life. The passage may, perhaps, be regarded as a sort of desperate compromise between a wild gaiety and religious impressions obscured but not effaced, an intimation of his disapproval of infidelity, with a melancholy sense of his own unworthiness seriously to express it. Manning had taken a view of a personal matter, relating to a common friend of both, directly contrary to that of Lamb. The latter promises very shortly a copy of his play, already sent to Coleridge.

TO MR. MANNING.

[Little Queen Street, March-April, 1800.]

"Dear Manning,—Olivia is a good girl, and if you turn to my letter, you will find that the very plea you set up to vindicate Lloyd, I had made use of as a reason why he should never have employed Olivia to make a copy of such a letter—a letter I could not have sent to my enemy's b——h, if she had thought fit to seek me in the way of marriage. But you see it in one view, I in another. Rest you merry in your opinion! Opinion is a species of property; and though I am always desirous to share with my friend to a certain extent; I shall ever like to keep some tenets and some property properly my own. Some day, Manning, when we meet, substituting Corydon and fair Amaryllis, for Charles Lloyd and Mary Hayes, we will discuss together this question of moral feeling, 'In what cases and how far sincerity is a virtue?' I do not mean Truth—a good Olivia-like creature—God bless her, who,

meaning no offence, is always ready to give an answer when she is asked why she did so and so; but a certain forward-talking half-brother of hers, Sincerity, that amphibious gentleman, who is so ready to perk up his obnoxious sentiments unasked into your notice, as Midas would his ears into your face uncalled for. But I despair of doing anything by a letter in the way of explaining or coming to explanations. A good wish, or a pun, or a piece of secret history, may be well enough that way conveyed; nay, it has been known that intelligence of a turkey hath been conveyed by that medium without much ambiguity. Godwin I am a good deal pleased with. He is a very well-behaved, decent man, nothing very brilliant about him, or imposing, as you may suppose; quite another guess sort of gentleman from what your Anti-Jacobin Christians imagine him. I was well pleased to find he has neither horns nor claws; quite a tame creature, I assure you. A middle-sized man, both in stature and in understanding; whereas, from his noisy fame, you would expect to find a Briareus Centimanus or a Tityus tall enough to pull Jupiter from his heavens.

"I begin to think you Atheists not quite so tall a species. Coleridge inquires after you pretty often. I wish to be the pandar to bring you together again once before I die. When we die, you and I must part; the sheep, you know, take the right hand, and the goats the left. Stripped of its allegory, you must know, the sheep are *I*, and the Apostles and the Martyrs, and the Popes, and Bishop Taylor and Bishop Horsley, and Coleridge, &c., &c.; the goats are the Atheists and the Adulterers, and dumb dogs, and Godwin and M . . . . . g, and that Thyestæan crew—yaw! how my saintship sickens at the idea!

"You shall have my play and the Falstaff letters in a day or two. I will write to Lloyd by this day's post.

"Pray, is it a part of your sincerity to show my letters to Lloyd? for really gentlemen ought to explain their virtues upon a first acquaintance, to prevent mistakes.

"God bless you, Manning. Take my trifling *as trifling;* and believe me, seriously and deeply,

"Your well-wisher and friend,

"C. L."

But the good fortune of having his sister in health, reported to Manning at the close of the letter of the 17th March last, was of brief duration. An old maid-servant who assisted her in the lodging became ill; Miss Lamb incessantly watched the death-bed; and just as the poor creature died, was again seized with madness. Lamb placed her under medical care; and, left alone, wrote the following short and miserable letter:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"[Little Queen Street,] Monday, May 12th, 1800.

"My dear Coleridge,—I don't know why I write, except from the propensity misery has to tell her griefs. Hetty died on Friday night, about eleven o'clock, after eight days' illness; Mary, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in a house with nothing but Hetty's dead body to keep me company. To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat, to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again; but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. Excuse my troubling you; but I have nobody by me to speak to me. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and the stillness. But I did not sleep well, and I must come back to my own bed. I am going to try and get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow. I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead.—God bless you. Love to Sara and Hartley. "C. LAMB."

In a letter to Godwin, written about a month later (21st May, 1800), Coleridge pathetically and beautifully says:—"My poor Lamb! how cruelly afflictions crowd upon him! I am glad that you think of him as I think; he has an affectionate heart, a mind *sui generis;* his taste acts so as

to appear like the unmechanic simplicity of an instinct—in brief, he is worth a hundred men of *mere* talent. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells—one warms by exercise. Lamb every now and then *irradiates*, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, is yet rich with colours, and I both see and feel it."

In the early summer of this year, Lamb left completely alone by the absence of his sister and the death of old Hetty, for the second time visited Coleridge, who had given up the "Post," and gone on a visit to Wordsworth in his new home at Grasmere, and spent a few delightful holidays in that most congenial society. This was the first opportunity Lamb had enjoyed of seeing much of the poet, who was destined to exercise a beneficial and lasting influence on the literature and moral sense of the opening century. At this time Lamb was scarcely prepared to sympathise with the naked simplicity of the "Lyrical Ballads," of which Wordsworth was preparing a second and enlarged edition[1] for the press. The "rich conceits" of the writers of Elizabeth's reign had been blended with his first love of poetry, and he could not at once acknowledge the serene beauty of a style in which language was only the stainless mirror of thought, and which sought no aid either from the grandeur of artificial life or the pomp of words. In after days he was among the most earnest of this great poet's admirers, and rejoiced as he found the scoffers who sneered at his bold experiment gradually owning his power. How he felt when the little golden opportunity of conversation with Wordsworth and Coleridge had passed will appear from the following letter, which seems to have been addressed to Coleridge shortly after his return to London.

[In the meantime, the Lambs had removed from Little Queen Street, their first abode outside the Temple, to 45, Chapel Street, Pentonville, where we see that Coleridge in this letter is asked to address his friend. The stay at Pentonville is remarkable for the fugitive passion conceived by Lamb for a young Quakeress, named Hester Savory, which he has enshrined and immortalized in the

[1] [Two volumes, small octavo, 1800. Only the second volume was new, the first being the first issue of 1798 with a reprinted title.]

little poem of "Hester." I have speculated whether the young lady was related to "young Savory," of the India House, who is mentioned in one of the very early letters. Hester was Lamb's second flame for, we must recollect, he had already (in Salutation and Cat days) been smitten by the charms of Anna, the fair-haired maid of Islington.[1] This migration was experimental, and was perhaps the outcome of a natural longing to escape from Little Queen Street and its miserable surroundings and memories. During a considerable portion of the residence there, Miss Lamb was away; and it was to the solitude in which he was left, that we owe possibly his little passing affair of gallantry with the Quaker maiden.]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[Chapel Street, Pentonville, June, 1800.]

"I am scarcely yet so reconciled to the loss of you, or so subsided into my wonted uniformity of feeling, as to sit calmly down to think of you and write to you. But I reason myself into the belief that those few and pleasant holidays shall not have been spent in vain. I feel improvement in the recollection of many a casual conversation. The names of Tom Poole, of Wordsworth and his good sister, with thine and Sarah's, are become 'familiar in my mouth as household words.' You would make me very happy, if you think W. has no objection, by transcribing for me that inscription of his. I have some scattered sentences ever floating on my memory, teasing me that I cannot remember more of it. You may believe I will make no improper use of it. Believe me I can think now of many subjects on which I had planned gaining information from you; but I forgot my 'treasure's worth' while I possessed it. Your leg is now become to me a matter of much importance—and many a little thing, which when I was present with you seemed scarce to *indent* my notice, now presses painfully on my remembrance. Is the Patriot[2]

[1] [See p. 87, *supra*.]

[2] [Citizen Thelwall, mentioned just below. See the preliminary notices.]

come yet? Are Wordsworth and his sister gone yet? I was looking out for John Thelwall all the way from Bridgewater, and had I met him, I think it would have moved almost me to tears. You will oblige me too by sending me my great-coat, which I left behind in the oblivious state the mind is thrown into at parting—is it not ridiculous that I sometimes envy that great-coat lingering so cunningly behind?[1]—at present I have none—so send it me by a Stowey waggon, if there be such a thing, directing for C. L., No. 45, Chapel-street, Pentonville, near London. But above all, *that Inscription!*—it will recall to me the tones of all your voices—and with them many a remembered kindness to one who could and can repay you all only by the silence of a grateful heart. I could not talk much, while I was with you, but my silence was not sullenness, nor I hope from any bad motive; but, in truth, disuse has made me awkward at it. I know I behaved myself, particularly at Tom Poole's, and at Cruikshanks', most like a sulky child; but company and converse are strange to me. It was kind in you all to endure me as you did.

"Are you and your dear Sarah—to me also very dear, because very kind—agreed yet about the management of little Hartley? and how go on the little rogue's teeth? I will see White to-morrow, and he shall send you information on that matter; but as perhaps I can do it as well after talking with him, I will keep this letter open.

"My love and thanks to you and all of you. "C. L.

"Wednesday Evening."

After an interval of a few weeks came another, on the subject of some books which had miscarried, and other matters:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[Chapel Street, Pentonville, June 22, 1800.]

"By some fatality, unusual with me, I have mislaid the list of books which you want. Can you from memory easily supply me with another?

[1] [Presumably the veritable garment which he had forgotten on his former visit, and of which he deplores the want in a letter of September, 1797.]

"I confess to Statius, and I detained him wilfully, out of a reverent regard to your style. Statius, they tell me, is turgid. As to that other Latin book, since you know neither its name nor subject, your wants (I crave leave to apprehend) cannot be very urgent. Meanwhile, dream that it is one of the lost Decades of Livy.

"Your partiality to me has led you to form an erroneous opinion as to the measure of delight you suppose me to take in obliging. Pray, be careful that it spread no further. 'Tis one of those heresies that is very pregnant. Pray, rest more satisfied with the portion of learning which you have got, and disturb my peaceful ignorance as little as possible with such sort of commissions.

"Did you never observe an appearance well known by the name of the man in the moon? Some scandalous old maids have set on foot a report that it is Endymion.

"Your theory about the first awkward step a man makes being the consequence of learning to dance, is not universal. We have known many youths bred up at Christ's, who never learned to dance, yet the world imputes to them no very graceful motions. I remember there was little Hudson, the immortal precentor of St. Paul's, to teach us our quavers: but, to the best of my recollection, there was no master of motions when we were at Christ's.

"Farewell, in haste.

"C. L."

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS TO MANNING AND COLERIDGE.

[1800.]

THE prospect of obtaining a residence more suited to the peculiar exigencies of his situation than that which he then occupied at Pentonville, gave Lamb comfort, which he expressed in the following short letter.

TO MR. MANNING.

[Chapel Street, Pentonville, a little before Midsummer, 1800.]

"Dear Manning,—I feel myself unable to thank you sufficiently for your kind letter. It was doubly acceptable to me, both for the choice poetry and the kind honest prose which it contained. It was just such a letter as I should have expected from Manning.

"I am in much better spirits than when I wrote last. I have had a very eligible offer to lodge with a friend in town.[1] He will have rooms to let at midsummer, by which time I hope my sister will be well enough to join me. It is a great object to me to live in town, where we shall be much more *private*, and to quit a house and neighbourhood where poor Mary's disorder, so frequently recurring, has made us a sort of marked people. We can be nowhere private except in the midst of London. We shall be in a family where we visit very frequently; only my landlord and I have not yet come to a conclusion. He has a partner to consult. I am still on the tremble, for I do not know where we could go into lodgings that would not be, in many respects, highly exceptionable. Only God send Mary well again, and I hope all will be well! The prospect, such as it is, has made me quite happy. I have just time to tell you of it, as I know it will give you pleasure. —Farewell. "C. LAMB."

[1] [John Mathew Gutch, as disclosed in the next. See, as to Gutch, my "Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874, pp. 154-7, 245.]

This hope was accomplished; at Midsummer, 1800, Lamb shifted into these new quarters; and in about six weeks his sister was sufficiently restored to health to join him. He had in the mean time paid his first visit to Oxford, and we get his notion of it and of the Bodleian.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[Southampton Buildings, August, 1800.]

"Dear Coleridge,—Soon after I wrote to you last,[1] an offer was made me by Gutch (you must remember him at Christ's ?—you saw him, slightly, one day with Thomson at our house)—to come and lodge with him at his house in Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane. This was a very comfortable offer to me, the rooms being at a reasonable rent, and including the use of an old servant, besides being infinitely preferable to ordinary lodgings *in our case*, as you must perceive. As Gutch knew all our story and the perpetual liability to a recurrence in my sister's disorder, probably to the end of her life, I certainly think the offer very generous and very friendly. I have got three rooms (including servant) under £34 a year. Here I soon found myself at home; and here, in six weeks after, Mary was well enough to join me. So we are once more settled. I am afraid we are not placed out of the reach of future interruptions. But I am determined to take what snatches of pleasure we can between the acts of our distressful drama. . . . . I have passed two days at Oxford on a visit, which I have long put off, to Gutch's family. The sight of the Bodleian Library and, above all, a fine bust of Bishop Taylor at All Souls', were particularly gratifying to me; unluckily, it was not a family where I could take Mary with me, and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasures I take without *her*. She never goes anywhere. I do not know what I can add to this letter. I hope you are better by this time; and I desire to be affectionately remembered to Sarah and Hartley.

"I expected before this to have had tidings of another

[1] [Apparently a reference to the Pentonville letter of June 22, 1800.]

little philosopher. Lloyd's wife is on the point of favouring the world.

"Have you seen the new edition of Burns? his posthumous works and letters? I have only been able to procure the first volume, which contains his life—very confusedly and badly written, and interspersed with dull pathological and *medical* discussions. It is written by a Dr. Currie. Do you know the well-meaning doctor? Alas, *ne sutor ultra crepidam!*

"I hope to hear again from you very soon. Godwin is gone to Ireland on a visit to Grattan.[1] Before he went I passed much time with him, and he has showed me particular attention: N.B. A thing I much like. Your books are all safe: only I have not thought it necessary to fetch away your last batch, which I understand are at Johnson's the bookseller, who has got quite as much room, and will take as much care of them as myself—and you can send for them immediately from him.

"I wish you would advert to a letter I sent you at Grasmere about "Christabel,"[2] and comply with my request contained therein.

"Love to all friends round Skiddaw.[3] "C. LAMB."

In the next to Coleridge at Grasmere, where he was still domesticated with Wordsworth, among many other things, we find allusions to Buonaparte's Letters and Albertus Magnus "de Chartis Amissis." The former is a well-known volume,[4] but the cited treatise by Albert of Bollstadt on lost manuscripts or papers, which Coleridge was to read five times after being cupped, appears to be a mere pleasantry on Lamb's part.

[1] [A slip of the pen for Curran. See "William Godwin, His Friends and Contemporaries," by C. Kegan Paul, 1876, ii. 5.]

[2] [This alludes to the completion of the MS. copy of the poem in Lamb's hands, as requested in the former letter.]

[3] [Owing to the absence of dates and sometimes of clues, the settlement of the chronology of the letters of 1799-1800 has proved very difficult. In the former attempt to arrange them in proper sequence, I have no doubt that I made many mistakes, which I have now done my best to rectify.]

[4] [Copies of Original Letters from the Army of General Bonaparte in Egypt, intercepted by the Fleet . . . 8vo, 1798.]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"[Southampton Buildings,] Aug. 6th, 1800.

"Dear Coleridge,—I have taken to-day, and delivered to Longman and Co., *Imprimis:* your books, viz., three ponderous German dictionaries, one volume (I can find no more) of German and French ditto, sundry other German books unbound, as you left them, Percy's Ancient Poetry, and one volume of Anderson's Poets. I specify them, that you may not lose any. *Secundo:* a dressing-gown (value, fivepence), in which you used to sit and look like a conjuror, when you were translating 'Wallenstein.' A case of two razors and a shaving-box and strap. This it has cost me a severe struggle to part with. They are in a brown-paper parcel, which also contains sundry papers and poems, sermons, *some few Epic* Poems,—one about Cain and Abel, which came from Poole,[1] &c., &c., and also your tragedy; with one or two small German books, and that drama in which Got-fader performs. *Tertio:* a small oblong box containing *all your letters*, collected from all your waste papers, and which fill the said little box. All other waste papers, which I judged worth sending, are in the paper parcel aforesaid. But you will find *all* your letters in the box by themselves. Thus have I discharged my conscience and my lumber-room of all your property, save and except a folio entitled Tyrrell's Bibliotheca Politica,[2] which you used to learn your politics out of when you wrote for the Post, *mutatis mutandis*, *i.e.*, applying past inferences to modern *data*. I retain that, because I am sensible I am very deficient in the politics myself; and I have torn up—don't be angry, waste paper has risen forty per cent., and I can't afford to buy it—all Buonaparte's Letters, Arthur Young's Treatise on Corn, and one or two more light-armed infantry, which I thought better suited the flippancy of London discussion than the dignity of Keswick thinking. Mary says you will be in a passion about them when you come to miss them; but you must study philosophy. Read

[1] [Mr. Poole, of Nether-Stowey.]

[2] [An ephemeral publication, which made its appearance at the close of the seventeenth century in parts.]

Albertus Magnus de Chartis Amissis five times over after phlebotomising,—'tis Burton's recipe—and then be angry with an absent friend if you can. Sara is obscure. Am I to understand by her letter, that she sends a *kiss* to Eliza Buckingham? Pray tell your wife that a note of interrogation on the superscription of a letter is highly ungrammatical—she proposes writing my name *Lamb?* Lambe is quite enough. I have had the Anthology,[1] and like only one thing in it, *Lewti*; but of that the last stanza is detestable, the rest most exquisite!—the epithet *enviable* would dash the finest poem. For God's sake (I never was more serious), don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print, or do it in better verses. It did well enough five years ago when I came to see you, and was moral coxcomb enough at the time you wrote the lines, to feed upon such epithets; but, besides that, the meaning of gentle is equivocal at best, and almost always means poor-spirited, the very quality of gentleness is abhorrent to such vile trumpetings. My *sentiment* is long since vanished. I hope my *virtues* have done *sucking*. I can scarce think but you meant it in joke. I hope you did, for I should be ashamed to think you could think to gratify me by such praise, fit only to be a cordial to some green-sick sonneteer.[2]

"I have hit off the following in imitation of old English poetry, which, I imagine, I am a dab at. The measure is unmeasureable; but it most resembles that beautiful ballad of the 'Old and Young Courtier;[3] and in its feature of

[1] [The volume for 1800. It was the second and last. Phœbus and the Muses did avert a continuance of the Series. Compare the letter of August 14, 1800, to Coleridge *infrâ*.]

[2] This refers to a poem of Coleridge's, composed in 1797, and published in the Anthology of the year 1800, under the title of "This Lime-tree Bower my Prison," addressed to "Charles Lamb, of the India House, London," in which Lamb is thus apostrophised, as taking more pleasure in the country than Coleridge's other visitors—a compliment which even then he scarcely merited:—

> "—— But thou, methinks most glad,
> My gentle-hearted Charles, for thou hast pined
> And linger'd after nature many a year,
> In the great city pent."—&c.

[3] [A ballad by T. Howard, entitled "An Old Song of the Old Cour-

taking the extremes of two situations for just parallel, it resembles the old poetry certainly. If I could but stretch out the circumstances to twelve more verses, *i. e.* if I had as much genius as the writer of that old song, I think it would be excellent. It was to follow an imitation of Burton in prose, which you have not seen. But fate 'and wisest Stewart'[1] say No.

"I can send you 200 pens and six quires of paper *immediately*, if they will answer the carriage by coach. It would be foolish to pack 'em up *cum multis libris et cæteris*,—they would all spoil. I only wait your commands to coach them. I would pay five-and-forty thousand carriages to read W.'s tragedy,[2] of which I have heard so much and seen so little —only what I saw at Stowey. Pray give me an order in writing on Longman for 'Lyrical Ballads.' I have the first volume, and, truth to tell, six shillings is a broad shot. I cram all I can in, to save a multiplying of letters—those pretty comets with swinging tails.

"I'll just crowd in God bless you! C. LAMB."

The next communications are to Manning, and are partly on domestic and partly on literary topics:—

TO MR. MANNING.

"[Southampton Buildings], August 9th, 1800.

"DEAR MANNING,—I suppose you have heard of Sophia Lloyd's good fortune, and paid the customary compliments to the parents. Heaven keep the new-born infant from

tier's of the King's; with a New Song of a New Courtier of the King's, to the tune of the 'Queen's Old Courtier.'" It was printed about the Restoration, and a copy is in the Roxburgh Collection.]

[1] [Or rather, perhaps, Stuart,—Daniel Stuart, editor of the "Morning Post."]

[2] [A tragedy by Wordsworth which Hazlitt appears to have seen in MS., as he quotes a passage from it in his Character of Wordsworth in the "Spirit of the Age," but which is supposed not to survive. See further in the letter of August 26th, 1800. The play seems to have been clearly composed, for Coleridge, in a letter, says that he had procured for the author an introduction to Harris, manager of Covent Garden, who promised to read it attentively, and give an early answer. Cottle adds that he offered Coleridge and Wordsworth thirty guineas each for their tragedies, but that they declined, hoping to see them performed.]

star-blasting and moon-blasting, from epilepsy, marasmus, and the devil! May he live to see many days, and they good ones: some friends, and they pretty regular correspondents, with as much wit as wisdom as will eat their bread and cheese together under a poor roof without quarrelling: as much goodness as will earn heaven! Here I must leave off, my benedictory powers failing me.

"And now, when shall I catch a glimpse of your honest face-to-face countenance again—your fine *dogmatical sceptical* face, by punch-light? O! one glimpse of the human face, and shake of the human hand, is better than whole reams of this cold, thin correspondence—yea, of more worth than all the letters that have sweated the fingers of sensibility from Madame Sévigné and Balzac to Sterne and Shenstone.

"Coleridge is settled with his wife and the young philosopher at Keswick with the Wordsworths. They have contrived to spawn a new volume of lyrical ballads, which is to see the light in about a month, and causes no little excitement in the *literary world*. George Dyer, too, that good-natured heathen, is more than nine months gone with his twin volumes of ode, pastoral, sonnet, elegy, Spenserian, Horatian, Akensidish, and Masonic verse—Clio prosper the birth! it will be twelve shillings out of somebody's pocket. I find he means to exclude 'personal satire,' so it appears by his truly original advertisement. Well, God put it into the hearts of the English gentry to come in shoals and subscribe to his poems, for He never put a kinder heart into flesh of man than George Dyer's!

"Now farewell: for dinner is at hand. "C. L."

The next is short but characteristic. Manning had desired to see Lamb at Cambridge.

TO MR. MANNING.

"August 11th, 1800.

"My dear fellow (N.B. mighty familiar of late!) for me to come to Cambridge now is one of Heaven's impossibilities. Metaphysicians tell us, even it can work nothing which implies a contradiction. I can explain this by telling

you that I am engaged to do double duty (this hot weather!) for a man who has taken advantage of this very weather to go and cool himself in 'green retreats' all the month of August.

"But for you to come to London instead!—muse upon it, revolve it, cast it about in your mind. I have a bed at your command. You shall drink rum, brandy, gin, aquavitæ, usquebaugh, or whiskey a' nights; and for the after-dinner trick I have eight bottles of genuine port, which, if mathematically divided, gives 1½ for every day you stay, provided you stay a week. Hear John Milton sing,

> 'Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause.'
> *Twenty-first Sonnet.*

And elsewhere,—

> 'What neat repast shall feast us, light[1] and choice,
> Of Attic taste, with wine,[2] whence we may rise
> To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
> Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?'

"Indeed, the poets are full of this pleasing morality—Veni cito, Domine Manning! Think upon it. Excuse the paper: it is all I have. "C. LAMB."

The letter to Coleridge, which follows, was written, as we see, three days later.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Aug. 14, 1800.

"My head is playing all the tunes in the world, ringing such peals. It has just finished the 'Merry Christ Church Bells,' and absolutely is beginning 'Turn again, Whittington.' Buz, buz, buz: bum, bum, bum: wheeze, wheeze, wheeze: fen, fen, fen: tinky, tinky, tinky: *cr'aunch*. I shall certainly come to be condemned at last. I have been drinking too much for two days running. I find my moral sense in the last stage of a consumption, and my religion getting faint. This is disheartening; but I trust the devil will not overpower me. In the midst of this infernal

[1] "We poets generally give *light* dinners."
[2] No doubt the poet here alludes to port wine at 38*s*. the dozen.

torture, Conscience is barking and yelping as loud as any of them. I have sat down to read over again,[1] and I think I do begin to spy out something with beauty and design in it. I perfectly accede to all your alterations, and only desire that you had cut deeper, when your hand was in.

"In sober truth, I cannot see any great truth in the little Dialogue called 'Blenheim.' It is rather novel and pretty; but the thought is very obvious, and is but poor prattle, a thing of easy imitation. *Pauper vult videri et est.*

"In the next edition of the 'Anthology' (which Phœbus avert and those nine other wandering maids also!) please to blot out gentle-hearted,[2] and substitute drunken dog, ragged-head, seld-shaven, odd-eyed, stuttering, or any other epithet which truly and properly belongs to the gentleman in question. And for Charles read Tom, or Bob, or Richard for mere delicacy. Hang you, I was beginning to forgive you and believe in earnest that the lugging in of my proper name was purely unintentional on your part, when looking back for further conviction, stares me in the face *Charles Lamb of the India House. Now* I am convinced it was all done in malice, heaped sack-upon-sack, congregated, studied malice. You dog! your 141st page shall not save you. I own I was just ready to acknowledge that there is a something not unlike good poetry in that page, if you had not run into the unintelligible abstraction-fit about the manner of the Deity's making spirits perceive his presence. God, nor created thing alive, can receive any honour from such thin show-box attributes. By-the-by, where did you pick up that scandalous piece of private history about the angel and the Duchess of Devonshire?[3] If it is a fiction of your own, why truly it is a very modest one *for you.* Now I do affirm, that 'Lewti' is

[1 The volume of the "Anthology," with some of Coleridge's Poems in it. See the letters of August 6 and 9.]

[2 Compare the letter of August 6, *supra*, where Lamb energetically remonstrates with Coleridge on this phrase.]

[3 The well-known passage where Coleridge compliments Georgina Duchess of Devonshire on her poetical accomplishments:—

"O lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure,
Where got ye that heroic measure?"]

a very beautiful poem. I *was* in earnest when I praised it. It describes a silly species of one not the wisest of passions. *Therefore* it cannot deeply affect a disenthralled mind. But such imagery, such novelty, such delicacy, and such versification never got into an 'Anthology' before. I am only sorry that the cause of all the passionate complaint is not greater than the trifling circumstance of Lewti being out of temper one day. 'Gaulberto' certainly has considerable originality, but sadly wants finishing. It is, as it is, one of the very best in the book. Next to 'Lewti' I like the 'Raven,' which has a good deal of humour. I was pleased to see it again, for you once sent it me, and I have lost the letter which contained it. Now I am on the subject of Anthologies, I must say I am sorry the old pastoral way is fallen into disrepute. The gentry which now indite sonnets are certainly the legitimate descendants of the ancient shepherds. The same simpering face of description, the old family face, is visibly continued in the line. Some of their ancestors' labours are yet to be found in Allan Ramsay's and Jacob Tonson's Miscellanies.[1] But, miscellanies decaying and the old pastoral way dying of mere want, their successors (driven from their paternal acres) now-a-days settle and live upon Magazines and Anthologies. This race of men are uncommonly addicted to superstition. Some of them are idolators and worship the moon. Others deify qualities, as love, friendship, sensibility, or bare accidents, as Solitude. Grief and Melancholy have their respective altars and temples among them, as the heathens builded theirs to Mors, Febris, Pallor, &c. They all agree in ascribing a peculiar sanctity to the number fourteen.[2] One of their own legislators affirmeth, that whatever exceeds that number 'encroacheth upon the province of the elegy'—*vice versa*, whatever 'cometh short of that number abutteth upon the premises of the epigram.' I have been able to discover but few *images* in their temples which, like the caves of Delphos of old, are famous for giving *echoes*. They impute a religious importance to the letter

[1] [The "Tea Table Miscellany," and what is generally known as Dryden's Miscellany Poems.]

[2] [The limits of the sonnet, with a side reference to the mystical number.]

O,[1] whether because by its roundness it is thought to typify the moon, their principal goddess, or for its analogies to their own labours, all ending where they began, or for whatever other high and mystical reference, I have never been able to discover, but I observe they never begin their invocations to their gods without it, except indeed one insignificant sect among them, who use the Doric A, pronounced like Ah! broad, instead.[2] These boast to have restored the old Dorian mood.

"Now I am on the subject of poetry, I must announce to you who, doubtless, in your remote part of the island, have not heard tidings of so great a blessing, that George Dyer hath prepared two ponderous volumes full of poetry and criticism. They impend over the town, and are threatened to fall in the winter. The first volume contains every sort of poetry except personal satire, which George, in his truly original prospectus, renounceth for ever, whimsically foisting the intention in between the price of his book and the proposed number of subscribers. (If I can, I will get you a copy of his *handbill*.) He has tried his *vein* in every species besides—the Spenserian, Thomsonian, Masonic and Akensidish more especially. The second volume is all criticism; wherein he demonstrates to the entire satisfaction of the literary world, in a way that must silence all reply for ever, that the pastoral was introduced by Theocritus and polished by Virgil and Pope—that Gray and Mason (who always hunt in couples in George's brain) have a good deal of poetical fire and true lyric genius—that Cowley was ruined by excess of wit (a warning to all moderns)—that Charles Lloyd, Charles Lamb, and William Wordsworth, in later days, have struck the true chords of poesy. O George, George! with a head uniformly wrong and a heart uniformly right, that I had power and might equal to my wishes: then would I call the gentry of thy native island, and they should come in troops, flocking at the sound of thy prospectus-trumpet, and crowding who

[1] [A skit at the superfluous use of the letter for the purpose of making out a line, I conclude. O has rather to do with serpent-worship than the moon.]

[2] [But this pronunciation has always been adopted by the Continental and Scotish universities and academies.]

shall be first to stand in thy list of subscribers! I can only put twelve shillings into thy pocket (which, I will answer for them, will not stick there long), out of a pocket almost as bare as thine. Is it not a pity so much fine writing should be erased? But, to tell the truth, I began to scent that I was getting into that sort of style which Longinus and Dionysius Halicarnassus fitly call 'the affected.'"

"C. L."

In the following letter Lamb's fantastic spirits find scope freely, though in all kindness, in the peculiarities of the learned and good George Dyer:—

TO MR. MANNING.

"[Southampton Buildings], August 22nd, 1800.

"Dear Manning,—You needed not imagine any apology necessary. Your fine hare and fine birds (which just now are dangling by our kitchen blaze) discourse most eloquent music in your justification. You just nicked my palate. For, with all due decorum and leave may it be spoken, my worship hath taken physic to-day, and being low and puling, requireth to be pampered. Foh! how beautiful and strong those buttered onions come to my nose! For you must know we extract a divine spirit of gravy from those materials which, duly compounded with a consistence of bread and cream (y'clept bread-sauce), each to each giving double grace, do mutually illustrate and set off (as skilful goldfoils to rare jewels) your partridge, pheasant, woodcock, snipe, teal, widgeon, and the other lesser daughters of the ark. My friendship, struggling with my carnal and fleshly prudence (which suggests that a bird a man is the proper allotment in such cases), yearneth sometimes to have thee here to pick a wing or so. I question if your Norfolk sauces match our London culinaric.

"George Dyer has introduced me to the table of an agreeable old gentleman, Dr. Anderson, who gives hot legs of mutton and grape pies at his sylvan lodge at Isleworth, where, in the middle of a street, he has shot up a wall most preposterously before his small dwelling, which, with

the circumstance of his taking several panes of glass out of bedroom windows (for air) causeth his neighbours to speculate strangely on the state of the good man's pericranicks. Plainly, he lives under the reputation of being deranged. George does not mind this circumstance; he rather likes him the better for it. The Doctor, in his pursuits, joins agricultural to poetical science, and has set George's brains mad about the old Scotch writers, Barbour, Douglas's Æneid, Blind Harry, &c. We returned home in a return postchaise (having dined with the Doctor), and George kept wondering and wondering, for eight or nine turnpike miles, what was the name, and striving to recollect the name of a poet anterior to Barbour. I begged to know what was remaining of his works. 'There is nothing *extant* of his works, Sir, but by all accounts he seems to have been a fine genius!' This fine genius, without anything to show for it or any title beyond George's courtesy, without even a name! and Barbour, and Douglas, and Blind Harry, now are the predominant sounds in George's pia mater, and their buzzings exclude politics, criticism, and algebra—the late lords of that illustrious lumber-room. Mark, he has never read any of these bucks, but is impatient till he reads them *all* at the Doctor's suggestion. Poor Dyer! his friends should be careful what sparks they let fall into such inflammable matter.

"Could I have my will of the heathen, I would lock him up from all access of new ideas; I would exclude all critics that would not swear me first (upon their Virgil) that they would feed him with nothing but the old, safe, familiar notions and sounds (the rightful aborigines of his brain)—Gray, Akenside and Mason. In these sounds, reiterated as often as possible, there could be nothing painful, nothing distracting.

"God bless me, here are the birds, smoking hot!

"All that is gross and unspiritual in me rises at the sight!

"Avaunt friendship and all memory of absent friends!

"C. Lamb."

In the following letter, the exciting subjects of Dr. Anderson and Dyer are further played on.

The tragedy by Wordsworth, to which reference has already occurred, and which Lamb was anxious to read, has been perseveringly withheld from the world. The fine passage, quoted by Hazlitt, makes us share in his earnest curiosity :—

> "Action is momentary—a word, a blow—
> The motion of a muscle this way or that;
> Suffering is long, obscure and infinite."

Wordsworth's genius was perhaps more fitly employed in thus tracing out the springs of heroic passion, and developing the profound elements of human character, than in following them out through their exhibition in violent contest or majestic repose :

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"[Southampton Buildings,] August 26th, 1800.

"How do you like this little epigram? It is not my writing, nor had I any finger in it. If you concur with me in thinking it very elegant and very original, I shall be tempted to name the author to you. I will just hint that it is almost or quite a first attempt.

[Here Miss Lamb's little poem of *Helen* was introduced,]

"By-the-by, I have a sort of recollection that somebody, I think *you*, promised me a sight of Wordsworth's Tragedy. I should be very glad of it just now; for I have got Manning with me, and should like to read it *with him*. But this, I confess, is a refinement. Under any circumstances, alone in Cold-Bath prison, or in the desert island, just when Prospero and his crew had set off, with Caliban in a cage, to Milan, it would be a treat to me to read that play. Manning has read it, so has Lloyd, and all Lloyd's family; but I could not get him to betray his trust by giving *me* a sight of it. Lloyd is sadly deficient in some of those virtuous vices. I have just lit upon a most beautiful fiction of hell punishments by the author of "Hushthumbo," a mad farce. The inventor imagines that in hell there is a

great cauldron of hot water, in which a man can scarce hold his finger, and an immense sieve over it, into which the probationary souls are put.

'And all the little souls
Pop through the riddle holes.'

"George Dyer is the only literary character I am happily acquainted with. The oftener I see him, the more deeply I admire him. He is goodness itself. If I could but calculate the precise date of his death, I would write a novel on purpose to make George the hero. I could hit him off to a hair.

"George brought a Dr. Anderson to see me. The Doctor is a very pleasant old man, a great genius for agriculture, one that ties his breeches-knees with packthread, and boasts of having had disappointments from ministers. The Doctor happened to mention an epic poem by one Wilkie, called the 'Epigoniad,' in which he assured us there is not one tolerable line from beginning to end, but all the characters, incidents, &c., verbally copied from *Homer*.[1] George, who had been sitting quite inattentive to the Doctor's criticism, no sooner heard the sound of *Homer* strike his pericraniks, than up he gets, and declares he must see that poem immediately: where was it to be had? An epic poem of 8000 lines, and *he* not hear of it! There must be some things good in it, and it was necessary he should see it, for he had touched pretty deeply upon that subject in his criticisms on the Epic. George had touched pretty deeply upon the Lyric, I find; he has also prepared a dissertation on the Drama and the comparison of the English and German theatres. As I rather doubted his competency to do the latter, knowing that his peculiar *turn* lies in the lyric species of composition, I questioned George what English plays he had read. I found that he *had* read Shakspeare (whom he calls an original,, but irregular, genius), but it was a good while ago; and he has dipped into Rowe and Otway, I suppose having found their names in Johnson's Lives at full length; and upon this slender

[1] ["The Epigoniad," by William Wilkie, D.D., 8vo., 1757 and 1769. The same writer produced a volume of "Fables," 8vo., 1758. There is an account of "The Epigoniad" in Burton's "Life of Hume," p. 25.]

ground he has undertaken the task. He never seemed even to have heard of Fletcher, Ford, Marlowe, Massinger, and the worthies of Dodsley's Collection; but he is to read all these, to prepare him for bringing out his 'Parallel' in the winter. I find he is also determined to vindicate Poetry from the shackles which Aristotle and some others have imposed upon it, which is very good-natured of him, and very necessary just now! Now I am *touching* so *deeply* upon poetry, can I forget that I have just received from Cottle a magnificent copy of his Guinea Epic.[1] Four-and-twenty Books to read in the dog-days! I got as far as the Mad Monk the first day, and fainted. Mr. Cottle's genius strongly points him to the *Pastoral*, but his inclinations divert him perpetually from his calling. He imitates Southey, as Rowe did Shakspeare, with his 'Good morrow to ye; good master Lieutenant.' Instead of *a* man, *a* woman, *a* daughter, he constantly writes one a man, one a woman, one his daughter. Instead of *the* king, *the* hero, he constantly writes, he the king, he the hero—two flowers of rhetoric palpably from the 'Joan.' But Mr. Cottle soars a higher pitch: and when he *is* original, it is in a most original way indeed. His terrific scenes are indefatigable. Serpents, asps, spiders, ghosts, dead bodies, staircases made of nothing, with adders' tongues for bannisters—Good Heaven! what a brain he must have! He puts as many plums in his pudding as my grandmother used to do; and then his emerging from Hell's horrors into light, and treading on pure flats of this earth—for twenty-three Books together! "C. L."

The two following letters to Manning, from Southampton Buildings, present some entertaining anecdotes of Dyer, and were apparently written, while Lamb's newly acquired acquaintance, Dr. Anderson of Isleworth, was fresh in his mind.

[1] ["Alfred," a poem by Joseph Cottle. A reference occurs to it in a later letter to Coleridge (Oct. 9th, 1800).]

TO MR. MANNING.

[Early in September, 1800.]

"Dear Manning,—I am going to ask a favour of you, and am at a loss how to do it in the most delicate manner. For this purpose I have been looking into Pliny's Letters, who is noted to have had the best grace in begging of all the ancients (I read him in the elegant translation of Mr. Melmoth), but not finding any case there exactly similar with mine, I am constrained to beg in my own barbarian way. To come to the point then, and hasten into the middle of things, have you a copy of your Algebra to give away? I do not ask it for myself; I have too much reverence for the Black Arts ever to approach thy circle, illustrious Trismegist! But that worthy man and excellent Poet, George Dyer, made me a visit yesternight, on purpose to borrow one, supposing rationally enough I must say, that you had made me a present of one before this; the omission of which I take to have proceeded only from negligence; but it is a fault. I could lend him no assistance. You must know he is just now diverted from the pursuit of BELL LETTERS by a paradox, which he has heard his friend Frend[1] (that learned mathematician) maintain, that the negative quantities of mathematicians were *meræ nugæ*, things scarcely *in rerum naturâ*, and smacking to too much of mystery for gentlemen of Mr. Frend's clear Unitarian capacity. However, the dispute once set a-going has seized violently on George's pericranick; and it is necessary for his health that he should speedily come to a resolution of his doubts. He goes about teasing his friends with his new mathematics; he even frantically talks of purchasing Manning's Algebra, which shows him far gone, for, to my knowledge, he has not been master of seven shillings a good time. George's pockets and ——'s brains are two things in nature which do not abhor a vacuum. . . . Now, if you could step in, in this trembling

[1] Mr. Frend, many years the Actuary of the Rock Insurance Office, in early life the champion of Unitarianism at Cambridge; the object of a great University's displeasure; in short, the "village Hampden" of the day.

suspense of his reason, and he should find on Saturday morning, lying for him at the Porter's Lodge, Clifford's Inn,—his safest address—Manning's Algebra, with a neat manuscriptum in the blank leaf, running thus, FROM THE AUTHOR!' it might save his wits and restore the unhappy author to those studies of poetry and criticism, which are at present suspended, to the infinite regret of the whole literary world. N.B.—Dirty books, smeared leaves, and dogs' ears, will be rather a recommendation than otherwise. N.B.—He must have the book as soon as possible, or nothing can withhold him from madly purchasing the book on tick. . . . Then shall we see him sweetly restored to the chair of Longinus—to dictate in smooth and modest phrase the laws of verse; to prove that Theocritus first introduced the Pastoral, and Virgil and Pope brought it to its perfection; that Gray and Mason (who always hunt in couples in George's brain) have shown a great deal of poetical fire in their lyric poetry; that Aristotle's rules are not to be servilely followed, which George has shown to have imposed great shackles upon modern genius. His poems, I find, are to consist of two vols.—reasonable octavo; and a third book will exclusively contain criticisms, in which he asserts he has gone *pretty deeply* into the laws of blank verse and rhyme—epic poetry, dramatic and pastoral ditto—all which is to come out before Christmas. But above all he has *touched* most *deeply* upon the Drama, comparing the English with the modern German stage, their merits and defects. Apprehending that his *studies* (not to mention his *turn*, which I take to be chiefly towards the lyrical poetry) hardly qualified him for these disquisitions, I modestly inquired what plays he had read? I found by George's reply that he *had* read Shakspeare, but that was a good while since: he calls him a great but irregular genius, which I think to be an original and just remark. (Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Shirley, Marlowe, Ford, and the worthies of Dodsley's Collection—he confessed he had read none of them, but professed his *intention* of looking through them all, so as to be able to *touch* upon them in his book.) So Shakspeare, Otway, and I believe Rowe, to whom he was naturally directed by Johnson's Lives, and these

not read lately, are to stand him in stead of a general knowledge of the subject. God bless his dear absurd head!

"By the by, did I not write you a letter with something about an invitation in it?—but let that pass; I suppose it is not agreeable.[1]

"N.B. It would not be amiss if you were to accompany your *present* with a dissertation on negative quantities.

C. L."

The "Algebra" arrived; and Lamb wrote the following invitation, in hope to bring the author and the recipient together. But it happened again that Manning could not come. [The high estimate which Lamb entertained of Manning seems to show that, in specially inviting him to meet Dyer, our letter-writer was actuated by something more than the common academical tie,—by a sincere appreciation and respect for a man who at present, I am afraid, survives only in the correspondence of his illustrious friend.]

TO MR. MANNING.

"[September,] 1800.

"George Dyer is an Archimedes, and an Archimagus, and a Tycho Brahé, and a Copernicus; and thou art the darling of the Nine, and midwife to their wandering babe also! We take tea with that learned poet and critic on Tuesday night, at half-past five, in his neat library; the repast will be light and Attic, with criticism. If thou couldst contrive to wheel up thy dear carcase on the Monday, and after dining with us on tripe, calves' kidneys, or whatever else the Cornucopia of St. Clare may be willing to pour out on the occasion, might we not adjourn together to the Heathen's—thou with thy Black Backs and I with some innocent volume of the Bell Letters—Shenstone, or the like: it would make him wash his old flannel gown (that has not been washed to my knowledge since it has been *his*—Oh the long time!) with tears of joy. Thou

[1] [See the letter of August 11, *supra*.]

shouldst settle his scruples and unravel his cobwebs, and sponge off the sad stuff that weighs upon his dear wounded pia mater; thou shouldst restore light to his eyes, and him to his friends and the public; Parnassus should shower her civic crowns upon thee for saving the wits of a citizen! I thought I saw a lucid interval in George the other night—he broke in upon my studies just at tea-time, and brought with him Dr. Anderson,[1] an old gentleman who ties his breeches' knees with packthread, and boasts that he has been disappointed by ministers. The Doctor wanted to see *me;* for, I being a Poet, he thought I might furnish him with a copy of verses to suit his 'Agricultural Magazine.' The Doctor, in the course of the conversation, mentioned a poem called 'Epigoniad' by one Wilkie, an epic poem, in which there is not one tolerable good line all through, but every incident and speech borrowed from Homer. George had been sitting inattentive seemingly to what was going on—hatching of negative quantities—when, suddenly, the name of his old friend Homer stung his pericranicks, and, jumping up, he begged to know where he could meet with Wilkie's work. 'It was a curious fact that there should be such an epic poem and he not know of it; and he *must* get a copy of it, as he was going to touch pretty deeply upon the subject of the Epic—and he was sure there must be some things good in a poem of 8000 lines!' I was pleased with this transient return of his reason and recurrence to his old ways of thinking: it gave me great hopes of a recovery, which nothing but your book can completely insure. Pray come on Monday if you *can*, and stay your own time. I have a good large room, with two beds in it, in the handsomest of which thou shalt repose a-nights, and dream of Spheroides. I hope you will understand by the nonsense of this letter that I am *not* melancholy at the thoughts of thy coming: I thought it necessary to add this, because you love *precision*. Take notice that our stay at Dyer's will not exceed eight o'clock, after which our pursuits will be our own. But indeed I think a little recreation among the Bell Letters and poetry will do

[1] [Lamb had already described his introduction to Anderson in a letter of August 22nd, 1800, to Manning himself, and in one of August 26th, to Coleridge. See *suprâ*.]

you some service in the interval of severer studies. I hope we shall fully discuss with George Dyer what I have never yet heard done to my satisfaction, the reason of Dr. Johnson's malevolent strictures on the higher species of the Ode."

CHAPTER XV.

LETTERS TO MANNING AND COLERIDGE, AND BEGINNING OF A CORRESPONDENCE WITH WORDSWORTH.

[1800.]

COLERIDGE, during his visit to London; in the earlier part of the year, had recommended Lamb to Mr. Daniel Stuart, then editor of the "Morning Post," as a writer of light articles, by which he might add something to an income, then barely sufficient for the decent support of himself and his sister. It would seem from his next letter to Manning, that he had made an offer to try his hand at some personal squibs, which, ultimately, was not accepted. Manning need not have feared that there would have been a particle of malice in them. Lamb afterwards became a correspondent to the paper, and has recorded his experience of the misery of toiling after pleasantries in one of the Essays of Elia, entitled "Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago."

TO MR. MANNING.

[Oct. 5th, 1800.]

"C. L.'s moral sense presents her compliments to Doctor Manning, is very thankful for his medical advice, but is happy to add that her disorder has died of itself.

"Dr. Manning, Coleridge has left us, to go into the north on a visit to his god Wordsworth. With him have flown all my splendid prospects of engagement with the 'Morning Post,' all my visionary guineas, the deceitful wages of unborn scandal. In truth, I wonder you took it up so seriously. All my intention was but to make a little sport with such public and fair game as Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Devil, &c.—gentry dipped in Styx all over, whom no paper javelin-lings can touch. To have made free with these cattle, where was the harm? 'twould have been but giving a polish to lampblack, not nigrifying a negro primarily. After all, I cannot but regret

my involuntary virtue. Damn virtue that's thrust upon us; it behaves itself with such constraint, till conscience opens the window and lets out the goose. I had struck off two imitations of Burton, quite abstracted from any modern allusions, which it was my intent only to lug in from time to time to make 'em popular.

"Stuart has got these,[1] with an introductory letter; but, not hearing from him, I have ceased from my labours, but I write to him to-day to get a final answer. I am afraid they won't do for a paper. Burton is a scarce gentleman, not much known; else I had done 'em pretty well.

"I have also hit off a few lines in the name of Burton, being a conceit of 'Diabolic Possession.' Burton was a man often assailed by deepest melancholy, and at other times much given to laughing and jesting, as is the way with melancholy men. I will send them you: they were almost extempore, and no great things; but you will indulge them. Robert Lloyd is come to town. Priscilla[2] meditates going to see Pizarro at Drury Lane to-night (from her uncle's) under cover of coming to dine with me . . *heu tempora! heu mores!*—I have barely time to finish, as I expect her and Robin every minute.—Yours as usual,

"C. L."

Four days subsequently, a letter to Mr. Coleridge dwells on the circumstances attending the death and funeral of an old Bristol acquaintance of both, Amos Cottle, whose younger brother Joseph afterwards became one of Lamb's correspondents, as we shall find. There is no superscription; but the date is October 9th, 1800. Lamb, it seems, was accompanied by Dyer. They found the two surviving brothers both in black, and everything, says Lamb, wore an aspect suitable to the respect due to the freshly dead. But he adds that Dyer put a question as to how "Alfred" was likely to sell, and Joseph Cottle's face, wet with tears, brightened up in a moment. Lamb, improving the occasion, suggested that the poem in the first book seemed to

[1] [The pretended "Fragments of Burton," eventually annexed to 'John Woodvil.']

[2] [Priscilla Lloyd, daughter of Charles. Robert Lloyd was his brother. See a letter to Manning of Dec. 26th, 1815.]

shew an improvement since the author had read it to him in MS. Lamb proceeds: "Joseph, who till now had sat with his knees cowering in by the fireplace, wheeled about, and with great difficulty of body shifted the same round to the corner of a table where I was sitting, and first stationing one thigh over the other, which is his sedentary mood, and placidly placing his benevolent face right against mine, waited my observations. At that moment it came strongly into my mind that I had got Uncle Toby before me, he looked so kind and so good." He goes on to say, that his homage to Cottle's "Alfred" made the writer forget that his brother had so lately become a blessed spirit. He (Lamb) continued to flatter the production, supported, as he puts it, by the stupidity of Cottle's brother on one side, and by Dyer's incapacity for believing in the existence of such a thing as bad poetry. "All poems are good poems to George: all men are *fine geniuses*." Dyer wanted to know if a notice of Amos should not be drawn up for the "Monthly Obituary," and hazarded an opinion that the deceased would have made a fine poet, if he had lived. Joseph assented to the proposition of the notice, but thought that his brother's qualities were rather those of the heart. The letter concludes thus: "Now send me in return some Greta news. "C. L."

The correspondence of Lamb and his sister with the Wordsworths begins, it is quite clear, abruptly and incompletely. There had been many previous communications, of which we are at present ignorant, and, so far as the Lambs are concerned, shall doubtless remain so. The first letter is couched in a tone which shews that the friends were already on familiar terms. In the other, which acknowledges the receipt of the second edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," published in two volumes in 1800, Lamb freely criticizes the work, with the expression of a hope that Wordsworth will forgive his remarks. Allsop was told by Longmans that "the greater part of the 'Lyrical Ballads' had been sold to seafaring men who, having heard of the Ancient Mariner, concluded that it was a naval song-book, or, at all events, that it had some relation to nautical matters."

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

"Oct. 13th, 1800.

"Dear Wordsworth,—I have not forgot your commissions. But the truth is,—and why should I not confess it?—I am not plethorically abounding in cash at this present. Merit, God knows, is very little rewarded; but it does not become me to speak of myself. My motto is, 'contented with little, yet wishing for more.' Now, the books you wish for would require some pounds which, I am sorry to say, I have not by me; so I will say at once, if you will give me a draft upon your town banker for any sum you propose to lay out, I will dispose of it to the very best of my skill in choice old books, such as my own soul loveth. In fact, I have been waiting for the liquidation of a debt to enable myself to set about your commission handsomely; for it is a scurvy thing to cry, 'Give me the money first,' and I am the first of the family of the Lambs that have done it for many centuries; but the debt remains as it was, and my old friend that I accommodated has generously forgot it! The books which you want I calculate at about £8. Ben Jonson is a guinea book. Beaumont and Fletcher in folio—the right folio not now to be met with—the octavos are about £3. As to any other dramatists, I do not know where to find them, except what are in Dodsley's Old Plays, which are about £3 also. Massinger I never saw but at one shop, but it is now gone; but one of the editions of Dodsley contains about a fourth (the best) of his plays. Congreve, and the rest of King Charles's moralists, are cheap and accessible. The works on Ireland I will inquire after, but, I fear, Spenser's is not to be had apart from his poems; I never saw it. But you may depend upon my sparing no pains to furnish you as complete a library of old poets and dramatists as will be prudent to buy; for I suppose you do not include the £20 edition of Hamlet, single play, which Kemble has.[1] Marlowe's

[1] [Not the quarto of 1603, which was then unknown, although it is mentioned in the MS. Commonplace Book of Henry Oxenden of Barham, 1647. But it might have been the second impression of 1604. Wordsworth was a lover of old copies, and formed a fairly valuable assemblage of books, which were kept intact till some years after his death.]

plays and poems are totally vanished; only one edition of Dodsley retains one, and the other, two of his plays: but John Ford is the man after Shakspeare. Let me know your will and pleasure soon, for I have observed, next to the pleasure of buying a bargain for one's self, is the pleasure of persuading a friend to buy it. It tickles one with the image of an imprudency without the penalty usually annexed."

"C. LAMB."

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.[1]

[November, 1800?]

"Thanks for your letter and present.[2] I had already borrowed your second volume. What most please me are, 'The Song of Lucy;' *Simon's sickly daughter*, in 'The Sexton' made me *cry*. Next to these are the description of the continuous echoes in the story of 'Joanna's Laugh,' where the mountains and all the scenery absolutely seem alive; and that fine Shakspearian character of the 'happy man' in the 'Brothers,'

> '———— that creeps about the fields,
> Following his fancies by the hour, to bring
> Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles
> Into his face, until the setting sun
> Write Fool upon his forehead!'

I will mention one more—the delicate and curious feeling in the wish for the 'Cumberland Beggar,' that he may have about him the melody of birds, altho' he hear them not. Here the mind knowingly passes a fiction upon herself, first substituting her own feelings for the Beggar's, and, in the same breath detecting the fallacy, will not part with the wish. The 'Poet's Epitaph' is disfigured, to my taste, by the common satire upon parsons and lawyers in the beginning and the coarse epithet of 'pinpoint,' in the sixth stanza. All the rest is eminently good, and your own. I will just add that it appears to me a fault in the 'Beggar,' that the instructions conveyed in it are too direct, and like a lecture: they don't slide into the mind

[1] [This letter is imperfect.]

[2] [The first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" came out in 1798; the second, that here alluded to, in 1800, and a third in 1809.]

of the reader while he is imagining no such matter. An intelligent reader finds a sort of insult in being told, 'I will teach you how to think upon this subject.' This fault, if I am right, is in a ten-thousandth worse degree to be found in Sterne and many, many novelists and modern poets, who continually put a signpost up to show where you are to feel. They set out with assuming their readers to be stupid—very different from 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Roderick Random,' and other beautiful, bare narratives. There is implied an unwritten compact between author and reader; 'I will tell you a story, and I suppose you will understand it.' Modern novels—'St. Leons,' and the like, are full of such flowers as these—'Let not my reader suppose,' 'Imagine, if you can, modest,' &c. I will here have done, with praise and blame. I have written so much, only that you may not think I have passed over your book without observation. . . . . I am sorry that Coleridge has christened his 'Ancient Marinere' 'a Poet's Reverie;' it is as bad as Bottom the Weaver's declaration that he is not a lion, but only the scenical representation of a lion. What new idea is gained by this title but one subversive of all credit—which the tale should force upon us,—of its truth?

"For me, I was never so affected with any human tale. After first reading it, I was totally possessed with it for many days. I dislike all the miraculous part of it, but the feelings of the man under the operation of such scenery dragged me along like Tom Piper's magic whistle. I totally differ from your idea that the 'Marinere' should have had a character and profession. This is a beauty in 'Gulliver's Travels,' where the mind is kept in a placid state of little wonderments; but the 'Ancient Marinere' undergoes such trials as overwhelm and bury all individuality or memory of what he was—like the state of a man in a bad dream, one terrible peculiarity of which is, that all consciousness of personality is gone. Your other observation is, I think as well, a little unfounded: the 'Marinere,' from being conversant in supernatural events, *has* acquired a supernatural and strange cast of *phrase*, eye, appearance, &c., which frighten the 'wedding-guest.' You will excuse my remarks, because I am hurt and vexed that you should

think it necessary with a prose apology to open the eyes of dead men that cannot see.

"To sum up a general opinion of the second volume, I do not feel any one poem in it so forcibly as the 'Ancient Marinere,' the 'Mad Mother,' and the 'Lines at Tintern Abbey' in the first."

Lamb then gives an account of his visit to an exhibition of snakes—of a frightful vividness and interest—as all details of these fascinating reptiles are, whom we at once loathe and long to look upon.

TO MR. MANNING.

"Oct. 16th, 1800.

"Dear Manning,—Had you written one week before you did, I certainly should have obeyed your injunction; you should have seen me before my letter. I will explain to you my situation. There are six of us in one department. Two of us (within these four days) are confined with severe fevers; and two more, who belong to the Tower Militia, expect to have marching orders on Friday. Now six are absolutely necessary. I have already asked and obtained two young hands to supply the loss of the *feverites;* and, with the other prospect before me, you may believe I cannot decently ask leave of absence for myself. All I can promise (and I do promise with the sincerity of Saint Peter, and the contrition of sinner Peter if I fail) that I will come *the very first spare week*, and go nowhere till I have been at Cambridge. No matter if you are in a state of pupilage when I come; for I can employ myself in Cambridge very pleasantly in the mornings. Are there not libraries, halls, colleges, books, pictures, statues? I wish you had made London in your way. There is an exhibition quite uncommon in Europe, which could not have escaped *your genius*,—a live rattlesnake, ten feet in length, and the thickness of a big leg. I went to see it last night by candlelight. We were ushered into a room very little bigger than ours at Pentonville. A man and woman and four boys live in this room, joint tenants with nine snakes, most of them such as no remedy has been discovered for their bite. We walked into the middle, which is formed by a half-moon of wired boxes, all

mansions of *snakes*,—whip-snakes, thunder-snakes, pig-nose-snakes, American vipers, and *this monster*. He lies curled up in folds; and immediately a stranger enters (for he is used to the family, and sees them play at cards,) he set up a rattle like a watchman's in London, or near as loud, and reared up a head, from the midst of these folds, like a toad, and shook his head, and showed every sign a snake can show of irritation. I had the foolish curiosity to strike the wires with my finger, and the devil flew at me with his toad-mouth wide open: the inside of his mouth is quite white. I had got my finger away, nor could he well have bit me with his big mouth, which would have been certain death in five minutes. But it frightened me so much, that I did not recover my voice for a minute's space. I forgot, in my fear, that he was secured. You would have forgot too, for 'tis incredible how such a monster can be confined in small gauzy-looking wires. I dreamed of snakes in the night. I wish to heaven you could see it. He absolutely swelled with passion to the bigness of a large thigh. I could not retreat without infringing on another box, and just behind, a little devil not an inch from my back, had got his nose out, with some difficulty and pain, quite through the bars! He was soon taught better manners. All the snakes were curious, and objects of terror: but this monster, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the impression of the rest. He opened his cursed mouth, when he made at me, as wide as his head was broad. I hallooed out quite loud, and felt pains all over my body with the fright.

"I have had the felicity of hearing George Dyer read out one book of 'The Farmer's Boy.' I thought it rather childish. No doubt, there is originality in it, (which, in your self-taught geniuses, is a most rare quality, they generally getting hold of some bad models in a scarcity of books, and forming their taste on them,) but no *selection*. *All* is described.[1]

"Mind, I have only heard read one book.

"Yours sincerely,

"Philo-Snake,

"C. L."

[1] [Bloomfield, like Crabbe, did not know, what Lamb did, that Art consists in Selection. These realistic writers committed the same error in poetry as the pre-Raphaelites in painting.]

About this time Lamb was consoled for other disappointments by the acquisition of a new friend in Mr. Rickman, of the House of Commons, and exults in a strain which he never had reason to regret.

TO MR. MANNING.

"Nov. 3rd, 1800.

"*Ecquid meditatur Archimedes?* What is Euclid doing? What has happened to learned Trismegist?—doth he take it in ill part, that his humble friend did not comply with his courteous invitation? Let it suffice, I could not come —are impossibilities nothing?—be they abstractions of the intellects—or not (rather) most sharp and mortifying realities? nuts in the Will's mouth too hard for her to crack? brick and stone walls in her way, which she can by no means eat through? sore lets, *impedimenta viarum*, no thoroughfares? *racemi nimium alte pendentes?* Is the phrase classic?[1] I allude to the grapes in Æsop, which cost the fox a strain, and gained the world an aphorism. Observe the superscription of this letter.[2] In adapting the size of the letters, which constitute *your* name and Mr. *Crisp's* name respectively, I had an eye to your different stations in life. 'Tis really curious, and must be soothing to an *aristocrat*. I wonder it has never been hit on before my time. I have made an acquisition latterly of a *pleasant hand*, one Rickman, to whom I was introduced by George Dyer, not the most flattering auspices under which one man can be introduced to another—George brings all sorts of people together, setting up a sort of agrarian law, or common property, in matter of society; but for once he has done me a great pleasure, while he was only pursuing a principle, as *ignes fatui may* light you home. This Rickman lives in our Buildings,[3] immediately opposite our

[1] [Monastic Latin. Alexander Neckam, in his treatise "De Utensilibus (twelfth century) speaks of green geese being dressed with wine or the green juice of grapes (*racemorum*) or crab apples.—WRIGHT'S *Vocabularies*, 1857, p. 102.]

[2] [Lamb probably means the address, in which he had proportioned the characters of his writing to the relative importance of Manning and his landlord at Cambridge, Mr. Crisp. See the letter to Manning, *infrâ*, where "landlord Crisp's three-cornered beaver" is quoted.]

[3] [Mitre Court Buildings, in the Temple. John Rickman, of Christ-

house; the finest fellow to drop in a' nights, about nine or ten o'clock—cold bread-and-cheese time—just in the *wishing* time of the night, when you *wish* for somebody to come in, without a distinct idea of a probable anybody. Just in the nick, neither too early to be tedious, nor too late to sit a reasonable time. He is a most pleasant hand: a fine rattling fellow, has gone through life laughing at solemn apes; himself hugely literate, oppressively full of information in all stuff of conversation, from matter of fact to Xenophon and Plato—can talk Greek with Porson, politics with Thelwall, conjecture with George Dyer, nonsense with me, and anything with anybody: a great farmer, somewhat concerned in an agricultural magazine—reads no poetry but Shakspeare, very intimate with Southey, but never reads his poetry: relishes George Dyer, thoroughly penetrates into the ridiculous wherever found, understands the *first time* (a great desideratum in common minds)—you need never twice speak to him; does not want explanations, translations, limitations, as Professor Godwin does when you make an assertion: *up* to anything, *down* to everything—whatever *sapit hominem*. A perfect *man*. All this farrago, which must perplex you to read, and has put me to a little trouble to *select!* only proves how impossible it is to describe a *pleasant hand*. You must see Rickman to know him, for he is a species in one. A new class. An exotic, any slip of which I am proud to put in my garden-pot. The clearest-headed fellow. Fullest of matter with least verbosity. If there be any alloy in my fortune to have met with such a man, it is that he commonly divides his time between

church, was a very early friend of Southey; he held at one time a situation in the House of Commons, and had charge of the Census Returns. But very little seems to be known about him. Lamb enthusiastically lauds his accomplishments and conversation. In a letter from Southey to Coleridge of June 14th, 1797, I find him described as "a sensible young man, of rough, but mild manners, and *very seditious*." There is a miniature of him by John Hazlitt. In the "Sussex Archæological Collections" is an account of *Thomas Clio Rickman*, who was of an ancient Sussex Quaker family, and a person of eccentric habits. I have a large engraving of him from a portrait by John Hazlitt, in which he is said to be a bookseller, stationer, printer, &c., in Upper Marylebone Street, London. The date of the print is 1800. He may have been related—perhaps brother—to John.]

town and country, having some foolish family ties at Christchurch, by which means he can only gladden our London hemisphere with returns of light. He is now going for six weeks.

"At last I have written to Kemble, to know the event of my play, which was presented last Christmas. As I suspected, came an answer back that the copy was lost, and could not be found—no hint that anybody had to this day ever looked into it—with a courteous (reasonable!) request of another copy (if I had one by me,) and a promise of a definitive answer in a week. I could not resist so facile and moderate a demand, so scribbled out another, omitting sundry things, such as the witch story, about half of the forest scene (which is too leisurely for story), and transposing that soliloquy about England getting drunk which, like its reciter, stupidly stood alone, nothing prevenient or antevenient—and cleared away a good deal besides, and sent this copy, written *all out* (with alterations, &c., *requiring judgment*) in one day and a half! I sent it last night, and am in weekly expectation of the tolling-bell and death-warrant.

"This is all my London news. Send me some from the *banks of Cam*, as the poets delight to speak, especially George Dyer, who has no other name, nor idea, nor definition of Cambridge: namely, its being a market-town, sending members to Parliament, never entered into his definition: it was and is, simply, the banks of the Cam or the fair Cam, as Oxford is the banks of the Isis or the fair Isis. Yours in all humility, most illustrious Trismegist,

"C. LAMB.

"(Read on, there's more at the bottom.)

"You ask me about the 'Farmer's Boy'—don't you think the fellow who wrote it (who is a shoemaker) has a poor mind? Don't you find he is always silly about *poor Giles*, and those abject kind of phrases, which mark a man that looks up to wealth? None of Burns's poet-dignity. What do you think? I have just opened him; but he makes me sick. Dyer knows the shoemaker (a damn'd stupid hound in company); but George promises to introduce him indiscriminately to all friends."

Lamb had engaged to spend a few days, when he could obtain leave, with Manning at Cambridge, and, just as he hoped to accomplish his wish, received an invitation from Lloyd to give his holiday to the poets assembled at the Lakes. In the joyous excitement of spirits which the anticipated visit to Manning produced, he thus plays off the Lloyds' proposal on his friend, abuses mountains, and luxuriates in his love of London :—

TO MR. MANNING.

[Nov. 28th, 1800.]

"Dear Manning,—I have received a very kind invitation from Lloyd and Sophia to go and spend a month with them at the Lakes. Now it fortunately happens (which is so seldom the case !) that I have spare cash by me, enough to answer the expenses of so long a journey; and I am determined to get away from the office by some means. The purpose of this letter is to request of you (my dear friend) that you will not take it unkind if I decline my proposed visit to Cambridge *for the present*. Perhaps I shall be able to take Cambridge *in my way*, going or coming. I need not describe to you the expectations which such an one as myself, pent up all my life in a dirty city, have formed of a tour to the Lakes. Consider Grasmere ! Ambleside ! Wordsworth ! Coleridge ! Hills, woods, lakes, and mountains, to the eternal devil ! I will eat snipes with thee, Thomas Manning. Only confess, confess, a *bite*.

"P.S. I think you named the 16th; but was it not modest of Lloyd to send such an invitation ! It shows his knowledge of *money* and *time*. I would be loth to think he meant

> 'Ironic satire sidelong sklented
> On my poor pursie.'—BURNS.

For my part, with reference to my friends northward, I must confess that I am not romance-bit about *Nature*. The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said) is but as a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly and feel properly, I have no need to stand

staring upon the gilded looking-glass (that strained my friend's purse-strings in the purchase), nor his five-shilling print over the mantelpiece of old Nabbs the carrier (which only betrays his false taste). Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world—eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street with spectacles, George Dyers (you may know them by their gait), lamps lit at night, pastry-cooks' and silver-smiths' shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchman at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of Fire and Stop thief; inns of court, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, Jeremy Taylors, Burtons on Melancholy, and Religio Medicis on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London with-the-many-sins! O City abounding in whores, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang! "C. L."

CHAPTER XVI.

LETTERS TO WILLIAM GODWIN AND TO MANNING.

[1800.]

SOME time before the year 1800, the connection of Lamb with Coleridge and the Lloyds had brought him into contact with William Godwin, of whom a tolerably full account and estimate have been already furnished. The earliest surviving correspondence between Lamb and Godwin belongs to this winter; but the tone of the letter which succeeds seems to bespeak the former existence of others of anterior date. Mr. Godwin was to come to Mitre Court Buildings, to read his "Antonio" once more, prior to its representation:—

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.[1]

["Thursday morning, Dec. 4th, 1800.]

"Dear Sir,—I send this speedily after the heels of Cooper (O! the dainty expression) to say that Mary is obliged to stay at home on Sunday to receive a female friend, from whom I am equally glad to escape. So that we shall be by ourselves. I write, because it may make *some* difference in your marketting, &c. "C. L."

"I am sorry to put you to the expense of twopence postage. But I calculate thus: if Mary comes she will—

[1] [This and the following letters to Godwin are now first incorporated with the Lamb correspondence by the kind permission of Mr. C. Kegan Paul, author of that very interesting publication, "William Godwin, His Friends and Contemporaries," 1876, 2 vols., 8vo. "Mr. Godwin," says Talfourd, "whose powerful romance of 'Caleb Williams' had supplied the materials for 'The Iron Chest' of Colman [the Younger], naturally aspired, on his own account, to the glory of the scene, and completed a tragedy under the title of 'Antonio, or the Soldier's Return,' which was accepted at Drury Lane Theatre."]

eat Beef 2 plates, . .	4d.
Batter Pudding 1 do. . .	2d.
Beer, a pint, ...	2d.
Wine, 3 glasses, . .	11d. I drink no wine!
Chesnuts, after dinner, .	2d.
Tea and supper at moderate calculation, ...	9d.
	2s. 6d.
From which deduct	2d. postage.
	2s. 4d.

You are a clear gainer by her not coming."

Lamb sent Mr. Godwin an elaborate critique[1] on the MS. drama, the drift and spirit of which lead to the conclusion that the writer had some semi-conscious misgivings as to the result. The matter was still in suspense, when Lamb wrote to Mr. Godwin a letter apologizing for his inability to see him as proposed, and saying that he was still trying to improve the Epilogue:—

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

"Wednesday morning,
[Dec. 11th, 1800.]

"Dear Sir,—I expected a good deal of pleasure from your company to-morrow, but I am sorry I must beg of you to excuse me. I have been confined ever since I saw you with one of the severest colds I ever experienced, occasioned by being in the night air on Sunday and on the following day very foolishly. I am neither in health nor spirits to meet company. I hope and trust I shall get out on Saturday night. You will add to your many favours by transmitting to me as early as possible as many tickets as conveniently you can spare,—Yours truly, "C. L.

"I have been plotting how to abridge the Epilogue. But

[1] [Printed entire in Mr. Kegan Paul's book, pp. 38, 39.]

I cannot see that any lines can be spared, retaining the connection, except these two, which are better out.

'Why should I instance, &c.,
The sick man's purpose, &c.,'

and then the following line must run thus,

'The truth by an example best is shown.'

"Excuse this *important* postscript."

The play was brought on the stage finally on Saturday December 13th, 1800, and was a signal failure. Lamb had communicated the Epilogue to Manning, before the result could be known.

TO MR. MANNING.

"Dec. 13th, 1800.

"I have received your letter *this moment*, not having been at the office. I have just time to scribble down the epilogue. To your epistle I will just reply, that I will certainly come to Cambridge before January is out: I'll come *when I can*. You shall have an emended copy of my play early next week. Mary thanks you; but her handwriting is too feminine to be exposed to a Cambridge gentleman, though I endeavour to persuade her that you understand algebra, and must understand her hand.[1] The play is the man's you wot of; but for Heaven's sake do not mention it—it is to come out in a feigned name, as one Tobin's. I will omit the introductory lines which connect it with the play, and give you the concluding tale, which is the mass and bulk of the epilogue. The *name* is *Jack* INCIDENT. It is about promise-breaking—you will see it all, if you read the *papers*.

'Jack, of dramatic genius justly vain,
Purchased a renter's share at Drury-lane;
A prudent man in every other matter,
Known at his club-room for an honest hatter;

[1 This was a joke on Lamb's part, since his sister's hand was an excellent one, yet by no means feminine. In a later letter among the Correspondence he repeats the fiction.]

Humane and courteous, led a civil life,
And has been seldom known to beat his wife;
But Jack is now grown quite another man,
Frequents the green-room, knows the plot and plan
Of each new piece,
And has been seen to talk with Sheridan!
In at the play-house just at six he pops,
And never quits it till the curtain drops,
Is never absent on the *author's night*,
Knows actresses and actors too——by sight;
So humble, that with Suett he'll confer,
Or take a pipe with plain Jack Bannister;
Nay, with an author has been known so free,
He once suggested a catastrophe—
In short, John dabbled till his head was turn'd;
His wife remonstrated, his neighbours mourn'd,
His customers were dropping off apace,
And Jack's affairs began to wear a piteous face.
One night his wife began a curtain lecture;
"My dearest Johnny, husband, spouse, protector,
Take pity on your helpless babes and me,
Save us from ruin, you from bankruptcy—
Look to your business, leave these cursed plays,
And try again your old industrious ways."
Jack who was always scared at the Gazette,
And had some bits of scull uninjured yet,
Promised amendment, vow'd his wife spake reason,
"He would not see another play that season—"
Three stubborn fortnights Jack his promise kept,
Was late and early in his shop, eat, slept,
And walk'd and talk'd, like ordinary men;
No *wit*, but John the hatter once again—
Visits his club: when lo! one *fatal night*
His wife with horror view'd the well-known sight—
John's *hat*, *wig*, *snuff-box*—well she knew his tricks—
And Jack decamping at the hour of six,
Just at the counter's edge a playbill lay,
Announcing that 'Pizarro' was the play—
"O Johnny, Johnny, this is your old doing."
Quoth Jack, "Why what the devil storm's a-brewing?
About a harmless play why all this fright?
I'll go and see it if it's but for spite—
Zounds, woman! Nelson's [1] to be there to-night."'

"N.B.—This was intended for Jack Bannister to speak; but the sage managers have chosen Miss *Heard*, except Miss Tidswell, the worst actress ever seen or *heard*. Now,

[1] "A good clap-trap. Nelson has exhibited two or three times at both theatres—and advertised himself."

I remember I have promised the loan of my play. I will lend it *instantly*, and you shall get it ('pon honour!) by this day week.

"I must go and dress for the boxes! First night! Finding I have time, I transcribe the rest. Observe, you have read the last first; it begins thus:—the names I took from a little outline G. gave me. I have not read the play!

'Ladies, ye've seen how Guzman's consort died,
Poor victim of a Spaniard brother's pride,
When Spanish honour through the world was blown,
And Spanish beauty for the best was known.[1]
In that romantic, unenlighten'd time,
A *breach of promise*[2] was a sort of crime—
Which of you handsome English ladies here,
But deems the penance bloody and severe?
A whimsical old Saragossa[3] fashion,
That a dead father's dying inclination,[4]
Should *live* to thwart a living daughter's passion,
Unjustly on the sex *we*[5] men exclaim,
Rail at *your*[6] vices,—and commit the same;—
Man is a promise-breaker from the womb,
And goes a promise-breaker to the tomb—
What need we instance here the lover's vow,
The sick man's purpose, or the great man's bow?[7]
The truth by few examples best is shown—
Instead of many which are better known,
Take poor Jack Incident, that's dead and gone.
Jack,' &c. &c. &c.

"Now you have it all—how do you like it? I am going to hear it recited!!! "C. L."

The author of the unsuccessful performance was never persuaded of the justness of the public verdict against him. He at once decided on sending the play to the press, and Lamb was invited to offer remarks and suggestions, which came to Mr. Godwin, accompanied by the annexed letter. He afterwards placed the catastrophe on record in his essay "On the Old Actors":—

1 "Four *easy* lines."
2 "For which the *heroine died*."
3 "In *Spain!!*"
4 "Two *neat* lines."
5 "Or *you*."
6 "Or *our*, as *they* have altered it."
7 "Antithesis!!"

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

"Late o' Sunday
[Dec. 14th, 1800.]

"Dear Sir,—I have performed my office in a slovenly way, but judge for me. I sat down at six o'clock, and never left reading (and I read out to Mary) your play till ten. In this sitting I noted down lines as they occurred, exactly as you will read my rough paper. Do not be frightened at the bulk of my remarks, for they are almost all upon single lines, which, put together, do not amount to a hundred, and many of them merely verbal. I had but one object in view, abridgment for compression sake. I have used a dogmatical language (which is truly ludicrous when the trivial nature of my remarks is considered); and, remember, my office was to hunt out faults. You may fairly abridge one half of them, as a fair deduction for the infirmities of Error and a single reading, which leaves only fifty objections, most of them merely against words, on no short play. Remember, you constituted me Executioner, and a hangman has been seldom seen to be ashamed of his profession before Master Sheriff. We'll talk of the Beauties (of which I am more than ever sure) when we meet,—
Yours truly, "C. L.

"I will barely add, as you are on the very point of printing, that in my opinion neither prologue nor epilogue should accompany the play. It can only serve to remind your readers of its fate. *Both* suppose an audience, and, that jest being gone, must convert into burlesque. Nor would I (but therein custom and decorum must be a law) print the actors' names. Some things must be kept out of sight.

"I have done, and I have but a few square inches of paper to fill up. I am emboldened by a little jorum of punch (vastly good) to say that next to *one man*, I am the most hurt at our ill success. The breast of Hecuba, where she did suckle Hector, looked not to be more lovely than Marshal's forehead when it spit forth sweat, at Critic-swords contending. I remember two honest lines by

Marvel, (whose poems by the way I am just going to possess).

> 'Where every Mower's wholesome heat
> Smells like an Alexander's sweat.'"

The tragedy turned out a miracle of dulness for the world to wonder at, although Lamb always insisted it had one fine line, which he was fond of repeating—sole relic of the else forgotten play. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, the brother and sister of the drama, toiled through four acts and a half without applause or disapprobation; one speech was not more vapid than another; and so dead was the level of the dialogue that, although its destiny was seen from afar, it presented no opportunity for hissing. But as the play drew towards a close—when, after a scene of frigid chiding not vivified by any fire of Kemble's own, Antonio drew his sword and plunged it into the heroine's bosom, the "sad civility" of the audience vanished, they started as at a real murder, and hooted the actors from the stage. "Philosophy," which could not "make a Juliet," sustained the author through the trial. He sat on one of the front benches of the pit, unmoved amidst the storm. When the first act passed off without a hand, he expressed his satisfaction at the good sense of the house; "the proper season of applause had not arrived;" all was exactly as it should be. The second act proceeded to its close in the same uninterrupted calm; his friends became uneasy, but still his optimism prevailed; he could afford to wait. And though he did at last admit the great movement was somewhat tardy, and that the audience seemed rather patient than interested, he did not lose his confidence till the tumult arose, and then he submitted with quiet dignity to the fate of genius, too lofty to be understood by a world as yet in its childhood! Notwithstanding this rude repulse, Mr. Godwin retained his taste for the theatre to the last. On every first night of a new piece, whether tragedy, comedy, or farce, whether of friend or foe, he sat with gentle interest in a side-box, and bore its fate, whatever it might be, with resignation, as he had done his own. The following is Lamb's account of the catastrophe rendered to Manning, in which the facetious charge against the unlucky author of "Violent and Satanical Pride of Heart," has reference

to some banter which Lamb had encountered among his friends by the purposed title of his own play, "Pride's Cure," and his disquisition in its defence.

TO MR. MANNING.

"Dec. 16th, 1800.

"We are damned!—Not the facetious epilogue could save us. For, as the editor of the 'Morning Post,' quick-sighted gentleman! hath this morning truly observed, (I beg pardon if I falsify his *words*, their profound *sense* I am sure I retain,) both prologue and epilogue were worthy of accompanying such a piece; and indeed (mark the profundity, Mr. Manning) were received with proper indignation by such of the audience only as thought either worth attending to. Professor,[1] thy glories wax dim! Again, the incomparable author of the 'True Briton' declareth in *his* paper (bearing same date) that the epilogue was an indifferent attempt at humour and character, and failed in both. I forbear to mention the other papers, because I have not read them. O Professor, how different thy feelings now (quantum mutatus ab illo professore, qui in agris philosophiæ tantas victorias acquisivisti),—how different thy proud feelings but one little week ago,—thy anticipation of thy nine nights,—those visionary claps, which have soothed thy soul by day and thy dreams by night! Calling in accidentally on the Professor while he was out, I was ushered into the study; and my nose quickly (most sagacious always) pointed me to four tokens lying loose upon thy table, Professor, which indicated thy violent and satanical pride of heart. Imprimis, there caught mine eye a list of six persons, thy friends, whom thou didst meditate inviting to a sumptuous dinner on the Thursday, anticipating the profits of thy Saturday's play to answer charges; I was in the honoured file! Next, a stronger evidence of thy violent and almost satanical pride, lay a list of all the morning papers (from the 'Morning Chronicle' downwards to the 'Porcupine'), with the places of their respective offices, where thou wast meditating to insert, and didst insert, an

[1] [He apostrophizes the ill-starred playwright: Mrs. Godwin used to be called Mrs. Professor.]

elaborate sketch of the story of thy play—stones in thy enemy's hand to bruise thee with; and severely wast thou bruised, O Professor! nor do I know what oil to pour into thy wounds. Next, which convinced me to a dead conviction, of thy pride, violent and almost satanical pride—lay a list of books, which thy un-tragedy-favoured pocket could never answer; Dodsley's Old Plays; Malone's Shakspeare (still harping upon thy play, thy philosophy abandoned meanwhile to Christians and superstitious minds); nay, I believe (if I can believe my memory), that the ambitious Encyclopedia itself was part of thy meditated acquisitions; but many a playbook was there. All these visions are *damned;* and thou, Professor, must read Shakspere in future out of a common edition; and, hark ye, pray read him to a little better purpose! Last and strongest against thee (in colours manifest as the hand upon Belshazzar's wall), lay a volume of poems by C. Lloyd and C. Lamb.[1] Thy heart misgave thee, that thy assistant might possibly not have talent enough to furnish thee an epilogue! Manning, all these things came over my mind; all the gratulations that would have thickened upon him, and even some have glanced aside upon his humble friend; the vanity, and the fame, and the profits (the Professor is £500 ideal money out of pocket by this failure, besides £200 he would have got for the copyright, and the Professor is never much beforehand with the world; what he gets is all by the sweat of his brow and dint of brain, for the Professor, though a sure man, is also a slow); and now to muse upon thy altered physiognomy, thy pale and squalid appearance (a kind of *blue sickness* about the eyelids), and thy crest fallen, and thy proud demand of £200 from thy bookseller changed to an uncertainty of his taking it at all, or giving thee full £50. The Professor has won my heart by this *his* mournful catastrophe. You remember Marshall, who dined with him at my house; I met him in the lobby immediately after the damnation of the Professor's play, and he looked to me like an angel: his face was lengthened, and all over perspiration; I never saw such a care-fraught visage; I could have hugged him, I loved him so intensely. 'From

[1] [The volume of blank verse printed in 1798.]

every pore of him a perfume fell.' I have seen that man in many situations, and from my soul I think that a more god-like honest soul exists not in this world. The Professor's poor nerves trembling with the recent shock, he hurried him away to my house to supper; and there we comforted him as well as we could. He came to consult me about a change of catastrophe; but alas! the piece was condemned long before that crisis. I at first humoured him with a specious proposition, but have since joined his true friends in advising him to give it up. He did it with a pang, and is to print it as *his*. "L."

In a letter written a few days later, Lamb returns to the subject, and also to his eccentric friend George Dyer. He at last foresees the possibility of paying the long-expected visit to Cambridge at the commencement of the new year. It was exactly a twelvemonth since he visited Lloyd at the University, and through him knew Manning. At that time the latter was lodging at a Mr. Crisp's, and he was still there when Lamb wrote to him on the 30th November, 1800. But here he speaks as if his friend had secured quarters at Gonville; or did he merely dine there?

TO MR. MANNING.

"December 27th, 1800.

"At length George Dyer's phrenesis has come to a crisis; he is raging and furiously mad. I waited upon the Heathen, Thursday was a se'nnight; the first symptom which struck my eye and gave me incontrovertible proof of the fatal truth was a pair of nankeen pantaloons four times too big for him, which the said Heathen did pertinaciously affirm to be new.

"They were absolutely ingrained with the accumulated dirt of ages; but he affirmed them to be clean. He was going to visit a lady that was nice about those things, and that's the reason he wore nankeen that day. And then he danced, and capered, and fidgeted, and pulled up his pantaloons, and hugged his intolerable flannel vestment closer about his poetic loins; anon he gave it loose to the zephyrs which plentifully insinuate their tiny bodies through

every crevice, door, window or wainscoat, expressly formed for the exclusion of such impertinents. Then he caught at a proof sheet, and catched up a laundress's bill instead—made a dart at Blomfield's Poems and threw them in agony aside. I could not bring him to one direct reply; he could not maintain his jumping mind in a right line for the tithe of a moment by Clifford's Inn clock. He must go to the printer's immediately—the most unlucky accident—he had struck off five hundred impressions of his Poems, which were ready for delivery to subscribers, and the Preface must all be expunged. There were eighty pages of Preface, and not till that morning had he discovered that in the very first page of said Preface he had set out with a principle of Criticism fundamentally wrong, which vitiated all his following reasoning. The Preface must be expunged, although it cost him £30—the lowest calculation, taking in paper and printing!" In vain have his real friends remonstrated against this Midsummer madness. George is as obstinate as a Primitive Christian—and wards and parries off all our thrusts with one unanswerable fence;—'Sir, it's of great consequence that the *world* is not *misled!*'

"As for the other Professor, he has actually begun to dive into Tavernier and Chardin's *Persian* Travels for a story, to form a new drama for the sweet tooth of this fastidious age. Hath not Bethlehem College a fair action for non-residents against such professors? Are poets so *few* in *this age*, that He must write poetry? *Is morals* a subject so exhausted, that he must quit that line? Is the metaphysic well (without a bottom) drained dry?

"If I can guess at the wicked pride of the Professor's heart, I would take a shrewd wager that he disdains ever again to dip his pen in *Prose*. Adieu, ye splendid theories! Farewell, dreams of political justice! Lawsuits, where I was counsel for Archbishop Fenelon *versus* my own mother, in the famous fire cause!

"Vanish from my mind, professors, one and all. I have metal more attractive on foot.

"Man of many snipes,—I will sup with thee, Deo volente et diabolo nolente, on Monday night the 5th of

January, in the new year, and crush a cup to the infant century.

"A word or two of my progress. Embark at six o'clock in the morning, with a fresh gale, on a Cambridge one-decker; very cold till eight at night; land at St. Mary's light-house, muffins and coffee upon table (or any other curious production of Turkey or both Indies), snipes exactly at nine, punch to commence at ten, with *argument;* difference of opinion is expected to take place about eleven; perfect unanimity, with some haziness and dimness, before twelve.—N.B. My single affection is not so singly wedded to snipes; but the curious and epicurean eye would also take a pleasure in beholding a delicate and well-chosen assortment of teals, ortolans, the unctuous and palate-soothing flesh of geese wild and tame, nightingales' brains, the sensorium of a young sucking-pig, or any other Christmas dish, which I leave to the judgment of you and the cook of Gonville. "C. LAMB."

BOOK III.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN 1801 AND 1820.

BOOK III.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN 1801 AND 1820.

CHAPTER I.

PUBLICATION AND REVIEWS OF "JOHN WOODVIL."—LAMB'S NEWSPAPER ACQUAINTANCES.—LETTERS TO COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, MANNING, AND GODWIN.

[1801.]

THE ominous postponement of Lamb's theatrical hopes was followed by their disappointment at the commencement of the century. He was favoured with at least one interview by the stately manager of Drury Lane, Mr. Kemble, who extended his high-bred courtesy even to authors, whom he invariably attended to the door of his house in Great Russell Street, and bad them "beware of the step." Godwin's catastrophe had probably rendered him less solicitous to encounter a similar peril, which the fondest admirers of "John Woodvil" will not regret that it escaped. While the occasional roughness of its verse would have been felt as strange to ears as yet unused to the old dramatists whom Lamb's "Specimens" had not then made familiar to the town, the delicate beauties enshrined within it would scarcely have been perceived in the glare of the theatre. Exhibiting "the depth, and not the tumults of the soul,"—presenting a female character of modest and retiring loveliness and noble purpose, but undistracted with any violent emotion,—and developing a train of circumstances which work out their gentle

triumphs on the heart only of the hero, without stirring accident or vivid grouping of persons,—it would scarcely have supplied sufficient of coarse interest to disarm the critical spirit which it would certainly have encountered in all its bitterness. Lamb cheerfully consoled himself by publishing it; and at the close of the year 1801 it appeared in a small volume, of humble appearance, with the "Fragments of Burton," (to which Lamb alluded in some of his previous letters,) two of his ballads, and the "Helen" of his sister. [The name of Woodvil was perhaps borrowed from *Sir John Woodvil*, a character in Cibber's "Nonjuror," an alteration of the *Tartuffe* of Molière.]

The daring peculiarities attracted the notice of the Edinburgh reviewers, then in the infancy of their slashing career, and the volume was immolated in due form by the self-constituted judges who, taking for their motto "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*," treated our author as a criminal convicted of publishing, and awaiting his doom from their sentence. With the gay recklessness of power, at once usurped and irresponsible, they introduced Lord Mansfield's wild construction of the law of libel into literature; like him, holding every man *primâ facie* guilty, who should be caught in the act of publishing *a book*, and referring to the court to decide whether sentence should be passed on him. The article on "John Woodvil," which adorned their third number, is a curious example of the old style of criticism vivified by the impulses of youth. We wonder now—and probably the writer of the article, if he is living, will wonder with us—that a young critic should seize on a little eighteen-penny book, simply printed without any preface, make elaborate merriment of its outline, and, giving no hint of its containing one profound thought or happy expression, leave the reader of the review at a loss to suggest a motive for noticing such vapid absurdities. This article is written in a strain of grave banter, the theme of which is to congratulate the world on having a specimen of the rudest condition of the drama, "a man of the age of Thespis." "At length," says the reviewer, "even in composition a mighty veteran has been born. Older than Œschylus, and with all the spirit of originality, in an age of poets who had before them the

imitations of some thousand years, he came forward to establish his claim to the ancient *hircus*, and to satiate the most remote desires of the philosophic antiquary." On this text the writer proceeds, selecting for his purpose whatever, torn from its context, appeared extravagant and crude, and ending without the slightest hint that there is merit, or promise of merit, in the volume.

There certainly was no malice, or desire to give pain, in all this; it was merely the result of the thoughtless adoption, by lads of gaiety and talent, of the old critical canons of the Monthly Reviews, which had been accustomed to damn all works of unpatronised genius in a more summary way and after a duller fashion. These very critics wrought themselves into good-nature as they broke into deeper veins of thought; grew gentler as they grew wiser; and sometimes, even when, like Balaam, they came to curse, like him they ended with "blessing altogether," as in the review of the "Excursion" which, beginning in the old strain, "This will never do," proceeded to give examples of its noblest passages, and to grace them with worthiest eulogy. And now the spirit of the writers thus ridiculed, especially of Wordsworth, breathes through the pages of this very Review; and they not seldom wear the "rich embroidery" of the language of the poet once scoffed at by their literary corporation as too puerile for the nursery.

Lamb's occasional contributions to newspapers introduced him to some of the editors and journalists of that day, who sought to repair the spirit wasted by perpetual exertion in the protracted conviviality of the evening, and these associates sometimes left poor Lamb with an aching head and a purse exhausted by the claims of their necessities upon it. Among those was John Fenwick, immortalised as the *Bigod* of "Elia," who edited the "Albion" and other ill-fated newspapers in succession, and was the author of many libels, which did his employers no good and his Majesty's government no harm. These connexions will explain some of the allusions in the letters, which occupy the present section.

[A copy of "John Woodvil" had been sent to Coleridge for Wordsworth, with a former letter, which has been, of

course, already given. It is the one which contains the exquisite description of Coleridge's blue-stocking friends.[1]

When the following reply to a pressing invitation from Mr. Wordsworth to visit him at the Lakes was sent, the great poet had received the copy through Coleridge, and written to the author to express his approbation.]

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

"Jan. 30th, 1801.

"I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street: the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers: coaches, waggons, playhouses: all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden: the very women of the Town: the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night: the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street: the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements: the print-shops, the old-book stalls, parsons cheapening books: coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens: the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade: all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emo-

[1] [In Lamb's letter to Wordsworth of January 30, 1801, printed *infrâ*, he thanks the poet for liking "Woodvil," so that if we make fair allowance for the then slow transit of letters and book parcels, we cannot date the letter to Coleridge above later than Christmas of the year preceding.]

tions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

"My attachments are all local, purely local—I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a bookcase which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved: old chairs, old tables: streets, squares, where I have sunned myself: my old school,—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends with anything. Your sun and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to be in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind, and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confidently called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men, in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.[1]

"Give my kindest love *and my sister's* to D.[2] and yourself. And a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite.[3] Thank you for liking my play!

"C. L."

At Lady Day, 1801, Lamb, having had notice to leave his quarters at Southampton Buildings, where he had been since the preceding Midsummer, proceeded to retrace his steps to the scene of his birth and childhood—the Temple.

[1] Alluding to the verses by Wordsworth, entitled "Joanna," containing a magnificent description of the effect of laughter echoing amidst the great mountains of Westmoreland.

[2] [Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister.]

[3] Alluding to Wordsworth's poem, "The Pet Lamb."

During this time he wrote only a few small poems, which he transmitted to Manning. In his letters to that gentlemen a vein of wild humour breaks out, of which there are but slight indications in the correspondence with his more sentimental friends; as if the very opposition of Manning's more scientific power to his own force of sympathy provoked the sallies which the genial kindness of the mathematician fostered. The prodigal and reckless humour of some of these letters forms a striking contrast to the deep feeling of the earlier letters to Coleridge. His "Essays of Elia" shew the harmonious union of both. The following letters, written in the spring of 1801, announce his intention of returning, as well as his actual removal, to the Temple, and describe his new abode in Mitre Court Buildings, an address associated with some of his happiest years and richest friendships.

TO MR. MANNING.

[Southampton Buildings, Early in 1801.]

"You masters of logic ought to know (logic is nothing more than a knowledge of *words*, as the Greek etymon implies), that all words are no more to be taken in a literal sense at all times than a promise given to a tailor. When I expressed an apprehension that you were mortally offended, I meant no more than by the application of a certain formula of efficacious sounds, which had *done* in similar cases before, to rouse a sense of decency in you, and a remembrance of what was due to me! You masters of logic should advert to this phenomenon in human speech, before you arraign the usage of us dramatic geniuses. Imagination is a good blood mare, and goes well; but the misfortune is, she has too many paths before her. 'Tis true I might have imaged to myself, that you had trundled your frail carcass to Norfolk. I might also, and did imagine, that you had not, but that you were lazy, or inventing new properties in a triangle, and for that purpose moulding and squeezing Landlord Crisp's three-cornered beaver into fantastic experimental forms; or that Archimedes was meditating to repulse the French, in case of a Cambridge

invasion, by a geometric hurling of folios on their red caps; or, peradventure, that you were in extremities, in great wants, and just set out for Trinity-bogs when my letters came. In short, my genius (which is a short word now-a-days for what-a-great-man-am-I) was absolutely stifled and overlaid with its own riches. Truth is one and poor, like the cruse of Elijah's widow. Imagination is the bold face that multiplies its oil: and thou, the old cracked pipkin, that could not believe it could be put to such purposes. Dull pipkin, to have Elijah for thy cook! Imbecile recipient of so fat a miracle! I send you George Dyer's Poems,[1] the richest production of the lyric muse *this century* can justly boast: for Wordsworth's L. B. were published, or at least written, before Christmas.

"Please to advert to pages 291 to 296 for the most astonishing account of where Shakspeare's muse has been all this while. I thought she had been dead, and buried in Stratford Church, with the young man *that kept her company*,—

> 'But it seems, like the Devil,
> Buried in Cole Harbour,
> Some say she's risen again,
> Gone 'prentice to a Barber.'

"N.B.—I don't charge anything for the additional manuscript notes, which are the joint productions of myself and a learned translator of Schiller, John Stoddart, Esq.[2]

"N.B. the 2nd.—I should not have blotted your book,[3] but I had sent my own out to be bound, as I was in duty bound. A liberal criticism upon the several pieces, lyrical, heroical, amatory, and satirical, would be acceptable. So, you don't think there's a Word's-worth of good poetry in the great L. B.! I daren't put the dreaded syllables at their just length, for my *back* tingles from the northern

["Poetics; or a Series of Poems and Disquisitions on Poetry," 1801.]

[2] [Son of Lieutenant John Stoddart, of Salisbury. He had probably been introduced by Godwin, who was himself introduced by Coleridge. He subsequently went into the law, became king's advocate at Malta, and Chief Justice of that island. An allusion to him is made in the letter to Coleridge of June 10, 1796. His name will occur frequently again.]

[3] [Dyer's Poetics, sent by Lamb to Manning.]

castigation.[1] I send you the three letters, which I beg you to return along with those former letters,[2] which I hope you are not going to print by your detention. But don't be in a hurry to send them. When you come to town will do. Apropos of coming to town, last Sunday was a fortnight, as I was coming to town from the Professor's, inspired with new rum, I tumbled down, and broke my nose. I drink nothing stronger than malt liquors.

"I am going to change my lodgings, having received a hint that it would be agreeable, at our Lady's next feast. I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out (when you stand a tiptoe) over the Thames and Surrey Hills, at the upper end of King's Bench walks in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out as often as I desire to hold free converse with my immortal mind; for my present lodgings resemble a minister's levee, I have so increased my acquaintance (as they call 'em), since I have resided in town. Like the country mouse, that had tasted a little of urban manners, I long to be nibbling my own cheese by my dear self without mouse-traps and time-traps. By my new plan, I shall be as airy, up four pair of stairs, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of enchanting, more than Mahometan paradise, London, whose dirtiest drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain. O! her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toyshops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastry-cooks! St. Paul's churchyard! the Strand! Exeter Change! Charing Cross, with a man *upon* a black horse! These are thy gods, O London! Ain't you mightily moped on the banks of the Cam! Had not you better come and set up here? You can't think what a difference. All the streets

[1] [The attacks on him by the Scotish Reviewers.]

[2] [The letters from Coleridge to Lamb, which the latter had lent to Manning. So early as 1796, in writing to Coleridge, he speaks of having lent his letters to some one, not Manning, of course, whom he did not know till 1799, but probably Samuel Le Grice, of whom he saw so much just then. See Letter to Coleridge, June 10th, 1796, and compare that to Manning of August 31st, 1801.]

and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you. At least I know an alchemy that turns her mud into that metal,—a mind that loves to be at home in crowds.

"'Tis half-past twelve o'clock, and all sober people ought to be a-bed. Between you and me, the 'Lyrical Ballads' are but drowsy performances.

"C. LAMB (as you may guess)."

TO MR. MANNING.

[16, Mitre Court Buildings,
April, 1801.]

"I was not aware that you owed me anything beside that guinea; but I dare say you are right. I live at No. 16 Mitre-court Buildings, a pistol-shot off Baron Maseres'.[1] You must introduce me to the Baron. I think we should suit one another mainly. He lives on the ground floor for convenience of the gout; I prefer the attic story for the air! He keeps three footmen and two maids; I have neither maid nor laundress, not caring to be troubled with them! His forte, I understand, is the higher mathematics; my turn, I confess, is more to poetry and the belles lettres. The very antithesis of our characters would make up a harmony. You must bring the baron and me together.—N.B. when you come to see me, mount up to the top of the stairs—I hope you are not asthmatical—and come in flannel, for it's pure airy up there. And bring your glass, and I will shew you the Surrey Hills. My bed faces the river so as by perking up upon my haunches, and supporting my carcase with my elbows, without much wrying my neck, I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of the King's Bench walks as I lie in my bed. An excellent tiptoe prospect in the best room: casement windows with small panes, to look more like a cottage. Mind, I have got no bed for you, that's flat; sold it to pay expenses of moving. The very bed on which Manning lay—the friendly, the

[1] [Maseres, like Manning, took an interest in mathematical studies. But he also published several excellent works in the English Historical Series. He was a Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer. I fear that Lamb and he would barely have chummed.]

mathematical Manning! How forcibly does it remind me of the interesting Otway! 'The very bed which on thy marriage night gave thee into the arms of Belvidera, by the coarse hands of ruffians—' (upholsterers' men,) &c. My tears will not give me leave to go on. But a bed I will get you, Manning, on condition you will be my day-guest.

"I have been ill more than a month, with a bad cold, which comes upon me (like a murderer's conscience) about midnight, and vexes me for many hours. I have successively been drugged with Spanish licorice, opium, ipecacuanha, paregoric, and tincture of foxglove (tinctura purpuræ digitalis of the ancients). I am afraid I must leave off drinking."

A gentleman and his sister, desirous of making the acquaintance of Mr. Godwin, had come up to town, and Lamb wrote to the author of "Antonio" to arrange a meeting at Mitre Court Buildings.

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

"June 29, 1801.

"Dear Sir,—Dr. Christy's Brother and Sister are come to town and have shown me great civilities. I in return wish to requite them, having, *by God's grace*, principles of generosity *implanted* (as the moralists say) in my nature, which have been duly cultivated and watered by good and religious friends, and a pious education. They have picked up in the northern parts of the island an astonishing admiration of the great author of the New Philosophy in England, and I have ventured to promise their taste an evening's gratification by seeing Mr. Godwin *face* to *face!!!!!* Will you do them and me *in* them the pleasure of drinking tea and supping with me at the *old* number 16 on Friday or Saturday next? An early nomination of the day will very much oblige yours sincerely, "CH. LAMB."

The following letter, written (I gather) in August, 1801, apparently before Mr. Manning started for the Continent, and probably prior to Lamb's discovery of his ulterior views, shews that Lamb had succeeded in obtaining casual

employment as a writer of epigrams for newspapers, by which he added something to his slender income. The disparaging reference to Sir James Mackintosh must not be taken as expressive of Lamb's deliberate opinion of that distinguished person. Mackintosh, at this time, was in great disfavour, for his supposed apostasy from the principles of his youth, with Lamb's philosophic friends, whose minds were of temperament less capable than that of the author of the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" of being diverted from abstract theories of liberty by the crimes and sufferings which then attended the great attempt to reduce them to practice. Lamb, through life utterly indifferent to politics, was always ready to take part with his friends, and probably scouted, with them, Mackintosh as a deserter.

TO MR. MANNING.

[August, 1801.]

"Dear Manning,—I have forborne writing so long (and so have you, for the matter of that), until I am almost ashamed either to write or to forbear any longer. But as your silence may proceed from some worse cause than neglect—from illness, or some mishap which may have befallen you—I begin to be anxious. You may have been burnt out, or you may have married, or you may have broken a limb, or turned country parson; any of these would be excuse sufficient for not coming to my supper. I am not so unforgiving as the nobleman in 'Saint Mark.' For me, nothing new has happened to me, unless that the poor "Albion" died last Saturday of the world's neglect, and with it the fountain of my puns is choked up for ever.

"All the Lloyds wonder that you do not write to them. They apply to me for the cause. Relieve me from this weight of ignorance, and enable me to give a truly oracular response.

"I have been confined some days with swelled cheek and rheumatism—they divide and govern me with a viceroy-headache in the middle. I can neither write nor read without great pain. It must be something like obstinacy that I choose this time to write to you in after many months interruption.

"I will close my letter of simple inquiry with an epigram on Mackintosh, the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ'-man—who has got a place at last—one of the last I *did* for the 'Albion:'—

> 'Though thou'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
> In the resemblance one thing thou dost lack;
> When he had gotten his ill-purchas'd pelf,
> He went away, and wisely hanged himself:
> This thou may do at last, yet much I doubt,
> If thou hast any *Bowels* to gush out!'

"Yours, as ever, "C. LAMB."

CHAPTER II.

LETTERS TO WALTER WILSON, GODWIN, MANNING, ETC.

[1801-2.]

SOME sportive extravagance which, however inconsistent with Lamb's early sentiments of reverent piety, was very far from indicating an irreligious purpose, seems to have given offence to Mr. Walter Wilson, and to have induced the following letter, illustrative of the writer's feelings at this time on the most momentous of all subjects:—

TO MR. WALTER WILSON.

"August 14th, 1801.

"Dear Wilson,—I am extremely sorry that any serious difference should subsist between us, on account of some foolish behaviour of mine at Richmond; you knew me well enough before—that a very little liquor will cause a considerable alteration in me.

"I beg you to impute my conduct solely to that, and not to any deliberate intention of offending you, from whom I have received so many friendly attentions. I know that you think a very important difference in opinion with respect to some more serious subjects between us makes me a dangerous companion; but do not rashly infer, from some slight and light expressions which I may have made use of in a moment of levity in your presence, without sufficient regard to your feelings—do not conclude that I am an inveterate enemy to all religion. I have had a time of seriousness, and I have known the importance and reality of a religious belief. Latterly, I acknowledge, much of my seriousness has gone off, whether from new company or some other new associations; but I still retain at bottom a conviction of the truth, and a certainty of the usefulness of religion. I will not pretend to more gravity or feeling

than I at present possess; my intention is not to persuade you that any great alteration is probable in me; sudden converts are superficial and transitory; I only want you to believe that I have *stamina* of seriousness within me, and that I desire nothing more than a return of that friendly intercourse which used to subsist between us, but which my folly has suspended.

"Believe me, very affectionately, yours, C. LAMB."

In the next, Mr. Manning's intention of leaving England had become indirectly known to his friend, and the latter had also written in answer to the letter, which is inserted just above, imparting to Lamb some of his plans, so far as he had yet made up his mind. Lamb laments here the temporary loss of Mr. Rickman, and sends for Manning's friend Coleridge's and other letters relating to "John Woodvil." The way in which the stoppage of the "Albion," whose two-and-twenty readers Lamb commemorates, is again introduced, with tidings of a fresh opening on the "Morning Chronicle," prompts us to date this communication and its precursor within a few weeks of each other.

TO MR. MANNING.

"August 31, 1801.

"I heard that you were going to China,[1] with a commission from the Wedgwoods to collect hints for their pottery, and to teach the Chinese *perspective*.[2] But I did not know that London lay in your way to Pekin. I am seriously glad of it, for I shall trouble you with a small present for the Emperor of Usbeck Tartary, as you go by his territories: it is a fragment of a 'Dissertation on the state of political parties in England at the end of the eighteenth century,' which will no doubt be very interesting to his Imperial

[1] [Mr. Manning had begun to be haunted, as we have already hinted, with the idea of China, and to talk of going thither, which he accomplished some years afterwards, without any motive but a desire to see that great nation.]

[2] [Lamb subsequently embodied his ideas of Chinese perspective in his Essay "On Old China," included in the "Last Essays of Elia," 1833.]

Majesty. It was written originally in English for the use of the *two* and *twenty* readers of 'The Albion' (this *calculation* includes a printer, four pressmen, and a devil); but becoming of no use when 'The Albion' stopped, I got it translated into Usbeck Tartar by my good friend Tibet Kulm, who is come to London with a *civil* invitation from the Cham to the English nation to go over to the worship of the Lama.

"'The Albion'[1] is dead—dead as nail in door—and my revenues have died with it; but I am not as a man without hope. I have got a sort of an opening to the 'Morning Chronicle'! ! ! Mister Manning, by means of that common dispenser of benevolence, Mister Dyer. I have not seen Perry[2] the editor yet: but I am preparing a specimen. I shall have a difficult job to manage, for you must know that Mr. Perry, in common with the great body of the Whigs, thinks 'The Albion' *very low*. I find I must rise a peg or so, be a little more decent and less abusive; for, to confess the truth, I had arrived to an abominable pitch; I spared neither age nor sex when my cue was given me. *N'importe* (as they say in French): any climate will suit me. So you are about to bring your old face-making face to London. You could not come in a better time for my purposes; for I have just lost Rickman, a faint idea of whose character I sent you. He is gone to Ireland for a year or two, to make his fortune; and I have lost by his going, what seems to me I can never recover—*a finished man*. His memory will be to me as the brazen serpent to the Israelites,—I shall look up to it, to keep me upright and honest. But he may yet bring back his honest face to England one day. I wish your affairs with the Emperor of China had not been *so urgent*, that you might have stayed in Great Britain a year or two longer, to have seen him; for, judging from *my own*

[1] [There seems to be no copy of the "Albion" in the British Museum; nor is it included in the lists given by Nichols in his "Literary Anecdotes." It might have brought us nearer to the exact date of this and the other letter, where its decease is recorded.]

[2] [James Perry, Esq., editor of the "Morning Chronicle," and father of the late Sir Erskine Perry. He was a great lover of old English books, and so would have something in common with the gentleman, who was now seeking his acquaintance.]

experience, I almost dare pronounce you never saw his equal. I never saw a man that could be at all a second or substitute for him in any sort . . . . .

"Imagine that what is here erased was an apology and explanation, perfectly satisfactory you may be sure! for rating this man so highly at the expense of ——, and ——, and ——, and M——, and ——, and ——, and ——. But Mr. Burke has explained this phenomenon of our nature very prettily in his letter to a Member of the National Assembly, or else in his Appeal to the old Whigs, I forget which —do you remember an instance from Homer (who understood these matters tolerably well) of Priam driving away his other sons with expressions of wrath and bitter reproach, when Hector was just dead.

"I live where I did in a *private* manner, because I don't like *state*. Nothing is so disagreeable to me as the clamours and applauses of the mob. For this reason I live in an *obscure* situation in one of the courts of the Temple.

"C. L."

"I send you all of Coleridge's letters[1] to me, which I have preserved: some of them are upon the subject of my play. I also send you Kemble's two letters and the prompter's courteous epistle, with a curious critique on 'Pride's Cure' by a young physician from EDINBRO', who

[1] [Compare the letter *supra* to Manning from Southampton Buildings, where we observe that at that time Lamb had lent him certain letters, and was anxious to recover them. What they were, is not positively stated; but they were doubtless Coleridge's. Manning appears to have taken a warm interest in that great man, and Lamb took an early opportunity, after he had made his Cambridge friend's acquaintance, of bringing them together. See the letter of March 17th, 1800. When that was written, Lamb had not had for some time any close personal contact with Coleridge, and the confidential estimate which he expresses of him to Manning, after having him with him in the same lodgings for a few weeks, has something about it which touches.

In Gilman's 'Life of Coleridge' a portion of a letter to Lamb on the tragedy of 1796, for which Lamb thanks his friend (as before mentioned) in one of October 3, same year, is printed; a second, much more important, is given (from a transcript) in the "Memorials of Hood," 1860; and in the copy of Daniel's "Poems," 1718, which belonged to Lamb, and was lent by him to Coleridge, are two more, dated 1808. These last were printed many years ago, but not accurately, in "Notes and Queries."]

modestly suggests quite another kind of a plot. These are monuments of my disappointment which I like to preserve.

"In Coleridge's letters you will find a good deal of amusement, to see genuine talent struggling against a pompous display of it. I also send you the Professor's letter to me (careful professor! to conceal his *name* even from his correspondent) ere yet the Professor's pride was cured. Oh! monstrous and almost satanical pride!

"You will carefully keep all (except the Scotch Doctor's,[1] *which burn*) *in statu quo*, till I come to claim mine own.

"C. LAMB."

Mr. Godwin had sent Lamb a plan or sketch of some work, which he contemplated carrying out. It is to be inferred from the reply subjoined that the undertaking was some story founded on the life of Savage, narrated by Johnson.[2] Lamb evidently took considerable time and trouble to think over the matter, and help his friend with suggestions. But nothing seems to have come of the scheme.

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

"[Margate?] Sept. 9, 1801.

"Dear Sir,—Nothing runs in my head when I think of your story, but that you should make it as like the life of Savage as possible. That is a known and familiar tale, and its effect on the public mind has been very great. Many of the incidents in the true history are readily made dramatical. For instance, Savage used to walk backwards and forwards o' nights to his mother's window, to catch a glimpse of her, as she passed with a candle. With some such situation the play might happily open. I would plunge my Hero, exactly like Savage, into difficulties and embarrassments, the consequences of an unsettled mind: out of which he may be extricated by the unknown inter-

[1] [Probably Dr. Stoddart.]

[2] [See Cunningham's edition of the "Lives of the Poets," 1854, vol. ii., p. 341 *et seq.*]

ference of his mother. He should be attended from the beginning by a Friend, who should stand in much the same relation towards him as Horatio to Altamont in the play of the 'Fair Penitent.' A character of this sort seems indispensable. This Friend might gain interviews with the mother, when the son was refused sight of her. Like Horatio with Calista, he might wring his soul. Like Horatio, he might learn the secret *first*. He might be exactly in the same perplexing situation, when he had learned it, whether to tell it or conceal it from the Ton (I have still Savage in my head), might *kill* a man (as he did) in an affray—he should receive a pardon, as Savage did—and the mother might interfere to have him *banished*. This should provoke the friend to demand an interview with her husband, and disclose the whole secret. The husband, refusing to believe anything to her dishonour, should fight with him. The husband repents before he dies. The mother explains and confesses everything in his presence. The son is admitted to an interview with his now acknowledged mother. Instead of embraces, she resolves to abstract herself from all pleasure, even from his sight, in voluntary penance all her days after. This is crude indeed!! but I am totally unable to suggest a better. I am the worst hand in the world at a plot. But I understand enough of passion to predict that your story, with some of Savage's, which has no repugnance, but a natural alliance with it, cannot fail. The mystery of the suspected relationship—the suspicion, generated from slight and forgotten circumstances, coming at last to act as Instinct, and so to be mistaken for Instinct—the son's unceasing pursuit and throwing of himself in his mother's way, something like Falkland's eternal persecution of Williams—the high and intricate passion in the mother, the being obliged to shun and keep at a distance the thing nearest to her heart—to be cruel, where her heart yearns to be kind, without a possibility of explanation. You have the power of life and death and the hearts of your auditors in your hands—still Harris will want a skeleton, and he must have it. I can only put in some sorry hints. The discovery to the son's friend may take place not before the third act—in some such way as this. The mother may cross the street—he

may point her out to some gay companion of his as the Beauty of Leghorn—the pattern for wives, &c., &c. His companion, who is an Englishman, laughs at his mistake, and knows her to have been the famous Nancy Dawson, or any one else, who captivated the English king. Some such way seems dramatic, and speaks to the Eye. The audience will enter into the Friend's surprise and into the perplexity of his situation. These Ocular Scenes are so many great landmarks, rememberable headlands and lighthouses in the voyage. Macbeth's witch has a good advice to a tragic writer, what to do with his spectator.

'*Show* his *eyes*, and grieve his heart.'

The most difficult thing seems to be, What to do with the husband? You will not make him jealous of his own son? that is a stale and an unpleasant trick in Douglas, &c. Can't you keep him out of the way till you want him, as the husband of Isabella is conveniently sent off till his cue comes? There will be story enough without him, and he will only puzzle all. Catastrophes are worst of all. Mine is most stupid. I only propose it to fulfil my engagement, not in hopes to convert you.

"It is always difficult to get rid of a woman at the end of a tragedy. *Men* may fight and die. A woman must either take poison, *which is a nasty trick*, or go mad, which is not fit to be shown—or retire, which is poor: only retiring is most reputable.

"I am sorry I can furnish you no better: but, I find it extremely difficult to settle my thoughts upon anything but the scene before me, when I am from home: I am from home so seldom. If any the least hint crosses me, I will write again, and I very much wish to read your plan, if you could abridge and send it. In this little scrawl you must take the will for the deed, for I most sincerely wish success to your play.—Farewell, "C. L."

The readers of ELIA remember the Essay on the "Old Margate Hoy." Lamb was seemingly (for the first time) at that watering place with his sister, when he sent the last letter to Godwin—neither had seen the sea before; and he was still there, when he wrote the next, conveying hints

and a sort of outline for some other literary notion which was floating in Godwin's thoughts. The letter is facetiously subscribed *William Godwin*, with Godwin's address at the end. He once played the same joke with Hood. The second embryo has the air of having been an intended drama on the story of Arabella Churchill. But we know nothing certain about it.

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

"Margate, Sept. 17th, 1801.

[*Fragment.*]

"I shall be glad to come home and talk these matters over with you. I have read your scheme very attentively. That Arabella has been mistress to King Charles is sufficient to all the purposes of the story. It can only diminish that respect we feel for her to make her turn whore to one of the Lords of his Bedchamber. Her son must not know that she has been a whore: it matters not that she has been whore to a *King:* equally in both cases, it is against decorum and against the delicacy of a son's respect that he should be privy to it. No doubt, many sons might feel a wayward pleasure in the honourable guilt of their mothers; but is it a true feeling? Is it the best sort of feeling? Is it a feeling to be exposed on theatres to mothers and daughters? Your conclusion (or rather Defoe's) comes far short of the tragic ending, which is always expected; and it is not safe to disappoint. A tragic auditory wants *blood*. They care but little about a man and his wife parting. Besides, what will you do with the son, after all his pursuits and adventures? Even quietly leave him to take guinea-and-a-half lodgings with mamma in Leghorn! Impotent and pacific measures! . . . I am certain that you must mix up some strong ingredients of distress to give a savour to your pottage. I still think that you may, and must, graft the story of Savage upon Defoe. Your hero must *kill* a *man* or *do some thing*. Can't you bring him to the gallows or some great mischief, out of which she *must* have recourse to an explanation with her husband to save him. Think on this. The husband, for instance, has great

friends in Court at Leghorn. The son is condemned to death. She cannot teaze him for a stranger. She must tell the whole truth. Or she *may* teaze him, as for a stranger, till (like Othello in Cassio's case) he begins to suspect her for her importunity. Or, being pardoned, can she not teaze her husband to get him banished? Something of this I suggested before. *Both* is best. The murder and the pardon will make business for the fourth act, and the banishment and explanation (by means of the *Friend* I want you to draw) the fifth. You must not open any of the truth to Dawley by means of a letter. A letter is a feeble messenger on the stage. Somebody, the son or his friend, must, as a *coup de main*, be exasperated, and obliged to tell the husband. Damn the husband and his 'gentlemanlike qualities.' Keep him out of sight, or he will trouble all. Let him be in England on trade, and come home as Biron does in *Isabella*, in the fourth act, when he is wanted. I am for introducing situations, sort of counterparts to situations which have been tried in other plays —*like*, but not the *same*. On this principle I recommended a friend like Horatio in the 'Fair Penitent,' and on this principle I recommend a situation like Othello, with relation to Desdemona's intercession for Cassio. Bye-scenes may likewise receive hints. The son may see his mother at a mask or Feast, as Romeo Juliet. The festivity of the company contrasts with the strong perturbations of the individuals. Dawley may be told his wife's past unchastity at a mask by some witch-character, as Macbeth upon the heath, in dark sentences. This may stir his brain, and be forgot, but come in aid of stronger proof hereafter. From this what you will perhaps call whimsical way of counterparting, this honest stealing, and original mode of plagiarism, much yet, I think, remains to be sucked. Excuse these abortions. I thought you would want the draught soon again, and I would not send it empty away.—Yours truly, "WILLIAM GODWIN!!!

"Somers Town, 17th Sept., 1801."

Mr. Manning had left England and was travelling in France, when the next short letter and enclosure reached him.

TO MR. MANNING.

"Feb. 15th, 1802.

"*Apropos*, I think you wrong about my play. All the omissions are right. And the supplementary scene, in which Sandford narrates the manner in which his master is affected, is the best in the book. It stands where a hodge-podge of German puerilities used to stand. I insist upon it that you like that scene. Love me, love that scene. I will now transcribe the 'Londoner' (No. 1),[1] and wind up all with affection and humble servant at the end."

"'What is all this about?' said Mrs. Shandy. 'A story of a cock and a bull,' said Yorick: and so it is; but Manning will take good-naturedly what *God will send him* across the water: only I hope he won't *shut* his *eyes*, and *open* his *mouth*, as the children say, for that is the way to *gape*, and not to *read*. Manning, continue your laudible purpose of making me your register. I will render back all your remarks; and *I, not you*, shall have received usury by having read them. In the mean time, may the great Spirit have you in his keeping, and preserve our Englishman from the inoculation of frivolity and sin upon French earth.

"*Allons*—or what is it you say, instead of *good-bye?*

"Mary sends her kind remembrance, and covets the remarks equally with me. "C. LAMB."

Mr. Rickman was at present in town, though very uncertain in his movements, and seldom long in one place. Although the enclosure in the letter which follows in order of date spoke for itself, as Lamb says, we have no clue to the allusion. Mr. Rickman was the friend who was usually selected where Lamb sought influential assistance or out-of-the-way information.

[1] Here was transcribed the essay called "The Londoner," which was published some years afterwards in "The Reflector," and which forms part of Lamb's Collected Works.

TO MR. RICKMAN.

"16, Mitre Court Buildings, Inner Temple, April 10, 1802.

"Dear Rickman,—The enclosed letter explains itself. It will save me the danger of a corporal interview with the man-eater who, if very sharp-set, may take a fancy to me, if you will give me a short note, declaratory of probabilities. These from him who hopes to see you once or twice more before he goes hence, to be no more seen: for there is no tipple nor tobacco in the grave, whereunto he hasteneth.[1]

"C. LAMB."

"How clearly the Goul writes, and like a gentleman!

[1] [This is rather unusual on the part of Lamb, who was inclined to treat jestingly Coleridge's propensity for speaking of himself as moribund. See particularly Letter to Coleridge of May 1, 1821, *infrâ*, and the Note.]

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS TO COLERIDGE, MRS. GODWIN, AND MANNING—VISIT TO THE LAKES.

[1802.]

IN the autumn of 1802, Lamb, in company with his sister, visited the Lakes, and spent three weeks with Coleridge at Keswick, having gone thither without invitation or notice. There he also met the true annihilator of the slave-trade, Thomas Clarkson, who was then enjoying a necessary respite from his stupendous labours, in a cottage on the borders of Ulswater. Lamb had no taste for oratorical philanthropy; but he felt the grandeur and simplicity of Clarkson's character, and appreciated the unexampled self-denial with which he steeled his heart, trembling with nervous sensibility, to endure intimate acquaintance with the foulest details of guilt and wickedness which he lived, and could have died, to abolish. Wordsworth was not in the Lake-country during Lamb's visit; but he made amends by spending some time in town after Lamb's return; and he then quitted it for Yorkshire to be married. Lamb's following letters shew that he made some advances towards fellowship with the hills which at a distance he had treated so cavalierly; but his feelings never heartily associated with "the bare earth, and mountains bare," which sufficed Wordsworth; he rather loved to cleave to the little hints and suggestions of nature in the midst of crowded cities. In his latter years I have heard him, when longing after London among the pleasant fields of Enfield, declare that his love of natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass and the stunted trees, that blacken in the old-churchyard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames-street. [The casual reference to Bartholomew Fair is curious.]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Sept. 8th, 1802.

"Dear Coleridge,—I thought of not writing till we had performed some of our commissions; but we have been hindered from setting about them, which yet shall be done to a tittle. We got home very pleasantly on Sunday. Mary is a good deal fatigued, and finds the difference of going to a place, and coming *from* it. I feel that I shall remember your mountains to the last day I live. They haunt me perpetually. I am like a man who has been falling in love unknown to himself, which he finds out when he leaves the lady. I do not remember any very strong impression while they were present; but, being gone, their mementos are shelved in my brain. We passed a very pleasant little time with the Clarksons. The Wordsworths are at Montagu's rooms, near neighbours to us.[1] They dined with us yesterday, and I was their guide to Bartlemy Fair!"

The Lambs, returned from their holiday, perhaps brought home the salmon, of which they offered the Godwins a portion in a letter without date, but probably referable to September, 1802.

TO MRS. GODWIN.

[Early in Sept., 1802?]

"Dear Mrs. G.,—Having observed with some concern that Mr. Godwin is a little fastidious in what he eats for supper, I herewith beg to present his palate with a piece of dried salmon. I am assured it is the best that swims in Trent. If you do not know how to dress it, allow me to add, that it should be cut in thin slices and boiled in paper

[1] [Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu, whose name Lamb usually spells with a final *e*. But the late Mr. Basil Montagu Pickering, Montagu's godson, spelled his name without any, and so does Mrs. Montagu in a note to my father in my possession. Lowndes supports the same orthography.]

previously prepared in butter.. Wishing it exquisite, I remain,—Much as before, yours sincerely, " C. LAMB.

" Some add *mashed potatoes.*"

When the letter next in order of time was sent to Mr. Manning, that gentleman was still absent abroad; he had written to Lamb to announce his departure from Paris, and to give his new address in Switzerland. But he had not come to any final decision in regard to his meditated voyage to China:—

TO MR. MANNING.

" 24th Sept., 1802, London.

" My dear Manning,—Since the date of my last letter, I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly never intend to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe Stoddart promising to go with me another year prevented that plan. My next scheme, (for to my restless, ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed Peak in Derbyshire, where the Devil sits, they say, without breeches. *This* my purer mind rejected as indelicate. And my final resolve was a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice; for my time being precious did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great flounder-ing bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple,

&c. &c. We thought we had got into fairy-land. But that went off (as it never came again—while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets); and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. "Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, &c. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half-bed, &c. And all looking out upon the last fading view of Skiddaw and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons (good people and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night), and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London and past much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside. Ulswater (where the Clarksons live), and a place at the other end of Ulswater—I forget the name;[1] to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself, that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired, when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and

[1] Patterdale.

the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks—I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet-street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year—two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet-street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature. My habits are changing, I think, *i.e.* from drunk to sober. Whether I shall be happier or not, remains to be proved. I shall certainly be more happy in a morning; but whether I shall not sacrifice the fat, and the marrow, and the kidneys, *i.e.* the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilliant?—O Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spirituous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shameworthy terms? Is life, with such limitations, worth trying? The truth is, that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is is a pitiful tale to be read at St. Gothard; but it is just now nearest my heart. Fenwick [2] is a ruined man. He is hiding himself from his creditors, and has sent his wife and children into the country. Fell, my other drunken companion (that has been: nam hic cæstus artemque

[1] [The editor of the defunct "Albion."]

repono), is turned editor of a 'Naval Chronicle.' Godwin continues a steady friend, though the same facility does not remain of visiting him often. That b——h Mrs. Godwin has detached Marshall from his house, Marshall the man who went to sleep when the 'Ancient Mariner,' was reading: the old, steady, unalterable friend of the Professor. Holcroft is not yet come to town. I expect to see him, and will deliver your message. Things come crowding in to say, and no room for 'em. Some things are too little to be told, *i.e.* to have a preference; some are too big and circumstantial. Thanks for yours, which was most delicious. Would I had been with you, benighted, &c. I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell; write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you. Farewell, my dear fellow.

"C. Lamb."

Lamb was fond of Latin composition when at school, and was then praised for it. He was always fond of reading Latin verse, and late in life taught his sister to read it. About this time, he hazarded the following Latin letter to Coleridge, of whose classical acquirements he stood in awe. It will be perceived that Coleridge (if we may take Lamb's word for it) had wished him to prepay his letters, and go to Tartarus, *Anglice* Hell. Lamb employs *natales* for *nates;* he subsequently tells us that this was a slip or *lapsus plumæ;* but the production is best left to take care of itself. It forms part of the series, and no more can be said for it. He refers to the marriage of Wordsworth, of which he had mentioned the approach in the last letter to Manning.

CAROLUS AGNUS COLERIDGIO SUO S.

[Oct. 9, 1802.]

"Carissime,—Scribis, ut nummos scilicet epistolarios solvam et postremo in Tartara abeam: immo tu potius Tartaricum (ut aiunt) deprehendisti, qui me vernaculâ meâ linguâ pro scribâ conductitio per tot annos satis eleganter

usum ad Latinè impure et canino fere ore latrandum per tuasmet epistolas benè compositas et concinnatas percellire studueris. Conabor tamen: Attamen vereor, ut Ædes istas nostri Christi, inter quas tantâ diligentiâ magistri improbâ bonis literulis, quasi per clysterem quendam injectis, infrà supràque olim penitùs imbutus fui, Barnesii et Marklandii doctissimorum virorum nominibus adhuc gaudentes, barbarismis meis peregrinis et aliunde quæsitis valde dehonestavero. Sed pergere quocunque placet. Adeste igitur quotquot estis conjugationum declinationumve turmæ, terribilia spectra, et tu imprimis ades, Umbra et Imago maxima obsoletæ (Diis gratiæ) Virgæ, quâ novissime in mentem receptâ, horrescunt subito natales, et parum deest quo minùs braccas meas ultro usque ad crura demittam, et ipse puer pueriliter ejulem.

"Ista tua Carmina Chamouniana satis grandia esse mihi constat; sed hoc mihi nonnihil displicet, quòd in iis illæ montium Grisosonum inter se responsiones totidem reboant anglicé, *God, God*, haud aliter atque temet audivi tuas montes Cumbrianas resonare docentes, *Tod, Tod*, nempe Doctorem infelicem: vocem certe haud Deum Sonantem. Pro cæteris plaudo.

"Itidem comparationes istas tuas satis calidas et lepidas certé novi: sed quid hoc ad verum? cum illi Consulari viro et *mentem irritabilem* istum Julianum; et etiam *astutias frigidulas* quasdem Augusto propriores, nequaquam congruenter uno afflatu comparationis causâ insedisse affirmaveris: necnon nescio quid similitudinis etiam cum Tiberio tertio in loco solicite produxeris. Quid tibi equidem cum uno vel altero Cæsare, cùm universi Duodecim ad comparationes tuas se ultro tulerint? Præterea, vetustati adnutans, comparationes iniquas odi.

"Istas Wordsworthianas nuptias (vel potius cujusdam *Edmundii* tui) te retulisse mirificum gaudeo. Valeas, Maria,[1] fortunata nimium, et antiquæ illæ Mariæ Virgini (comparatione plusquam Cæsareanâ) forsitan comparanda, quoniam 'beata inter mulieres:' et etiam fortasse Wordsworthium ipsum tuum maritum Angelo Salutatori æquare

[1] [Mrs. Wordsworth, who had been Miss Mary Hutchinson. We shall print by and by some letters from Lamb to her sister.]

fas erit, quoniam e Cœlo (ut ille) descendunt et Musæ et ipsæ Musicolæ: at Wordsworthium Musarum observantissimum semper novi. Necnon te quoque affinitate hâc novâ, Dorothea, gratulor: et tu certe alterum *donum Dei*.

"Istum Ludum, quem tu, Coleridgi, Americanum garris, a Ludo (ut Ludi sunt) maximè abhorrentem prætereo: nempe quid ad Ludum attinet, totius illæ gentis Columbianæ, a nostrâ gente, eadem stirpe ortâ, ludi singuli causa voluntatem perperam alienare? Quæso ego materiam ludi: te Bella ingeris.

"Denique valeas, et quid de Latinitate meâ putes, dicas: facias ut opossum illum nostrum volantem vel (ut tu malis) quendam Piscem orrabundum, a me slavum et pulcherrimum esse jubeas. Valeant uxor tua cum Hartleiio nostro. Soror mea salva est et ego: vos et ipsa salvere jubet. Ulterius progrediri non liquet: homo sum æratus.

"P.S. Pene mihi exciderat, apud me esse Librorum a Johanno Miltono Latiné scriptorum volumina duo, quæ (Deo volente) cum cæteris tuis libris ocyùs citiùs per Maria ad te missura curabo; sed me in hoc tali genere rerum nullo modo *festinantem* novisti: habes confitentem reum. Hoc solum dici restat, prædicta volumina pulchra esse et omnia opera Latina J. M. in se continere.[1] Circa defensionem istam Pro Pop°. Ang°.[2] acerrimam in præsens ipse præclaro gaudio moror.

"Jussa tua Stuartina faciam ut diligenter colam.

"Iterum iterumque valeas:

"Et facias memor sis nostri."

The following letter refers to an offer of Coleridge to supply Lamb with literal translations from the German, which he might versify for the "Morning Post":—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Oct. 11th, 1802.

"Dear Coleridge,—Your offer about the German poems is exceedingly kind; but I do not think it a wise specula-

[1] [In his next he corrects himself on this point.]

[2] [He refers to Milton's "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," published in 1651 in answer to Claude de Saumaise or Salmasius.]

tion, because the time it would take you to put them into prose would be nearly as great as if you versified them. Indeed, I am sure you could do the one nearly as soon as the other; so that, instead of a division of labour, it would be only a multiplication. But I will think of your offer in another light. I dare say I could find many things of a light nature to suit that paper, which you would not object to pass upon Stuart as your own, and I should come in for some light profits, and Stuart think the more highly of your assiduity. 'Bishop Hall's Characters'[1] I know nothing about, having never seen them. But I will reconsider your offer, which is very plausible; for as to the drudgery of going every day to an editor with my scraps, like a pedlar, for him to pick out and tumble about my ribbons and posies, and to wait in his lobby, &c., no money could make up for the degradation. You are in too high request with him to have anything unpleasant of that sort to submit to.

"It was quite a slip of my pen, in my Latin letter, when I told you I had Milton's Latin Works. I ought to have said his Prose Works, in two volumes, Birch's edition, containing all, both Latin and English, a fuller and better edition than Lloyd's of Toland. It is completely at your service, and you must accept it from me; at the same time, I shall be much obliged to you for your Latin Milton, which you think you have at Howitt's; it will leave me nothing to wish for but the "History of England,"[2] which I shall soon pick up for a trifle. But you must write me word whether the Miltons are worth paying carriage for. You have a Milton; but it is pleasanter to eat one's own peas out of one's own garden, than to buy them by the peck at Covent Garden; and a book reads the better, which is our own, and has been so long known to us, that we know the topography of its blots and dog's-ears, and can trace the dirt in it to having read it at tea with buttered muffins, or over a pipe, which I think is the maximum. But, Coleridge, you must accept these little things, and not think of returning money for them, for I do not set up for

[1] ["Characters of Virtues and Vices," 1608.]
[2] [Or rather "History of Britain," originally published in 1670.]

a factor or general agent. As for the fantastic debt of 15*l.*,[1] I'll think you were dreaming, and not trouble myself seriously to attend to you. My bad Latin you properly correct; but *natales* for *nates* was an inadvertency: I knew better. *Progrediri* or *progredi* I thought indifferent, my authority being Ainsworth. However, as I have got a fit of Latin, you will now and then indulge me with an *epistola*. I pay the postage of this, and propose doing it by turns. In that case I can now and then write to you without remorse; not that you would mind the money, but you have not always ready cash to answer small demands—the *epistolarii nummi*.

"Your 'Epigram on the Sun and Moon in Germany' is admirable. Take 'em all together, they are as good as Harrington's.[2] I will muster up all the conceits I can, and you shall have a packet some day. You and I together can answer all demands surely: you, mounted on a terrible charger (like Homer in the Battle of the Books) at the head of the cavalry: I will lead the light horse. I have just heard from Stoddart. Austin and he intend taking Keswick in their way home. Austin wished particularly to have it a secret that he is in Scotland, and wrote to me accordingly very urgently. As luck was, I had told not above three or four; but Mary had told Mrs. Green of Christ's Hospital! For the present, farewell: never forgetting love to Pi-Pos[3] and his friends. "C. LAMB."

The following letter embodies in strong language Lamb's disgust at the *rational* mode of educating children. While he gave utterance to a deep and hearted feeling of jealousy for the old delightful books of fancy, which were banished by the sense of Mrs. Barbauld, he cherished great respect for that lady's power as a true English prose writer, and

[1] [An old score between the friends. It is to be suspected that Lamb frequently lent Coleridge money, or paid accounts for him. This particular amount had been paid by Lamb to May the tailor for Coleridge so far back as 1796.]

[2] [Or rather Harington. Sir John Harington's Epigrams are printed at the end of his English Ariosto; but they had been written and published separately long before.]

[3] [Hartley Coleridge.]

spoke often of her "Essay on Inconsistent Expectations," as alike bold and original in thought and elegant in style.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Oct. 23rd, 1802.

"I read daily your political essays. I was particularly pleased with 'Once a Jacobin:' though the argument is obvious enough, the style was less swelling than your things sometimes are, and it was plausible *ad populum*. A vessel has just arrived from Jamaica with the news of poor Sam Le Grice's death. He died at Jamaica of the yellow fever. His course was rapid and he had been very foolish; but I believe there was more of kindness and warmth in him than in almost any other of our schoolfellows. The annual meeting of the Blues is to-morrow, at the London Tavern, where poor Sammy dined with them two years ago, and attracted the notice of all by the singular foppishness of his dress. When men go off the stage so early, it scarce seems a noticeable thing in their epitaphs, whether they had been wise or silly in their lifetime.

"I am glad the snuff and Pi-pos's books please. 'Goody Two Shoes' is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery's[1] hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B.'s and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape* of *knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil?

[1] [At the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, where Goldsmith's books used to be sold, and where Griffith and Farran subsequently had their place of business.]

Think what you would have been now, if instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!

"Hang them!—I mean the cursed Barbauld crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child.

"As to the translations, let me do two or three hundred lines, and then do you try the nostrums upon Stuart in any way you please. If they go down, I will bray more. In fact, if I got or could but get 50*l.* a year only, in addition to what I have, I should live in affluence.

"Have you anticipated it, or could not you give a parallel of Bonaparte with Cromwell, particularly as to the contrast in their deeds affecting *foreign* states? Cromwell's interference for the Albigenses, B[uonaparte]'s against the Swiss. Then religion would come in; and Milton and you could rant about our countrymen of that period. This is a hasty suggestion, the more hasty because I want my supper. I have just finished Chapman's Homer.[1] Did you ever read it?—it has most the continuous power of interesting you all along, like a rapid original, of any, and in the uncommon excellence of the more finished parts goes beyond Fairfax or any of 'em. The metre is fourteen syllables, and capable of all sweetness and grandeur. Cowper's ponderous blank verse detains you every step with some heavy Miltonism; Chapman gallops off with you his own free pace. Take a simile for example. The council breaks up—

> 'Being abroad, the earth was overlaid
> With flockers to them, that came forth; as when of frequent bees
> Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees

[1] [Chapman's "Homer" became a favourite book, not only with Lamb, but with Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, and Keats. A copy had been lent to Cowden Clarke by Mr. Alsager, of the "Times" newspaper, who lived near Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and who sent Leigh Hunt his first dinner in prison; and Clarke and Keats went zealously through it. This was the origin of the sonnet "On First looking into Chapman's Homer" by the latter. I have mentioned elsewhere that Hunt and Keats were introduced to each other by Clarke, who mentions that Keats' first published poem was his "Sonnet to Solitude" in the "Examiner" for 1816. See also the "Examiner" for Sept. 21, 1817. Keats's Poems of 1817 are reviewed in the volume for that year pp. 345, 428, 443.]

Of their egression endlessly, with ever rising new
From forth their sweet nest; as their store, still as it faded, grew,
And never would cease sending forth her clusters to the spring,
They still crowd out so: this flock here, that there, belabouring
The loaded flowers. So,' &c. &c.

"What *endless egression of phrases* the dog commands!

"Take another: Agamemnon wounded, bearing his wound heroically for the sake of the army (look below) to a woman in labour.

'He, with his lance, sword, mighty stones, poured his heroic wreak
On other squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warm blood did break
Thro' his cleft veins: but when the wound was quite exhaust and crude,
The eager anguish did approve his princely fortitude.
As when most sharp and bitter pangs distract a labouring dame,
Which the divine Ilithiæ, that rule the painful frame
Of human childbirth, pour on her; the Ilithiæ that are
The daughters of Saturnia; with whose extreme repair
The woman in her travail strives to take the worst it gives;
With thought, *it must be, 'tis love's fruit, the end for which she lives;*
The mean to make herself new born, what comforts will redound!
So,' &c.

"I will tell you more about Chapman and his peculiarities in my next. I am much interested in him.[1]

"Yours ever affectionately, and Pi-Pos's,

"C. L."

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Nov. 4th, 1802.

"Observe, there comes to you, by the Kendal waggon tomorrow, the illustrious 5th of November, a box, containing the Miltons, the strange American Bible, with White's brief note, to which you will attend; Baxter's 'Holy Commonwealth,' for which you stand indebted to me 3*s.* 6*d.*; an odd volume of Montaigne, being of no use to me, I having the whole; certain books belonging to Wordsworth, as do

[1] [Lamb doubtless lent this copy of Chapman to Coleridge. In Joseph Lilly's Catalogue of Rare Books, 1863, p. 61, occurs what I take to be the very book referred to in the present and last letter. It is described as "A most interesting and valuable copy, containing the autograph signature, long letter, and numerous notes in the handwriting of S. T. Coleridge, the poet and philosopher." The copy had also passed through the hands of Wordsworth.]

also the strange thick-hoofed shoes, which are very much admired at in London. All these sundries I commend to your most strenuous looking after. If you find the Miltons in certain parts dirtied and soiled with a crumb of right Gloucester blacked in the candle (my usual supper), or peradventure a stray ash of tobacco wafted into the crevices, look to that passage more especially: depend upon it, it contains good matter. I have got your little Milton which, as it contains Salmasius—and I make a rule of never hearing but one side of the question (why should I distract myself?)—I shall return to you when I pick up the *Latina opera*. The first Defence is the greatest work among them, because it is uniformly great, and such as is befitting the very mouth of a great nation speaking for itself. But the second Defence, which is but a succession of splendid episodes slightly tied together, has one passage which if you have not read, I conjure you to lose no time, but read it; it is his consolations in his blindness, which had been made a reproach to him. It begins whimsically, with poetical flourishes about Tiresias and other blind worthies (which still are mainly interesting as displaying his singular mind, and in what degree poetry entered into his daily soul, not by fits and impulses, but engrained and innate); but the concluding page, *i. e.* of *this passage* (not of the *Defensio*) which you will easily find, divested of all brags and flourishes, gives so rational, so true an enumeration of his comforts, so human, that it cannot be read without the deepest interest. Take one touch of the religious part:—'Et sane haud ultima Dei cura cæci—(*we blind folks*, I understand it; not *nos* for *ego*)—sumus; qui nos, quominus quicquam aliud præter ipsum cernere valemus, eo clementius atque benignius respicere dignatur. Væ qui illudit nos, væ qui lædit, execratione publica devovendo; nos ab injuriis hominum non modo incolumes, sed pene sacros divina lex reddidit, divinus favor: nec tam *oculorum hebetudine* quam *cœlestium alarum umbrâ* has nobis fecisse tenebras videtur, factas illustrare rursus interiore ac longe præstabiliore lumine haud raro solet. Huc refero, quod et amici officiosius nunc etiam quam solebant, colunt, observant, adsunt; quod et nonnulli sunt, quibuscum Pyladeas atque Theseas alternare voces verorum amicorum liceat,

"Vade gubernaculum mei pedis.
Da manum ministro amico.
Da collo manum tuam, ductor autem viæ ero tibi ego."'

All this, and much more, is highly pleasing to know. But you may easily find it:—and I don't know why I put down so many words about it, but for the pleasure of writing to you and the want of another topic.

"Yours ever, "C. LAMB."

"To-morrow I expect with anxiety S. T. C.'s letter to Mr. Fox."

Mr. Manning was now once more,[1] though apparently contemplating a trip to Italy, in France, and Lamb wrote to him, addressing to the Poste Restante at Toulouse. He asks him, if he goes into Italy, to inquire for the works of Cellini. I have placed this letter here, because in that to Coleridge of Nov. 4, 1802, Lamb speaks of the attack on Fox as expected to appear the next day, and here he tells Manning that Coleridge has indited such an article in such a way as to justify the supposition that he had seen it in print.

TO MR. MANNING.

[Early in Nov. 1802.]

"My dear Manning,—I must positively write, or I shall miss you at Toulouse. I sit here like a decayed minute-hand (*I* lie; *that* does not *sit*), and being myself the exponent of no time, take no heed how the clocks about me are going. You possibly by this time may have explored all Italy, and toppled, unawares, into Etna, while you went too near those rotten-jawed, gap-toothed, old worn-out chaps of hell,—while I am meditating a quiescent letter to the honest postmaster at Toulouse. But in case you should not have been *felo de se*, this is to tell you, that your letter was quite to my palate—in particular your just remarks upon Industry, cursed Industry (though indeed you left me to explore the reason), were highly relishing.

"I've often wished I lived in the Golden Age, before

[1] [Compare letter to Manning of Sept. 24th, 1802, *suprâ*.]

doubt, and propositions, and corollaries, got into the world. *Now*, as Joseph Cottle, a Bard of Nature, sings, going up Malvern Hills.

> 'How steep! how painful the ascent!
> It needs the evidence of *close deduction*
> To know that ever I shall gain the top.'

You must know that Joe is lame, so that he had some reason for so singing. These two lines, I assure you, are taken *totidem literis* from a very *popular* poem. Joe is also an Epic Poet as well as a Descriptive, and has written a tragedy, though both his drama and epopoiea are strictly *descriptive*, and chiefly of the *Beauties of Nature*, for Joe thinks *man* with all his passions and frailties not a proper subject of the *Drama*. Joe's tragedy hath the following surpassing speech in it. Some king is told that his enemy has engaged twelve archers to come over in a boat from an enemy's country and way-lay him; he thereupon pathetically exclaims—

> '*Twelve*, dost thou say? Where be those dozen villains!'

Cottle read two or three acts out to us, very gravely on both sides, till he came to this heroic touch,—and then he asked what we laughed at? I had no more muscles that day. A poet that chooses to read out his own verses has but a limited power over you. There is a bound where his authority ceases.

"Apropos: if you should go to Florence or to Rome, inquire what works are extant in gold, silver, bronze, or marble, of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine artist, whose Life doubtless you have read; or, if not, without controversy you must read: so hark ye, send for it immediately from Lane's circulating library. It is always put among the romances, very properly; but you have read it, I suppose. In particular, inquire at Florence for his colossal bronze statue (in the grand square or somewhere) of Perseus. You may read the story in Tooke's 'Pantheon.' Nothing material has *transpired* in these parts. Coleridge has indited a violent philippic against Mr. Fox in the 'Morning Post,' which is a compound of expressions of humility, gentlemen-ushering-in most arrogant charges. It will do Mr. Fox no real injury among those that know him."

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS TO MANNING AND COLERIDGE.

[1803.]

MR. MANNING was back in Paris when Lamb resumed his correspondence with him. It was during this or some other sojourn in the French capital that Mr. Manning was imprisoned as a suspected person, and applied for and obtained his release at the hands of the First Consul. Many years afterwards, he visited St. Helena, and had an interview with the Emperor, who questioned him upon this old incident, and asked him, among other points, whether he did not bring to Paris credentials from Sir Joseph Banks.[1]

TO MR. MANNING.

"Feb. 19th, 1803.

"My dear Manning,—The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary.' What are you to do among such Ethiopians? Is there no *lineal descendant* of Prester John? Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?—depend upon it they'll never make you their king, as long as any branch of that great stock is remaining. I tremble for your Christianity. They will certainly circumcise you. Read Sir John Mandeville's travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartar-man now exhibiting at Exeter Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favourable specimen of his countrymen! But perhaps the best thing you can do, is to *try* to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words Independent Tartary, Independent

[1] [Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon," iv., 531.]

Tartary, two or three times, and associate with them the *idea* of *oblivion* ('tis Hartley's method with obstinate memories), or say, Independent, Independent, have I not already got an *independence?* That was a clever way of the old puritans—pun-divinity. My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such *parts* in heathen countries, among nasty, unconversable, horse-belching, Tartar-people! Some say, they are Cannibals; and then conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 'tis the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambuscan and the ring, and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such things, 'tis all the poet's *invention;* but if there were such darling things as old Chaucer sings, I would *up* behind you on the horse of brass, and frisk off for Prester John's country. But these are all tales; a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds! The Tartars, really, are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try* and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's,[1] 'twas none of my thought *originally*). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heartburn. *Shave the upper lip.* Go about like an European. Read no book of voyages (they are nothing but lies): only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy *under.* Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts. That has been your ruin.* Accustom yourself to write familiar letters on common subjects to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding. And think about common things more. I supped last night with Rickman, and met a merry *natural* captain, who pleases himself vastly with once having made a pun at Otaheite in the O. language.[2] 'Tis the same man

[1] ["Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus
Expulit helleboro morbum bilemque meraco."
Epist. ii. 2, 137.]

[2] Captain, afterwards Admiral Burney, who became one of the most constant attendants at Lamb's parties, and whose son, Martin, grew up in his strongest regard, and received the honour of the dedication of the second volume of his works.

who said Shakspeare he liked, because he was so *much of the gentleman*. Rickman is a man 'absolute in all numbers.' I think I may one day bring you acquainted, if you do not go to Tartary first; for you'll never come back. Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a-pound. To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat.[1]

"God bless you: do come to England. Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father?

"God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty. "Your sincere friend,

"C. LAMB."

Lamb received an account of Paris from his absent friend, and conveyed to him his excessive gratification at its contents, as well as the great relief it had afforded him, even at a pecuniary sacrifice, to give up his work on the "Morning Post."

TO MR. MANNING.

[February, 1803.]

"Not a sentence, not a syllable of Trismegistus, shall be lost through my neglect. I am his word-banker, his storekeeper of puns and syllogisms. You cannot conceive (and if Trismegistus cannot, no man can) the strange joy which I felt at the receipt of a letter from Paris. It seemed to give me a learned importance, which placed me above all who had not Parisian correspondents. Believe that I shall carefully husband every scrap, which will save you the trouble of memory, when you come back. You cannot write things so trifling, let them only be about Paris, which

[1] [It seems that Lamb had some vague idea that the Tartars were really anthropophagi, for Allsop says, "Lamb one night wanted to demonstrate, after the manner of Swift, that the Man-t-chou (query, *man-chew!*) Tartars were cannibals, and that the Chinese were identical with the Celts (Sell Teas.)" But Lamb had no geography; he did not know the map, as he expressed it; and it is quite likely that he had a serious undercurrent of suspicion that, joking apart, human flesh was an article of merchandize and consumption in Tartary.]

I shall not treasure. In particular, I must have parallels of actors and actresses. I must be told if any building in Paris is at all comparable to St. Paul's, which, contrary to the usual mode of that part of our nature called admiration, I have looked up to with unfading wonder every morning at ten o'clock, ever since it has lain in my way to business. At noon I casually glance upon it, being hungry;[1] and hunger has not much taste for the fine arts. Is any night-walk comparable to a walk from St. Paul's to Charing Cross, for lighting and paving, crowds going and coming without respite, the rattle of coaches and the cheerfulness of shops? Have you seen a man guillotined yet? is it as good as hanging? are the women *all* painted, and the men *all* monkeys? or are there not a *few* that look like *rational* of *both sexes*? Are you and the First Consul *thick*? All this expense of ink I may fairly put you to, as your letters will not be solely for my proper pleasure, but are to serve as memoranda and notices, helps for short memory, a kind of Rumfordising recollection, for yourself on your return. Your letter was just what a letter should be: crammed and very funny. Every part of it pleased me, till you came to Paris; and your philosophical indolence or indifference stung me. You cannot stir from your rooms till you know the language! What the devil! are men nothing but word-trumpets? are men all tongue and ear? have these creatures, that you and I profess to knew *something about*, no faces, gestures, gabble: no folly, no absurdity, no induction of French education upon the abstract idea of men and women, no similitude nor dissimilitude to English! Why! thou cursed Smellfungus![2] your account of your landing and reception, and Bullen (I forget how you spell it—it was spelt my way in Harry the Eighth's time,) was exactly in that minute style which strong impressions INSPIRE (writing to a Frenchman, I write as a Frenchman would). It appears to me as if I

[1] [A reference, I suppose, to the proverb as to dining with Duke Humphrey. But the latter is a fallacy. See my "Proverbs," 1882, p. 428.]

[2] [Rather a strong term, but perhaps to be accepted in an *Elian* sense. It was originally applied by Sterne to Smollett, in allusion to the disparaging tone of the latter's travels through France and Italy.]

should die with joy at the first landing in a foreign country. It is the nearest pleasure, which a grown man can substitute for that unknown one, which he can never know—the pleasure of the first entrance into life from the womb. I dare say, in a short time, my habits would come back like a 'stronger man' armed, and drive out that new pleasure; and I should soon sicken for known objects. Nothing has transpired here that seems to me of sufficient importance to send dry-shod over the water: but I suppose you will want to be told some news. The best and the worst to me is, that I have given up two guineas a week at the 'Post,' and regained my health and spirits, which were upon the wane. I grew sick, and Stuart[1] unsatisfied. *Ludisti satis, tempus abire est;* I must cut closer, that's all. Mister Fell—or as you, with your usual facetiousness and drollery, call him, Mr. F + ll—has stopped short in the middle of his play. Some *friend* has told him that it has not the least merit in it. Oh! that I had the rectifying of the Litany! I would put in a *libera nos* (*Scriptores videlicet*) *ab amicis!* That's all the news. *A propos* (is it pedantry, writing to a Frenchman, to express myself sometimes by a French word, when an English one would not do as well? methinks, my thoughts fall naturally into it)—

"In all this time I have done but one thing, which I reckon tolerable, and that I will transcribe, because it may give you pleasure, being a picture of *my* humours. You will find it in my last page. It absurdly is a first Number of a series, thus strangled in its birth.

"More news! The Professor's Rib[2] has come out to be a disagreeable woman, so much so as to drive me and some more old cronies from his house. He must not wonder if people are shy of coming to see him because of the *Snakes.*

"C. L."

The year 1803, during the earlier portion of which Miss Lamb had one of her seizures, passed without any event to disturb the dull current of Lamb's toilsome life. He wrote nothing this year, except some newspaper squibs and the delightful little poem on the death of Hester Savory.

[1] [The Editor already mentioned.]

[2] [Mrs. Godwin.]

This he sent to Manning at Paris, with the following account of its subject:—

TO MR. MANNING.

"March, 1803.

"Dear Manning, I send you some verses I have made on the death of a young Quaker you may have heard me speak of as being in love with for some years while I lived at Pentenville, though I had never spoken to her in my life. She died about a month since. If you have interest with the Abbé de Lisle, you may get 'em translated: he has done as much for the Georgics."

[No signature.]

The verses must have been written in the very happiest of Lamb's serious mood. I cannot refrain from the luxury of quoting the conclusion, though many readers have it by heart.

"My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore;
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning?

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?"[1]

In 1803 Mr. Coleridge visited London, where he remained about three weeks. He left in March, and at his departure confided the superintendence of a new edition of his Poems to Lamb. The next letter refers to this, and is prefaced by happy news.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[March 20th, 1803.]

"Mary sends love from home.

"Dear C——,—I do confess that I have not sent your books as I ought to have done;[2] but you know how the human

[1] [These pretty verses remind me of some of Mr. F. Locker's felicitous efforts in his "London Lyrics."]

[2] [Were these the books of which the letter of Nov. 4th, 1802, speaks as then about to be despatched by the Kendal waggon, or another parcel?]

free-will is tethered, and that we perform promises to ourselves no better than to our friends. A watch is come for you. Do you want it soon, or shall I wait till some one travels your way? You, like me, I suppose, reckon the lapse of time from the waste thereof, as boys let a cock run to waste: too idle to stop it, and rather amused with seeing it dribble. Your poems have begun printing; Longman sent to me to arrange them, the old and the new together. It seems you have left it to him; so I classed them, as nearly as I could, according to dates. First, after the Dedication, (which must march first) and which I have transplanted from before the Preface (which stood like a dead wall of prose between) to be the first poem—then comes 'The Pixies,' and the things most juvenile—then on 'To Chatterton,' &c.—on, lastly, to the 'Ode on the Departing Year,' and 'Musings,'—which finish. Longman wanted the Ode first; but the arrangement I have made is precisely that marked out in the dedication, following the order of time. I told Longman I was sure that you would omit a good portion of the first edition. I instanced several sonnets, &c.—but that was not his plan, and, as you have done nothing in it, all I could do was to arrange 'em on the supposition that all were to be retained. A few I positively rejected; such as that of 'The Thimble,' and that of 'Flicker and Flicker's wife,' and that *not* in the manner of Spenser, which you yourself had stigmatised—and 'The Man of Ross,'—I doubt whether I should this last. It is not too late to save it. The first proof is only just come. I have been forced to call that Cupid's Elixir 'Kisses.' It stands in your first volume as an Effusion, so that, instead of prefixing The Kiss to that of 'One Kiss, dear Maid,' &c., I have ventured to entitle it 'To Sara.' I am aware of the nicety of changing even so mere a trifle as a title to so short a piece, and subverting old associations; but two called 'Kisses' would have been absolutely ludicrous, and 'Effusion' is no name; and these poems come close together. I promise you not to alter one word in any poem whatever, but to take your last text, where two are. Can you send any wishes about the book? Longman, I think, should have settled with you; but it seems you have left it to him. Write as soon as you possibly can; for, with-

out making myself responsible, I feel myself in some sort accessory to the selection which I am to proof-correct; but I decidedly said to Biggs that I was sure you would omit more. Those I have positively rubbed off I can swear to *individually*, (except the 'Man of Ross,' which is too familiar in Pope,) but no others—you have your cue. For my part, I had rather all the *Juvenilia* were kept—*memoriæ causâ*.

"Robert Lloyd has written me a masterly letter, containing a character of his father;—see, how different from Charles he views the old man! (*Literatim.*) 'My father smokes, repeats Homer in Greek, and Virgil, and is learning, when from business, with all the vigour of a young man Italian. He is really a wonderful man. He mixes public and private business, the intricacies of disordering life with his religion and devotion. No one more rationally enjoys the romantic scenes of nature, and the chit-chat and little vagaries of his children; and, though surrounded with an ocean of affairs, the very neatness of his most obscure cupboard in the house passes not unnoticed. I never knew any one view with such clearness, nor so well satisfied with things as they are, and make such allowance for things which must appear perfect Syriac to him.' By the last he means the Lloydisms of the younger branches. His portrait of Charles (exact as far as he has had opportunities of noting him) is most exquisite. 'Charles is become steady as a church, and as straightforward as a Roman Road. It would distract him to mention anything that was not as plain as sense; he seems to have run the whole scenery of life, and now rests as the formal precisian of non-existence.' Here is genius I think, and 'tis seldom a young man, a Lloyd, looks at a father (so differing) with such good nature while he is alive. Write—

"I am in post-haste, "C. LAMB."

"Love, &c., to Sara, P. and H."[1]

In the following, written in reply to one of Coleridge's, giving a mournful account of his journey to the north with

[1] [P. is Pi-pos, *i. e.*, Hartley Coleridge. *H.*, doubtless, was Hartley's little cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge.]

an old man and his influenza, Lamb records his sister's early relapse into illness and her expected steady recovery; and he also refers to a splendid smoking-cap which Coleridge had worn at their evening meetings:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"April 13th, 1803.

"My dear Coleridge,—Things have gone on better with me since you left me. I expect to have my old housekeeper home again in a week or two. She has mended most rapidly. My health too has been better since you took away that Montero cap. I have left off cayenned eggs and such bolsters to discomfort. There was death in that cap. I mischievously wished that by some inauspicious jolt the whole contents might be shaken, and the coach set on fire; for you said they had that property. How the old gentleman, who joined you at Grantham, would have clapt his hands to his knees, and not knowing but it was an immediate visitation of God that burnt him, how pious it would have made him—him, I mean, that brought the influenza with him, and only took places for one—an old sinner; he must have known what he had got with him! However, I wish the cap no harm for the sake of the *head it fits*, and could be content to see it disfigure my healthy sideboard again.

"What do you think of smoking? I want your sober, *average noon opinion* of it. I generally am eating my dinner about the time I should determine it.

"Morning is a girl, and can't smoke—she's no evidence one way or the other; and Night is so evidently *bought over*, that he can't be a very upright judge. May be the truth is, that *one* pipe is wholesome, *two* pipes toothsome, *three* pipes noisome, *four* pipes fulsome, *five* pipes quarrelsome; and that's the *sum* on't. But that is deciding rather upon rhyme than reason. . . . After all, our instincts *may* be best. Wine, I am sure, good, mellow, generous Port, can hurt nobody, unless those who take it to excess, which they may easily avoid if they observe the rules of temperance.

"Bless you, old sophist, who next to human nature taught me all the corruption I was capable of knowing!

And bless your Montero cap, and your trail (which shall come after you whenever you appoint), and your wife and children—Pi-pos especially.

"When shall we two smoke again? Last night I had been in a sad quandary of spirits, in what they call the evening; but a pipe and some generous Port, and King Lear (being alone), had their effects as solacers. I went to bed pot-valiant. By the way, may not the Ogles of Somersetshire be remotely descended from King Lear?

"C. L."

Manning, still at Paris, sent Lamb a description of Buonaparte and of the French actors.

TO MR. MANNING.

[23rd April, 1803.]

"My dear Manning,—Although something of the latest, and after two months' waiting,[1] your letter was highly gratifying. Some parts want a little explication; for example, 'the god-like face of the First Consul.' *What god* does he most resemble? Mars, Bacchus, or Apollo? or the god Serapis who, flying (as Egyptian chronicles deliver) from the fury of the dog Anubis (the hieroglyph of an English mastiff), lighted on Monomotapa (or the land of apes), by some thought to be Old France, and there set up a tyranny, &c. Our London prints of him represent him gloomy and sulky, like an angry Jupiter. I hear that he is very small, even less than me. I envy you your access to this great man, much more than your séances and conversaziones, which I have a shrewd suspicion must be something dull. What you assert concerning the actors of Paris, that they exceed our comedians, bad as ours are, is *impossible*. In one sense it may be true, that their fine gentlemen, in what is called genteel comedy, may possibly be more brisk and *dégagé* than Mr. Caulfield or Mr. Whitfield; but have any of them the power to move *laughter in excess?* or can a Frenchman *laugh?* Can they batter at

[1] [Manning does not appear to have written since February. See above. Was this the interval during which he was in trouble?]

your judicious ribs till they *shake*, nothing loth to be so shaken? This is John Bull's criterion, and it shall be mine. You are Frenchified. Both your taste and morals are corrupt and perverted. By-and-by you will come to assert, that Buonaparte is as great a general as the old Duke of Cumberland, and deny that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen. Read 'Henry the Fifth' to restore your orthodoxy. All things continue at a stay-still in London. I cannot repay your new novelties with my stale reminiscences. Like the prodigal, I have spent my patrimony, and feed upon the superannuated chaff and dry husks of repentance; yet sometimes I remember with pleasure the hounds and horses, which I kept in the days of my prodigality. I find nothing new, nor anything that has so much of the gloss and dazzle of novelty, as may rebound in narrative, and cast a reflective glimmer across the channel. Did I send you an epitaph I scribbled upon a poor girl who died at nineteen, a good girl and a pretty girl, and a clever girl, but strangely neglected by all her friends and kin?

'Under this cold marble stone
Sleep the sad remains of one
Who, when alive, by few or none
Was loved, as loved she might have been,
If she prosperous days had seen,
Or had thriving been, I ween.
Only this cold funeral stone
Tells she was beloved by one,
Who on the marble graves his moan.'

"Brief, and pretty, and tender, is it not? I send you this, being the only piece of poetry I have *done*, since the muses all went with Tom Moore to Paris. I have neither stuff in my brain, nor paper in my drawer, to write you a longer letter. Liquor and company, and wicked tobacco a'nights, have quite dispericraniated me, as one may say; but you who spiritualise upon Champagne may continue to write long letters, and stuff 'em with amusement to the end. Too long they cannot be, any more than a codicil to a will, which leaves me sundry parks and manors not specified in the deed. But don't be *two months* before you write again.

These from merry old England, on the day of her valiant patron St. George. "C. LAMB."

The next letter contains a further account of Lamb's superintendence of the new edition of Coleridge's 'Poems.'

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

[Saturday, 27th May, 1803.]

"My dear Coleridge,—The date of my last was one day prior to the receipt of your letter, full of foul omens. I explain, lest you should have thought mine too light a reply to such sad matter. I seriously hope by this time you have given up all thoughts of journeying to the green islands of the Blest[1]—voyages in time of war are very precarious—or at least, that you will take them in your way to the Azores. Pray be careful of this letter till it has done its duty, for it is to inform you that I have booked off your watch (laid in cotton like an untimely fruit), and with it Condillac and all other books of yours which were left here. These will set out on Monday next, the 29th May, by Kendal waggon, from White Horse, Cripplegate. You will make seasonable inquiries, for a watch mayn't come your way again in a hurry. I have been repeatedly after Tobin, and now hear that he is in the country, not to return till middle of June. I will take care and see him with the earliest. But cannot you write pathetically to *him*, enforcing a speedy mission of your books for literary purposes? He is too good a retainer to Literature, to let her interests suffer through his default. And why, in the name of Beelzebub, are your books to travel from Barnard's Inn to the Temple, and then circuitously to Cripplegate, when their business is to take a short cut down Holborn-hill, up Snow do., on to Wood-street, &c.? The former mode seems a sad superstitious subdivision of labour. Well! the 'Man of Ross' is to stand; Longman begs for it; the printer stands with a wet sheet in one hand and a useless Pica in the

[1] [Coleridge was thinking of going to Italy or southward for the benefit of his health, which seems at this time to have been very frail. But he did not leave till the following year.]

other, in tears, pleading for it; I relent. Besides, it was a Salutation poem, and has the mark of the beast 'Tobacco' upon it. Thus much I have done; I have swept off the lines about *widows* and *orphans* in second edition, which (if you remember) you most awkwardly and illogically caused to be inserted between two *Ifs*, to the great breach and disunion of said *Ifs*, which now meet again (as in first edition), like two clever lawyers arguing a case. Another reason for subtracting the pathos was, that the 'Man of Ross' is too familiar, to need telling what he did, especially in worse lines than Pope told it; and it now stands simply as 'Reflections at an Inn about a known Character,' and sucking an old story into an accommodation with present feelings. Here is no breaking spears with Pope, but a new, independent, and really a very pretty poem. In fact, 'tis as I used to admire it in the first volume, and I have even dared to restore

'If 'neath this roof thy *wine-cheer'd* moments pass,'

for

'Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass.'

'Cheer'd' is a sad general word, '*wine-cheer'd*' I'm sure you'd give me, if I had a speaking-trumpet to sound to you 300 miles. But I am your *factotum*, and that (save in this instance, which is a single case, and I can't get at you) shall be next to a *fac-nihil*—at most, a *fac-simile*. I have ordered 'Imitation of Spenser' to be restored on Wordsworth's authority; and now, all that you will miss will be 'Flicker and Flicker's Wife,' 'The Thimble,' 'Breathe, *dear harmonist*,' and *I believe*, 'The Child that was fed with Manna.' Another volume will clear off all your Anthologic Morning-Postian Epistolary Miscellanies; but pray don't put 'Christabel' therein; don't let that sweet maid come forth attended with Lady Holland's mob at her heels. Let there be a separate volume of Tales, Choice Tales, 'Ancient Mariners,' &c. "C. LAMB."

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS TO RICKMAN, GODWIN, SOUTHEY AND MISS STODDART.

[1803-4.]

A LETTER to Mr. Rickman announces the early departure of the Lambs for a holiday to the Isle of Wight, and asks him to come and see them before they go.

TO JOHN RICKMAN.

"Saturday morning, July 16th, 1803.

"Dear Rickman,—I enclose you a wonder, a letter from the shades. A dead body wants to return, and be inrolled *inter vivos*. 'Tis a gentle ghost, and in this Galvanic age it may have a chance.

"Mary and I are setting out for the Isle of Wight. We make but a short stay, and shall pass the time betwixt that place and Portsmouth, where Fenwick is. I sadly wanted to explore the Peak this Summer; but Mary is against steering without card or compass, and we should be at large in Darbyshire.

"We shall be at home this night and to-morrow, if you can come and take a farewell pipe.

"I regularly transmitted your Notices to the 'Morning Post,' but they have not been duly honoured. The fault lay not in me.

"Yours truly,
"C. LAMB."

A re-opening of the intercourse on paper between Lamb and Godwin introduces us to an arrangement by which the former was to draw up some critical article on God-

win's new "Life of Chaucer."[1] In the earlier of the two letters, Lamb had fairly broken down in the attempt, not from a want of interest in the subject, nor from any disinclination to serve his friend, but from a sheer incapacity, at the moment, to master the task. The second apprises us that he had written something, which was of no use, but would, if Godwin still wished it, try once more. The production, if it was ever completed, has not been so far recovered. One other point is curious—the passage in the later letter, where Lamb alludes to the verses he had formerly made for certain Merchant Taylor boys.

The second letter certainly gives us a very striking and remarkable diagnosis by Lamb of his own intellectual temperament and idiosyncrasy.

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

"Nov. 8, 1803.

"My dear Sir,—I have been sitting down for three or four days successively to the review, which I so much wished to do well, and to your satisfaction. But I can produce nothing but absolute flatness and nonsense. My health and spirits are so bad, and my nerves so irritable, that I am sure, if I persist, I shall teaze myself into a fever. You do not know how sore and weak a brain I have, or you would allow for many things in me which you set down for whims. I solemnly assure you that I never more wished to prove to you the value which I have for you than at this moment; but although so seemingly trifling a service I cannot get through with it: I pray you to impute it to this one sole cause, ill health. I hope I am above subterfuge, and that you will do me this justice to think so.

"You will give me great satisfaction by sealing my pardon and oblivion in a line or two, before I come to see you, or I shall be ashamed to come.—Yours, with great truth, "C. LAMB."

[1] [Published in 1803, 2 vols, 4to. It has been entirely superseded by later books; but, in fact, its value was never very considerable, as it dealt far too largely in hypothesis, as Lamb himself says presently, and was too discursive.]

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

" Nov. 10, 1803.

" Dear Godwin,—You never made a more unlucky and perverse mistake than to suppose that the reason of my not writing that cursed thing was to be found in your book. I assure you most sincerely that I have been greatly delighted with 'Chaucer.' I may be wrong, but I think there is one considerable error runs through it, which is a conjecturing spirit, a fondness for filling out the picture by supposing what Chaucer did and how he felt, where the materials are scanty. So far from meaning to withhold from you (out of mistaken tenderness) this opinion of mine, I plainly told Mrs. Godwin that I did find a *fault*, which I should reserve naming until I should see you and talk it over. This she may very well remembor, and also that I declined naming this fault until she drew it from me by asking me if there was not too much fancy in the work. I then confessed generally what I felt, but refused to go into particulars until I had seen you. I am never very fond of saying things before third persons, because in the relation (such is human nature) something is sure to be dropped. If Mrs. Godwin has been the cause of your misconstruction, I am very angry, tell her; yet it is not an anger unto death. I remember also telling Mrs. G. (which she may have *dropt*) that I was by turns considerably more delighted than I expected. But I wished to reserve all this until I saw you. I even had conceived an expression to meet you with, which was thanking you for some of the most exquisite pieces of criticism I had ever read in my life. In particular, I should have brought forward that on 'Troilus and Cressida' and Shakspeare which, it is little to say, delighted me, and instructed me (if not absolutely *instructed* me, yet put into *full-grown sense* many conceptions which had arisen in me before in my most discriminating moods). All these things I was preparing to say, and bottling them up till I came, thinking to please my friend and host the author, when lo! this deadly blight intervened.

" I certainly ought to make great allowances for your

misunderstanding me. You, by long habits of composition and a greater command gained over your own powers, cannot conceive of the desultory and uncertain way in which I (an author by fits) sometimes cannot put the thoughts of a common letter into sane prose. Any work which I take upon myself as an engagement will act upon me to torment, *e.g.*, when I have undertaken, as three or four times I have, a school-boy copy of verses for Merchant Taylors' boys, at a guinea a copy, I have fretted over them in perfect inability to do them, and have made my sister wretched with my wretchedness for a week together. The same, till by habit I have acquired a mechanical command, I have felt in making paragraphs. As to reviewing, in particular, my head is so whimsical a head, that I cannot, after reading another man's book, let it have been never so pleasing, give any account of it in any methodical way. I cannot follow his train. Something like this you must have perceived of me in conversation. Ten thousand times I have confessed to you, talking of my talents, my utter inability to remember in any comprehensive way what I read. I can vehemently applaud, or perversely stickle, at *parts;* but I cannot grasp at a whole. This infirmity (which is nothing to brag of) may be seen in my two little compositions, the tale and my play, in both which no reader, however partial, can find any story. I wrote such stuff about Chaucer, and got into such digressions, quite irreducible into 1½ column of a paper, that I was perfectly ashamed to shew it you. However, it is become a serious matter that I should convince you I neither slunk from the task through a wilful deserting neglect, or through any (most imaginary on your part) distaste of 'Chaucer;' and I will try my hand again, I hope with better luck. My health is bad and my time taken up; but all I can spare between this and Sunday shall be employed for you, since you desire it: and if I bring you a crude, wretched paper on Sunday, you must burn it, and forgive me; if it proves anything better than I predict, may it be a peace-offering of sweet incense between us. "C. LAMB."

Beyond the subjoined letter to Mr. Southey and the postscript of one sent by Miss Lamb to Miss Stoddart, both

printed below, there is no vestige of Lamb's correspondence in the year 1804,[1] nor does he seem to have written for the press.[2] This year, however, added to his list of friends—one in whose conversation he took great delight, until death severed them—William Hazlitt.[3] This remarkable metaphysician and critic had then just completed his first work, the "Essay on the Principles of Human Action," but had not entirely given up his hope of excelling as a painter. After a professional tour through part of England, during which he satisfied his sitters better than himself, he remained some time at the house of his brother, then practising as a miniature painter with considerable success; and while endeavouring to procure a publisher for his work, painted a portrait of Lamb, which has been more than once engraved.[4] It is one of the last of Hazlitt's efforts in an art which he afterwards illustrated with the most exquisite criticism which the knowledge and love of it could inspire.

TO MR. SOUTHEY.[5]

[7 Nov., 1804.]

"Dear Southey,—You were the last person from whom we heard of Dyer, and if you know where to forward the

[1] [But two letters from Mary Lamb to Miss Stoddart have survived. See the "Mary and Charles Lamb" volume, 1874, p. 27].

[2] [In one of her letters to Miss Stoddart, Miss Lamb states that her brother was very unwell; but that would hardly explain so long an abstinence from letter-writing.]

[3] [Mr. Procter gives this account of the origin of the acquaintance:—"The great intimacy between these two distinguished writers (for they had known each other before) seems to have commenced in a singular manner. They were one day at Godwin's, when a fierce dispute was going on between Holcroft and Coleridge, as to which was best. 'Man as he is, or Man as he is to be.' 'Give me,' says Lamb, 'Man as he is not to be.' This was the beginning of a friendship," Hazlitt says, "which, I believe, still continues." "Life of Lamb," 1866, p. 99.]

[4] [The original is in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington, for which it was purchased, as Mr. George Scharf was good enough to inform me, for £105 from the representatives of Gilman. A very inferior *replica* occurred at an auction a few years ago, and was sold for a considerable sum to Mr. Macmillan the publisher. This likeness is given as a frontispiece to Mr. Procter's Memoir of Lamb, 1866.]

[5] [F W. Cosens Orig.].

news I now send to him, I shall be obliged to you to lose no time. D.'s sister-in-law, who lives in St. Dunstan's Court, wrote to him about three weeks ago, to the Hope Inn, Cambridge, to inform him that Squire Houlbert, or some such name, of Denmark Hill, has died, and left her husband a thousand pounds, and two or three hundred to Dyer. Her letter got no answer, and she does not know where to direct to him; so she came to me, who am equally in the dark. Her story is, that Dyer's immediately coming to town now, & signing some papers, will save him a considerable sum of money—how, I don't understand; but it is very right he should hear of this. She has left me barely time for the post; so I conclude with all Love, &c., to all at Keswick.

"Dyer's brother who, by his wife's account, has got 1000*l.* left him, is father of the little dirty girl, Dyer's niece and factotum.

"In haste,
"Yours truly,
"C. LAMB."

If you send George this, cut off the last paragraph.

D.'s laundress had a letter a few days since; but George never dates.

The letter, of which the following is a postscript, was addressed to the lady while she was staying at Malta on a visit to her brother, Dr. Stoddart, who had obtained the appointment of King's Advocate there.

TO MISS STODDART.

(Postscript.)

[May, 1804.]

"My dear Miss Stoddart,—Long live Queen Hoop-oop-oop-oo and all the old merry phantoms. Mary has written so fully to you, that I have nothing to add but that, in all the kindness she has exprest, and loving desire to see you again, I bear my full part. You will perhaps like to

tear this leaf from the sheet, and give your brother only his strict due, the remainder.[1] So I will just repay your late kind letter with this short postscript to hers. Come over here, and let us all be merry again. "C. LAMB."

[1] [The whole of this letter is written on a large folio sheet. I do not quite understand what Lamb signifies by Dr. Stoddart's claim to a portion, as Miss Lamb writes to his sister.]

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS TO MANNING AND THE WORDSWORTHS.

[1805.]

AMONGST the vestiges of 1805 are the following letters to Manning and the Wordsworths.

TO MR. MANNING.

"16 Mitre-court Buildings,
"Saturday, 24th Feb., 1805.

"Dear Manning,—I have been very unwell since I saw you. A sad depression of spirits, a most unaccountable nervousness; from which I have been partially relieved by an odd accident. You knew Dick Hopkins, the swearing scullion of Caius? This fellow, by industry and agility, has thrust himself into the important situations (no sinecures, believe me) of cook to Trinity Hall and Caius College: and the generous creature has contrived with the greatest delicacy imaginable, to send me a present of Cambridge brawn. What makes it the more extraordinary is, that the man never saw me in his life that I know of. I suppose he has *heard* of me. I did not immediately recognise the donor; but one of Richard's cards, which had accidentally fallen into the straw, detected him in a moment. Dick, you know, was always remarkable for flourishing. His card imports, that 'orders (to wit, for brawn), from any part of England, Scotland, or Ireland, will be duly executed,' &c. At first, I thought of declining the present; but Richard knew my blind side when he pitched upon brawn. 'Tis of all my hobbies the supreme in the eating way. He might have sent sops from the pan, skimmings, crumpets, chips, hog's lard, the tender brown judiciously scalped from a fillet of veal (dexterously replaced by a salamander), the tops of asparagus, fugitive livers, runaway gizzards of fowls, the eyes of martyred

pigs, tender effusions of laxative woodcocks, the red spawn of lobsters, leveret's ears, and such pretty filchings common to cooks; but these had been ordinary presents, the everyday courtesies of dishwashers to their sweethearts. Brawn was a noble thought. It is not every common gullet-fancier that can properly esteem of it. It is like a picture of one of the choice old Italian masters. Its gusto is of that hidden sort. As Wordsworth sings of a modest poet,—'you must love him, ere to you he will seem worthy of your love;' so brawn, you must taste it, ere to you it will seem to have any taste at all. But 'tis nuts to the adept: those that will send out their tongues and feelers to find it out. It will be wooed, and not unsought be won. Now, ham-essence, lobsters, turtle, such popular minions, absolutely *court you*, lay themselves out to strike you at first smack, like one of David's pictures (they call him *Darveed*), compared with the plain russet-coated wealth of a Titian or a Correggio, as I illustrated above. Such are the obvious glaring heathen virtues of a corporation dinner, compared with the reserved collegiate worth of brawn. Do me the favour to leave off the business which you may be at present upon, and go immediately to the kitchens of Trinity and Caius, and make my most respectful compliments to Mr. Richard Hopkins, and assure him that his brawn is most excellent; and that I am moreover obliged to him for his innuendo about salt water and bran, which I shall not fail to improve. I leave it to you whether you shall choose to pay him the civility of asking him to dinner while you stay in Cambridge, or in whatever other way you may best like to show your gratitude to *my friend*. Richard Hopkins, considered in many points of view, is a very extraordinary character. Adieu: I hope to see you to supper in London soon, where we will taste Richard's brawn, and drink his health in a cheerful but moderate cup. We have not many such men in any rank of life as Mr. R. Hopkins. Crisp the barber, of St. Mary's, was just such another. I wonder *he* never sent me any little token, some chestnuts, or a puff, or two pound of hair just to remember him by; gifts are like nails. *Præsens ut absens*, that is, your *present* makes amends for your absence.

"Yours, "C. LAMB."

During the last five years, tobacco had been at once Lamb's solace and his bane. In the hope of resisting the temptation of late conviviality to which it ministered, he formed a resolution, the virtue of which can be but dimly guessed, to abandon its use, and embodied the floating fancies which had attended on his long wavering in one of the richest of his poems—"The Farewell to Tobacco." After many struggles he divorced himself from his genial enemy; and though he afterwards renewed acquaintance with milder dalliance, he ultimately abandoned it, and was guiltless of a pipe in his later years. The following letter, addressed while his sister was laid up with severe and protracted illness, will shew his feelings at this time. Its affecting self-upbraidings refer to no greater failings than the social indulgences against which he was manfully struggling.

TO MISS WORDSWORTH.

"14th June, 1805.

"My dear Miss Wordsworth,—I have every reason to suppose that this illness, like all Mary's former ones, will be but temporary.[1] But I cannot always feel so. Meantime she is dead to me, and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think, lest I should think wrong; so used am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity. To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe or ever understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her; for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older, and wiser, and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me; and I know I have been wasting and

[1] [Miss Lamb had experienced frequent returns of her unfortunate malady of late. In the letter of March 20th, 1803, she had only just come back home; in that of April 13th following she is away again; and now a third attack has robbed her poor brother of her society and countenance.]

teasing her life for five years past incessantly with my cursed ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself, I am offending against her, for I know that she has cleaved to me for better, for worse; and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it was a noble trade. I am stupid, and lose myself in what I write. I write rather what answers to my feelings (which are sometimes sharp enough) than express my present ones, for I am only flat and stupid. I am sure you will excuse my writing any more, I am so very poorly.

"I cannot resist transcribing three or four lines which poor Mary made upon a picture (a Holy Family) which we saw at an auction only one week before she left home. They are sweet lines and upon a sweet picture. But I send them only as the last memorial of her.

'VIRGIN AND CHILD, L. DA VINCI.

'Maternal Lady, with thy virgin-grace,
Heaven-born thy Jesus seemeth, sure,
And thou a virgin pure.
Lady most perfect, when thy angel face
Men look upon, they wish to be
A Catholic, Madonna fair, to worship thee.'

"You had her lines about the 'Lady Blanch.' You have not had some which she wrote upon a copy of a girl from Titian, which I had hung up where that print of Blanch and the Abbess (as she beautifully interpreted two female figures from L. da Vinci) had hung in our room. 'Tis light and pretty.

'Who art thou, fair one, who usurp'st the place
Of Blanch, the lady of the matchless grace?
Come, fair and pretty, tell to me
Who in thy lifetime thou mightst be?
Thou pretty art and fair,
But with the Lady Blanch thou never must compare.
No need for Blanch her history to tell,
Whoever saw her face, they there did read it well;
But when I look on thee, I only know,
There lived a pretty maid some hundred years ago.'

"This is a little unfair, to tell so much about ourselves, and to advert so little to your letter, so full of comfortable

tidings of you all. But my own cares press pretty close upon me, and you can make allowance. That you may go on gathering strength and peace is my next wish to Mary's recovery.

"I had almost forgot your repeated invitation. Supposing that Mary will be well and able, there is another *ability* which you may guess at, which I cannot promise myself. In prudence we ought not to come. This illness will make it still more prudential to wait. It is not a balance of this way of spending our money against another way, but an absolute question of whether we shall stop now, or go on wasting away the little we have got beforehand, which my evil conduct has already encroached upon one-half. My best love, however, to you all; and to that most friendly creature, Mrs. Clarkson, and better health to her, when you see or write to her. "CHARLES LAMB."

About this time Miss Lamb sought to contribute to her brother's scanty means by presenting the plots of some of Shakspeare's plays in prose, with the spirit of the poet's genius interfused and many of his happiest expressions preserved, in which good work Lamb assisted her; though he always insisted, as he did in reference to "Mrs. Leicester's School," that her portions were the best.[1] The following letter refers to some of those aids, and gives a pleasant instance of that shyness in Hazlitt, which he never quite overcame, and which afforded a striking contrast to the boldness of his published thoughts.

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

[26th June, 1805.]

"Mary is just stuck fast in 'All's Well that Ends Well.' She complains of having to set forth so many female characters in boys' clothes. She begins to *think* Shakspeare must have wanted—Imagination. I, to encourage her, for she often faints in the prosecution of her great work, flatter her with telling her how well such a play and such a play is done. But she is stuck fast, and I have been obliged to

[1] [The "Tales from Shakespear" were not published till 1807.]

promise to assist her. To do this, it will be necessary to leave off tobacco. But I had some thoughts of doing that before, for I sometimes think it does not agree with me. W. Hazlitt is in town. I took him to see a very pretty girl professedly, where there were two young girls—the very head and sum of the girlery was two young girls. They neither laughed, nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered; but they were young girls, and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such a thing as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls; they drove him mad. So I took him home to my old nurse, where he recovered perfect tranquillity. Independent of this, and as I am not a young girl myself, he is a great acquisition to us. He is, rather imprudently I think, printing a political pamphlet on his own account, and will have to pay for the paper, &c.[1] The first duty of an author, I take it, is never to pay anything. But *non cuivis [homini] conti[n]git adire Corinthum.* The managers, I thank my stars, have settled that question for me. Yours truly, "C. LAMB."

The three letters which follow were addressed to Mr. Manning between July and November of this year. The latter two are given a little out of their strict chronological sequence, because they are the last which we seem to have of the series written prior to Manning's departure for the East at the end of April or commencement of May, 1806. There is some little uncertainty, indeed, whether the third letter was not sent after Lamb's friend to what the writer described as "Hottentots." The first which occurs was written from home; the writer was probably on leave, as it was the time which he usually selected for his vacation.

TO MR. MANNING.

[July 27, 1805.]

"Dear Archimedes,—Things have gone on badly with thy ungeometrical friend; but they are on the turn. My

[1] ["Free Thoughts on Public Affairs," 8vo. 1806, reprinted with the new edition of the "Spirit of the Age," 1886.]

old housekeeper [1] has shown signs of convalescence, and will shortly resume the power of the keys, so I shan't be cheated of my tea and liquors. Wind in the west, which promotes tranquillity. Have leisure now to anticipate seeing thee again. Have been taking leave of tobacco in a rhyming address.[2] Had thought *that vein* had long since closed up. Find I can rhyme and reason too. Think of studying mathematics, to restrain the fire of my genius, which G. D. recommends. Have frequent bleedings at the nose, which shows plethoric. Maybe shall try the sea myself, that great scene of wonders. Got incredibly sober and regular; shave oftener, and hum a tune, to signify cheerfulness and gallantry.

"Suddenly disposed to sleep, having taken a quart of peas with bacon and stout. Will not refuse Nature, who has done such things for me!

"Nurse! don't call me unless Mr. Manning comes.—What! the gentleman in spectacles?—Yes.

"*Dormit* "C. L."

"Saturday,
"Hot Noon."

TO MR. MANNING.

[Nov. 15, 1805.]

"Dear Manning,—Certainly you could not have called at all hours from two till ten, for we have been only out of an evening Monday and Tuesday in this week. But if you think you have, your thought shall go for the deed. We did pray for you on Wednesday night. Oysters unusually luscious—pearls of extraordinary magnitude found in them. I have made bracelets of them—given them in clusters to ladies. Last night we went out in despite, because you were not come at your hour.

"This night we shall be at home, so shall we certainly both Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Take your choice, mind I don't say of one: but choose which

[1] [Of course, his sister. See letter to Miss Wordsworth of June 14th, 1805, *suprâ*. Miss Lamb was again taken ill at the commencement of that month. This was proving a very bad year for her—and for poor Lamb.]

[2] [The "Farewell to Tobacco." Compare the Letter to Wordsworth of Sept. 28th, *infrâ*.]

evening you will not, and come the other four. Doors open at five o'clock. Shells forced about nine. Every gentleman smokes or not as he pleases. "C. L."

TO MR. MANNING.

[Mitre Court Buildings, 1805-6.]

"Dear Manning,—I sent to Brown's immediately. Mr. Brown[1] (or Pijou, as he is called by the moderns) denied the having received a letter from you. The one for you he remembered receiving, and remitting to Leadenhall Street; whither I immediately posted (it being the middle of dinner), my teeth unpicked. There I learned that if you want a letter set right, you must apply at the first door on the left hand before one o'clock. I returned and picked my teeth. And this morning I made my application in form, and have seen the vagabond letter, which most likely accompanies this. If it does not, I will get Rickman to name it to the Speaker, who will not fail to lay the matter before Parliament the next sessions, when you may be sure to have all abuses in the Post Department rectified.

"N.B. There seems to be some informality epidemical. You direct yours to me in Mitre Court; my true address is Mitre Court Buildings. By the pleasantries of Fortune, who likes a joke or a *double entendre* as well as the best of us her children, there happens to be another Mr. Lamb (that there should be two!!) in Mitre Court.

"Farewell, and think upon it. "C. L."

The following letter was addressed, when Lamb was bidding his generous farewell to Tobacco, to Wordsworth, then living in noble poverty with his sister in a cottage by Grasmere, which is as sacred to some of his old admirers as even Shakspeare's House.

[1] [Lamb had friends of this name at a later period, residing in Gray's Inn Lane: he was on very intimate terms with them. But it was a Miss Frances Brown and her aunt Mary. See a letter addressed to the former (a young girl) under 1833. Whether Brown, *alias* Pijou, was related to these Gray's Inn Lane Browns, I have yet to find.]

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

[September 28th, 1805.]

"My dear Wordsworth (or Dorothy rather, for to you appertains the biggest part of this answer by right), I will not again deserve reproach by so long a silence. I have kept deluding myself with the idea that Mary would write to you, but she is so lazy (or I believe the true state of the case, so diffident,) that it must revert to me as usual. Though she writes a pretty good style, and has some notion of the force of words, she is not always so certain of the true orthography of them; and that, and a poor hand-writing (in this age of female calligraphy), often deters her where no other reason does.[1]

"We have neither of us been very well for some weeks past. I am very nervous, and she most so at those times when I am; so that a merry friend, adverting to the noble consolation we were able to afford each other, denominated us, not unaptly, Gum-Boil and Tooth-Ache, for they used to say that a gum-boil is a great relief to a tooth-ache.

"We have been two tiny excursions this summer for three or four days each, to a place near Harrow, and to Egham, where Cooper's Hill is: and that is the total history of our rustications this year. Alas! how poor a round to Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and Borrowdale, and the magnificent sesquipedalia of the year 1802. Poor old Molly! to have lost her pride, that 'last infirmity of noble minds,' and her cow. Fate need not have set her wits to such an old Molly. I am heartily sorry for her. Remember us lovingly to her; and in particular remember us to Mrs. Clarkson in the most kind manner.

"I hope, by 'southwards,' you mean that she will be at or near London, for she is a great favourite of both of us, and we feel for her health as much as possible for any one to do. She is one of the friendliest, comfortablest women we know, and made our little stay at your cottage one of the pleasantest times we ever past. We were quite strangers

[1] This is mere banter; Miss Lamb wrote a very good hand.

to her. Mr. C. is with you too; our kindest separate remembrances to him. As to our special affairs, I am looking about me. I have done nothing since the beginning of last year, when I lost my newspaper job, and having had a long idleness, I must do something, or we shall get very poor. Sometimes I think of a farce; but hitherto all schemes have gone off; an idle brag or two of an evening, vapouring out of a pipe, and going off in the morning. But now I have bid farewell to my 'sweet enemy' Tobacco, as you will see in my next page,[1] I shall perhaps set nobly to work. Hang work!

"I wish that all the year were holiday; I am sure that indolence—indefeasible indolence—is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old Teazer, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him a hoeing. Pen and ink, and clerks and desks, were the refinements of this old torturer some thousand years after, under pretence of 'Commerce allying distant shores, Promoting and diffusing knowledge, good,' &c. &c.

"I wish you may think this a handsome farewell to my 'Friendly Traitress.' Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years; and you know how difficult it is refraining to pick one's lips even, when it has become a habit. This poem is the only one which I have finished since so long as when I wrote 'Hester Savory." I have had it in my head to do it these two years; but tobacco stood in its own light, when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises. Now you have got it you have got all my store, for I have absolutely not another line. No more has Mary. We have nobody about us that cares for poetry; and who will rear grapes when he shall be the sole eater? Perhaps if you encourage us to show you what we may write, we may do something now and then before we absolutely forget the quantity of an English line for want of practice. The 'Tobacco' being a little in the way of Withers (whom Southey so much likes), perhaps you will somehow convey it to him with my kind remembrances. Then everybody will

[1] The "Farewell to Tobacco" was transcribed on the next page; but the actual sacrifice was not completed till some years after.

have seen it that I wish to see it, I having sent it to Malta.[1]

"I remain, dear W. and D., yours truly,

"C. LAMB."

[1] [To Coleridge, who was staying there, and acting provisionally as Secretary to the Governor. But unluckily Coleridge left the island on the day prior to the date of this letter.]

CHAPTER VII.

BEGINNING OF THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LAMB AND HAZLITT—LETTERS TO HAZLITT AND RICKMAN.

[1805-6.]

[LAMB had been introduced to William Hazlitt through John Hazlitt, his elder brother, the miniature painter, who probably made the acquaintance of Charles and his sister by meeting them at Godwin's. It was a friendship, which ended only with Hazlitt's death, and the society of the author of "Table Talk" formed one of Lamb's chief pleasures and sources of intellectual enjoyment.] At this time, Hazlitt, scarcely conscious of his own literary powers, was striving hard to become a painter, and was residing with his father, an Unitarian minister, at Wem, in Shropshire.

TO MR. HAZLITT.

[Nov. 18th, 1805.]

"Dear Hazlitt,—I was very glad to hear from you, and that your journey was so *picturesque*. We miss you, as we foretold we should. One or two things have happened which are beneath the dignity of epistolary communication, but which, seated about our fireside at night, (the winter hands of pork have begun,) gesture and emphasis might have talked into some importance. Something about Rickman's wife, for instance—how tall she is, and that she visits pranked out like a Queen of the May, with green streamers: a good-natured woman though, which is as much as you can expect from a friend's wife, whom you got acquainted with a bachelor. Some things too about Monkey,[1] which can't so well be written: how it set up

[1] Louisa Martin, the daughter of a friend, whom Lamb exceedingly liked from a child, and always called by this epithet.

for a fine lady, and thought it had got lovers, and was obliged to be convinced of its age from the parish register, where it was proved to be only twelve; and an edict issued that it should not give itself airs yet these four years; and how it got leave to be called Miss by grace: these, and such like hows, were in my head to tell you, but who can write? Also how Manning is come to town in spectacles, and studies physic; is melancholy and seems to have something in his head, which he don't impart. Then, how I am going to leave off smoking. O la! your Leonardos of Oxford made my mouth water. I was hurried through the gallery, and they escaped me. What do I say? I was a Goth then, and should not have noticed them. I had not settled my notions of beauty;—I have now for ever!—the small head, the long eye,—that sort of peering curve—the wicked Italian mischief! the stick-at-nothing, Herodias'-daughter kind of grace. You understand me? But you disappoint me, in passing over in absolute silence the Blenheim Leonardo. Didn't you see it? Excuse a lover's curiosity. I have seen no pictures of note since, except Mr. Dawe's gallery. It is curious to see how differently two great men treat the same subject, yet both excellent in their way. For instance, Milton and Mr. Dawe. Mr. D. has chosen to illustrate the story of Samson exactly in the point of view in which Milton has been most happy: the interview between the Jewish hero, blind and captive, and Dalilah. Milton has imagined his locks grown again, strong as horse-hair or porcupine's bristles; doubtless shaggy and black, as being hairs 'which of a nation armed contained the strength.' I don't remember he *says* black; but could Milton imagine them to be yellow? Do you? Mr. Dawe, with striking originality of conception, has crowned him with a thin yellow wig, in colour precisely like Dyson's; in curl and quantity resembling Mrs. Professor's,[1] his limbs rather stout,—about such a man as my brother or Rickman,—but no Atlas nor Hercules, nor yet so long as Dubois, the clown of Sadler's Wells. This was judicious, taking the spirit of the story rather than the fact; for doubtless God could communicate national

[1] [Mrs. Godwin.]

salvation to the trust of flax and tow as well as hemp and cordage, and could draw down a temple with a golden tress as soon as with all the cables of the British navy.

"Wasn't you sorry for Lord Nelson? I have followed him in fancy ever since I saw him walking in Pall Mall, (I was prejudiced against him before) looking just as a hero should look; and I have been very much cut about it indeed. He was the only pretence of a great man we had. Nobody is left of any name at all. His secretary died by his side. I imagined him, a Mr. Scott, to be the man you met at Hume's;[1] but I learnt from Mrs. Hume that it is not the same. I met Mrs. H. one day and agreed to go on the Sunday to tea, but the rain prevented us, and the distance. I have been to apologise, and we are to dine there the first fine Sunday! Strange perverseness. I never went while you stayed here, and now I go to *find you.* What other news is there, Mary? What puns have I made in the last fortnight? You never remember them. You have no relish of the comic. 'Oh! tell Hazlitt not to forget to send the American Farmer.[2] I dare say it is not so good as he fancies; but a book's a book.' I have not heard from Wordsworth or from Malta since.[3] Charles Kemble, it seems, enters into possession to-morrow. We

[1] [Mr. Hume, of the Pipe Office, abolished by statute 3 and 4 Will. IV. He resided at Bayswater, and had a musical daughter, Matilda. Hume is mentioned by Hazlitt. Both Lamb and Hazlitt used to dine at the Humes'—occasionally to take tea there, and spend the evening. One day, the Lambs, Mr. and Mrs John Hazlitt, and their daughter Harriet, were engaged to dinner there. But poor Harriet let a bottle of ink fall on her muslin frock, just as they were about to start, and when the coach arrived at No. 109, Great Russell Street, she had to be left behind. Lamb, however, could not bear the thought of this, and shortly returned to fetch her, saying it was a shame she should not go. She had been downstairs washing her dress in a bath; he made her get ready, and off they went together merrily, she being carried pickaback part of the way. This was the young lady who had the honour, as she told me, to be present at the Wednesday evenings in the Temple.]

[2] ["Letters from an American Farmer, describing certain Provincial Situations, Manners and Customs, not generally known, of the British Colonies in North America." By Hector St. John, a Farmer in Pennsylvania, 8vo, 1783.]

[3] [Coleridge was still abroad.]

sup at 109, Russell-street, this evening.[1] I wish your friend would not drink. It's a blemish in the greatest characters. You send me a modern quotation poetical. How do you like this in an old play? Vittoria Corombona,[2] a spunky Italian lady, a Leonardo one, nick-named the White Devil, being on her trial for murder, &c.—and questioned about seducing a duke from his wife and the state, makes answer:—

> 'Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me?
> So may you blame some fair and crystal river,
> For that some melancholic distracted man
> Hath drown'd himself in it.'

"N.B. I shall expect a line from you, if but a bare line, whenever you write to Russell-street, and a letter often when you do not. I pay no postage. But I will have consideration for you until Parliament time and franks. Luck to Ned Search and the new art of colouring. Monkey sends her love, and Mary especially.

"Yours truly, "C. LAMB."

We find Lamb early in the following year thus writing respecting the offer of Hazlitt's work[3] to Johnson, and his literary pursuits.

TO MR. HAZLITT.

"Jan 15th, 1806.

"Dear Hazlitt,—Godwin went to Johnson's yesterday about your business. Johnson would not come down, or give any answer, but has promised to open the manuscript, and to give you an answer in one month. Godwin will punctually go again (Wednesday is Johnson's open day) yesterday four weeks next: *i.e.* in one lunar month from

[1] [He means *Great* Russell Street, where John Hazlitt at that time resided. Talfourd inverts this mistake, and repeatedly speaks of Lamb's lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden, as being in *Great* Russell Street, Bloomsbury.]

[2] [Webster's so-named play.]

[3] [The abridgment by Hazlitt of "The Light of Nature Pursued," which was published in 1807, and which the original author, Abraham Tucker, of Betchworth Castle, a gentleman of leisure and fortune, had published under the name of *Edward Search*—the Ned Search introduced in the previous letter.]

this time. Till when, Johnson positively declines giving any answer. I wish you joy on ending your Search. Mrs. H. was naming something about a 'Life of Fawcett,' to be by you undertaken:[1] the great Fawcett, as she explained to Manning, when he asked, '*What Fawcett?*' He innocently thought *Fawcett the Player*. But Fawcett the divine is known to many people, albeit unknown to the Chinese inquirer. I should think, if you liked it, and Johnson declined it, that Phillips[2] is the man. He is perpetually bringing out biographies—Richardson, Wilks, Foot, Lee Lewis—without number: little trim things in two easy volumes, price 12*s.* the two, made up of letters to and from, scraps, posthumous trifles, anecdotes, and about forty pages of hard biography; you might dish up a Fawcettiad in three months and ask 60*l.* or 80*l.* for it. I should dare say that Phillips would catch at it. I wrote you the other day in a great hurry. Did you get it? This is merely a letter of business at Godwin's request. Lord Nelson is quiet at last. His ghost only keeps a slight fluttering in odes and elegies in newspapers, and impromptus, which could not be got ready before the funeral.

"As for news, Fenwick is coming to town on Monday (if no kind angel intervene) to surrender himself to prison. He hopes to get the rules of the Fleet. On the same, or nearly the same day, Fell, my other quondam co-friend and drinker, will go to Newgate, and his wife and four children, I suppose, to the parish. Plenty of reflection and motives of gratitude to the wise Disposer of all things in *us*, whose prudent conduct has hitherto ensured us a warm fire and snug roof over our heads. *Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia.*[3] Alas! Prudentia is in the last quarter of her tutelary shining over me. A little time and I ——; but maybe I may, at last, hit upon some mode of collecting some of the vast superfluities of this money-voiding town.

[1] [The Rev. Joseph Fawcett, Hazlitt's early friend. Mrs. H. is Mrs. John Hazlitt, wife of the painter.]

[2] [Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller and miscellaneous writer. He was the Editor of the "Monthly Magazine." His best-known work was "A Morning's Walk from London to Kew," 8vo., 1817. There is an interesting note on Phillips in Allsop's Coleridge, ed. 1864, p. 194.

[3] [A *varia lectio* of Juvenal, Sat., x., line 365.]

Much is to be got, and I do not want much. All I ask is time and leisure; and I am cruelly off for them. When you have the inclination, I shall be very glad to have a letter from you. Your brother and Mrs. H., I am afraid, think hardly of us for not coming oftener to see them; but we are distracted beyond what they can conceive with visitors and visitings. I never have an hour for my head to work quietly its own workings; which you know is as necessary to the human system as sleep. Sleep, too, I can't get for these winds of a night: and without sleep and rest what should ensue? Lunacy. But I trust it won't.

"Yours, dear H., "C. LAMB."

The following letter to Mr. Rickman, now one of the Clerks of the House of Commons, shews Lamb's unwearied kindness:—

TO MR. RICKMAN.

[Jan. 25th, 1806.]

"Dear Rickman,—You do not happen to have any place at your disposal which would suit a decayed Literatus?[1] I do not much expect that you have, or that you will go much out of the way to serve the object, when you hear it is Fenwick. But the case is, by a *mistaking* of his *turn*, as they call it, he is reduced, I am afraid, to extremities, and would be extremely glad of a place in an office. Now it does sometimes happen, that just as a man wants a place, a place wants him; and though this is a lottery to which none but G. B.[2] would choose to trust his all, there is no harm just to call in at Despair's office for a friend, and see if *his* number is come up (B.'s further case I enclose by way of episode). Now, if you should happen, or anybody you know, to want a *hand*, here is a young man of solid but not brilliant genius, who would turn his hand to the making out dockets, penning a manifesto, or scoring a tally, not the worse (I hope) for knowing Latin and Greek, and having in youth conversed with the philosophers. But from these

[1] [The person mentioned in the preceding letter to Hazlitt, and *olim* Editor of the "Albion."]

[2] George Burnett, compiler of "Specimens of English Prose Writers," 3 vols., 8vo., 1807.]

follies I believe he is thoroughly awakened, and would bind himself by a terrible oath never to imagine himself an extraordinary genius again.

"Yours, &c., "C. LAMB."

Lamb was still engaged in promoting the publication of Hazlitt's abridgment of Tucker's "Light of Nature" through the instrumentality of Godwin:—

TO MR. HAZLITT.

"Feb. 19th, 1806.

Dear H.—Godwin has just been here in his way from Johnson's. Johnson has had a fire in his house; this happened about five weeks ago; it was in the day-time, so it did not burn the house down, but it did so much damage that the house must come down, to be repaired. His nephew that we met on Hampstead Hill put it out. Well, this fire has put him so back, that he craves one more month before he gives you an answer. I will certainly goad Godwin (if necessary) to go again this very day four weeks; but I am confident he will want no goading. Three or four most capital auctions of pictures advertised in May, *Welbore Ellis Agar's*, the first private collection in England, so Holcroft says. In March, Sir George [William] Young's in Stratford-place (where Cosway lives), and a Mr. Hulse's at Blackheath, both very capital collections, and have been announced for some months. Also the Marquis of Lansdowne's pictures in March; and though inferior to mention, lastly, the Tructhsessian Gallery. Don't your mouth water to be here? T'other night Loftus[1] called, whom we have not seen since you went before. We meditate a stroll next Wednesday, fast-day. He happened to light upon Mr. Holcroft, wife and daughter, their first visit at our house. Your brother called last night. We keep up our intimacy. He is going to begin a large Madonna and child from Mrs. H. and baby. I fear he goes astray after *ignes fatui*. He is a clever man. By-the-by, I saw a miniature of his as

[1] [Tom Loftus of Wisbeach, a relative of Hazlitt on his mother's side.]

far excelling any in his show cupboard (that of your sister[1] not excepted) as that show cupboard excels the show things you see in windows—an old woman—damn her name—but most superlative; he has it to clean—I'll ask him the name—but the best miniature I ever saw. But for oil pictures!—what has he to do with Madonnas?—if the Virgin Mary were alive and visitable, he would not hazard himself in a Covent-Garden-pit-door crowd to see her. It ain't his style of beauty, is it? But he will go on painting things he ought not to paint, and not painting things he ought to paint. Manning not gone to China, but talks of going this spring. God forbid. Coleridge not heard of.[2] I am going to leave off smoke. In the meantime I am so smoky with last night's ten pipes, that I must leave off. Mary begs her kind remembrances. Pray write to us. This is no letter, but I supposed you grew anxious about Johnson.

"N.B. Have taken a room at three shillings a-week, to be in between five and eight at night, to avoid my *nocturnal* alias *knock-eternal* visitors. The first-fruits of my retirement has been a farce which goes to manager to-morrow. *Wish my ticket luck.* God bless you, and do write.—Yours *fumosissimus*, "C. LAMB."

The last letter to Mr. Rickman was in favour of Fenwick, who did not, however, succeed in procuring the desired employment. We now come across a plea for some individual, who had an improved kind of salt water soap, and approached Rickman through Lamb:—

TO MR. RICKMAN.

"March, 1806.

"Dear Rickman,—I send you some papers about a salt-water soap, for which the inventor is desirous of getting a parliamentary reward, like Dr. Jenner. Whether such a

[1] [Peggy Hazlitt. It is in my possession.]

[2] [He was abroad, and did not return till the end of 1806. See the letter to Manning of December 5th that year. His absence, with his neglect to write to any one, caused his friends great anxiety.]

project be feasible, I mainly doubt, taking for granted the equal utility. I should suppose the usual way of paying such projectors is by patents and contracts. The patent, you see, he has got. A contract he is about with the navy board. Meantime, the projector is hungry. Will you answer me two questions, and return them with the papers as soon as you can? Imprimis, is there any chance of success in application to Parliament for a reward? Did you ever hear of the invention? You see its benefits and saving to the nation (always the first motive with a true projector) are feelingly set forth: the last paragraph but one of the estimate, in enumerating the shifts poor seamen are put to, even approaches to the pathetic. But, agreeing to all he says, is there the remotest chance of Parliament giving the projector anything; and *when* should application be made, now or after a report (if he can get it) from the navy board? Secondly, let the infeasibility be as great as you will, you will oblige me by telling me the way of introducing such an application to Parliament, without buying over a majority of members, which is totally out of projector's power. I vouch nothing for the soap myself; for I always wash in *fresh water*, and find it answer tolerably well for all purposes of cleanliness; nor do I know the projector; but a relation of mine has put me on writing to you, for whose parliamentary knowledge he has great veneration.

"P.S. The Capt. and Mrs. Burney and Phillips[1] take their chance at cribbage here on Wednesday. Will you and Mrs. R. join the party? Mary desires her compliments to Mrs. R., and joins in the invitation.

"Yours truly, "C. LAMB."

It appears from a letter to Hazlitt that Lamb had booked a parcel to his friend at Wem, and had had no tidings of it. He also gives an interesting account of his visits to

[1] [Colonel Phillips, the retired officer of Marines, who had served under Captain Cook in Otaheite, and who was not quite exempt, my father has told me, from the suspicion of being a Government spy. Phillips is sometimes said to have been the man who stood by Cook when he fell, and killed the savage; but I think it is generally believed to have been Lieutenant King who did so.]

some of the picture galleries, especially Mr. Angerstein's, to which he went with Manning. The latter was at present in London, preparatorily to his departure for China:

TO MR. HAZLITT.[1]

[Saturday, March 15, 1806.]

"Dear H.—I am a little surprised at no letter from you. This day week, to wit, Saturday, the 8th of March, 1806, I booked off by the Wem coach, Bull and Mouth Inn, directed to *you*, at the Rev. Mr. Hazlitt's, Wem, Shropshire, a parcel containing, besides a book, &c., a rare print, which I take to be a Titian; begging the said W. H. to acknowledge the receipt thereof; which he not having done, I conclude the said parcel to be lying at the inn, and may be lost; for which reason, lest you may be a Wales-hunting at this instant, I have authorised any of your family, whosoever first gets this, to open it, that so precious a parcel may not moulder away for want of looking after. What do you in Shropshire when so many fine pictures are a-going, a-going every day in London? Monday I visit the Marquis of Lansdowne's, in Berkeley Square. Catalogue 2s. 6d. Leonardos in plenty. Some other day this week I go to see Sir Wm. Young's, in Stratford Place. Hulse's, of Blackheath, are also to be sold this month; and in May, the first private collection in Europe, Welbore Ellis Agar's. And there are you perverting Nature in lying landscapes, filched from old rusty Titians, such as I can scrape up here to send you, with an additament from Shropshire Nature thrown in to make the whole look unnatural! I am afraid of your mouth watering when I tell you that Manning and I got into Angerstein's on Wednesday. *Mon Dieu!* Such Claudes! Four Claudes bought for more than £10,000 (those who talk of Wilson being equal to Claude are either mainly ignorant or stupid); one of these was perfectly miraculous. What colours short of *bonâ fide* sunbeams it could be painted in, I am not earthly colourman enough to say; but I did not think it had been in the possibility of things. Then, a music-piece by Titian—a thousand-pound

[1] [This letter was printed in the "Athenæum" for 1835.]

picture—five figures standing behind a piano, the sixth playing; none of the heads, as M. observed, indicating great men, or affecting it, but so sweetly disposed; all leaning separate ways, but so easy—like a flock of some divine shepherd; the colouring, like the economy of the picture, so sweet and harmonious—as good as Shakspeare's 'Twelfth Night,'—*almost*, that is. It will give you a love of order, and cure you of restless, fidgetty passions for a week after—more musical than the music which it would, but cannot, yet in a manner *does*, show. I have no room for the rest. Let me say, Angerstein sits in a room—his study (only that and the library are shown), when he writes a common letter, as I am doing, surrounded with twenty pictures worth £60,000. What a luxury! Apicius and Heliogabalus, hide your diminished heads!

"Yours, my dear painter,

"C. LAMB."

CHAPTER VIII.

DEPARTURE OF MANNING FOR CHINA—LETTERS TO HIM AND WORDSWORTH.

[1806.]

LAMB was now obliged, in sad earnest, to part from Manning who, after talking and thinking about China for years, took the heroic resolution of going thither, not to acquire wealth or fame, but to realise the phantom of his restless thought. Happy was he to have a friend, like Mr. Burney, to indulge and to soften his grief, which he thus expresses in his first letter to his friend. We have here, too, tidings of good progress made by Miss Lamb in the "Tales from Shakespear."

TO MR. MANNING.

"May 10th, 1806.

"My dear Manning,—I didn't know what your going was till I shook a last fist with you, and then 'twas just like having shaken hands with a wretch on the fatal scaffold, and, when you are down the ladder, you can never stretch out to him again. Mary says you are dead, and there's nothing to do but to leave it to time to do for us in the end what it always does for those who mourn for people in such a case. But she'll see by your letter you are not quite dead. A little kicking and agony, and then —— Martin Burney *took me out* a walking that evening, and we talked of Manning; and then I came home and smoked for you, and at twelve o'clock came home Mary and Monkey Louisa[1] from the play, and there was more talk and more smoking, and they all seemed first-rate

[1] [Louisa Martin.]

characters, because they knew a certain person. But what's the use of talking about 'em? By the time you'll have made your escape from the Kalmuks, you'll have stayed so long I shall never be able to bring to your mind who Mary was, who will have died about a year before, nor who the Holcrofts were! me perhaps you will mistake for Phillips, or confound me with Mr. Dawe, because you saw us together. Mary (whom you seem to remember yet) is not quite easy that she had not a formal parting from you. I wish it had so happened. But you must bring her a token, a shawl or something, and remember a sprightly little mandarin for our mantel-piece, as a companion to the child I am going to purchase at the museum. She says you saw her writings about the other day, and she wishes you should know what they are. She is doing for Godwin's bookseller[1] twenty of Shakspeare's plays, to be made into children's tales. Six are already done by her, to wit, 'The Tempest,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'Midsummer Night Dream,' 'Much Ado,' 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and 'Cymbeline:' and 'The Merchant of Venice' is in forwardness. I have done 'Othello' and 'Macbeth,' and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It's to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'd think. These are the humble amusements we propose, while you are gone to plant the cross of Christ among barbarous pagan anthropophagi. Quam homo homini præstat! but then, perhaps, you'll get murdered, and we shall die in our beds with a fair literary reputation. Be sure, if you see any of those people, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, that you make a draught of them. It will be very curious. Oh! Manning, I am serious to sinking almost, when I think that all those evenings, which you have made so pleasant, are gone perhaps for ever. Four years you talk of, maybe ten, and you may come back and find such alterations! Some circumstances may grow up to you or to me, that may be a bar to the return of any such intimacy. I dare say all this

[1] [Godwin had a depôt for books in Hanway Street, whence he subsequently removed to Skinner Street. His wife helped him greatly in the business, and several friends lent their co-operation. Lamb does not seem to have been aware that it was his friend's own speculation.]

is hum, and that all will come back; but indeed we die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick when I think that such a hold as I had of you is gone. I have friends, but some of 'em are changed. Marriage, or some circumstance, rises up to make them not the same. But I felt sure of you. And that last token you gave me of expressing a wish to have my name joined with yours, you know not how it affected me: like a legacy.

"God bless you in every way you can form a wish. May He give you health, and safety, and the accomplishment of all your objects, and return you again to us, to gladden some fireside or other (I suppose we shall be moved from the Temple). I will nurse the remembrance of your steadiness and quiet, which used to infuse something like itself into our nervous minds. Mary called you our ventilator. Farewell, and take her best wishes and mine.

"Good bye, "C. L."

The farce referred to in the letter to Hazlitt of February 19, 1806, is the delightful *jeu-d'esprit*, "Mr. H.," destined to only one night's stage existence, but to become "good jest for ever." It must be confessed that it has not substance enough for a dramatic piece in two acts—a piece which must present a show of real interest—involve its pair of young lovers in actual perplexities—and terminate in the seriousness of marriage! It would be rare sport in Milton's "Limbo of Vanity," but is too airy for the ponderous sentimentalism of the modern school of farce. As Swift, in "Gulliver," brings everything to the standard of size, so in this farce everything is reduced to an alphabetical one. Humour is sent to school to learn its letters; or, rather, letters are made instinct with the most delicate humour. It is the apotheosis of the alphabet, and teaches the value of a good name without the least hint of moral purpose. This mere pleasantry—this refining on sounds and letters—this verbal banter and watery collision of the pale reflexions of words, could not succeed on a stage which had begun to require interest, moral or immoral, to be interwoven with the web of all its actions; which no longer rejoiced in the riot of animal spirits and careless

gaiety; which no longer permitted wit to take the sting from evil as well as the load from care; but infected even its prince of rakes, Charles Surface, with a cant of sentiment which makes us turn for relief to the more honest hypocrite his brother. Mr. H. "could never *do;*" but its composition was pleasant, and its acceptance gave Lamb some of the happiest moments he ever spent. Thus he announces it to Wordsworth, in reply to a letter communicating to him that the poet was a father.

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

[June, 1806.]

"Dear Wordsworth,—We are pleased, you may be sure, with the good news of Mrs. Wordsworth. Hope all is well over by this time. 'A fine boy!—have you any more,—one more and a girl—poor copies of me!' *vide* 'Mr. H.,' a farce which the proprietors have done me the honour—but I will set down Mr. Wroughton's own words. N.B. The ensuing letter was sent in answer to one which I wrote, begging to know if my piece had any chance, as I might make alterations, &c. I, writing on Monday, there comes this letter on the Wednesday. Attend!

[Copy of a letter from Mr. R. Wroughton.]

'Sir,—Your piece of "Mr. H.," I am desired to say, is accepted at Drury Lane Theatre by the proprietors, and, if agreeable to you, will be brought forwards when the proper opportunity serves. The piece shall be sent to you, for your alterations, in the course of a few days, as the same is not in my hands, but with the proprietors.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

'RICHARD WROUGHTON.'

[Dated]

'66, Gower Street,

'Wednesday, June 11th, 1806.'

"On the following Sunday Mr. Tobin comes. The scent of a manager's letter brought him. He would have gone further any day on such a business. I read the

letter to him. He deems it authentic and peremptory. Our conversation naturally fell upon pieces, different sorts of pieces: what is the best way of offering a piece, how far the caprice of managers is an obstacle in the way of a piece, how to judge of the merits of a piece, how long a piece may remain in the hands of the managers before it is acted; and my piece, and your piece, and my poor brother's piece—my poor brother was all his life endeavouring to get a piece accepted.

"I wrote that in mere wantonness of triumph. Have nothing more to say about it. The managers, I thank my stars, have decided its merits for ever. They are the best judges of pieces, and it would be insensible in me to affect a false modesty after the very flattering letter which I have received.

ADMIT

TO

BOXES.

MR. H.

Ninth Night.

CHARLES LAMB.

"I think this will be as good a pattern for orders as I can think on. A little thin flowery border, round, neat, not gaudy, and the Drury Lane Apollo, with the harp at the top. Or shall I have no Apollo?—simply nothing? Or perhaps the comic muse?

"The same form, only I think without the Apollo, will serve for the pit and galleries. I think it will be best to write my name at full length; but then if I give away a great many, that will be tedious. Perhaps *Ch. Lamb* will do.

"BOXES, now, I think on it, I'll have in capitals. The rest, in a neat Italian hand. Or better perhaps Boxes in Old English characters, like Madoc or Thalaba?

"*A-propos* of Spenser (you will find him mentioned a

page or two before, near enough for an *a-propos*), I was discoursing on poetry (as one's apt to deceive one's self, and when a person is willing to *talk* of what one likes, to believe that he also likes the same, as lovers do) with a young gentleman of my office, who is deep read in Anacreon Moore, Lord Strangford, and the principal modern poets: and I happened to mention Epithalamiums, and that I could show him a very fine one of Spenser's. At the mention of this, my gentleman, who is a very fine gentleman, pricked up his ears and expressed great pleasure, and begged that I would give him leave to copy it: he did not care how long it was (for I objected the length), he should be very happy to see *anything by him*. Then pausing, and looking sad, he ejaculated 'POOR SPENCER!' I begged to know the reason of his ejaculation, thinking that time had by this time softened down any calamities which the bard might have endured. 'Why, poor fellow!' said he, 'he has lost his wife!' 'Lost his wife!' said I, 'who are you talking of?' 'Why, Spencer!' said he; 'I've read the "Monody" he wrote on the occasion, and *a very pretty thing it is*.' This led to an explanation (it could be delayed no longer), that the sound *Spenser* which, when poetry is talked of, generally excites an image of an old bard in a ruff, and sometimes with it dim notions of Sir P. Sidney and perhaps Lord Burleigh, had raised in my gentleman a quite contrary image of the Honourable William Spencer, who has translated some things from the German very prettily, which are published with Lady Di. Beauclerk's designs.[1] Nothing like defining of terms when we talk. What blunders might I have fallen into of quite inapplicable criticism, but for this timely explanation!

"N.B. At the beginning of *Edm.* Spenser, (to prevent mistakes,) I have copied from my own copy, and primarily from a book of Chalmers on Shakspeare, a sonnet of Spenser's never printed among his poems. It is curious, as being manly, and rather Miltonic, and as a sonnet of Spenser's with nothing in it about love or knighthood. I have no room for remembrances; but I hope our doing your commission will prove we do not quite forget you.

"C. L."

[1] [Bürger's "Leonora," folio, 1796.]

Christmas approached, and Lamb then conveyed to Manning, now at the antipodes, news of poor Holcroft's failure in his play of "The Vindictive Man," and his own approaching trial. In the letter to Hazlitt of February 19th, 1806, Lamb speaks of his acquaintance with Holcroft as then of quite recent origin.

TO MR. MANNING.

"December 5th, 1806.

"Manning, your letter dated Hottentots, August the what-was-it? came to hand. I can scarce hope that mine will have the same luck. China—Canton—bless us—how it strains the imagination and makes it ache! I write under another uncertainty, whether it can go to-morrow by a ship which I have just learned is going off direct to your part of the world, or whether the despatches may not be sealed up and this have to wait, for if it is detained here, it will grow staler in a fortnight than in a five months' voyage coming to you. It will be a point of conscience to send you none but bran-new news (the latest edition), which will but grow the better, like oranges, for a sea voyage. Oh, that you should be so many hemispheres off—if I speak incorrectly you can correct me—why, the simplest death or marriage that takes place here must be important to you as news in the old Bastile. There's your friend Tuthill has got away from France—you remember France? and Tuthill?—ten-to-one but he writes by this post, if he don't get my note in time, apprising him of the vessel sailing. Know then that he has found means to obtain leave from Bonaparte, without making use of any *incredible romantic pretences*[1] as some have done, who never meant to fulfil them, to come home; and I have seen him here and at Holcroft's. An't you glad about Tuthill? Now then be sorry for Holcroft, whose new play, called 'The Vindictive Man,' was damned about a fortnight since. It died in part of its own weakness, and in part for

[1] [A reference to Manning himself who, as we have noticed, suffered a temporary confinement at Paris in 1803-4, and owed his release to Bonaparte.]

being choked up with bad actors. The two principal parts were destined to Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Bannister, but Mrs. J. has not come to terms with the managers, they have had some squabble, and Bannister shot some of his fingers off by the going off of a gun. So Miss Duncan had her part, and Mr. De Camp took his. His part, the principal comic hope of the play, was most unluckily Goldfinch, taken out of the 'Road to Ruin,' not only the same character, but the identical Goldfinch—the same as Falstaff is in two plays of Shakspeare. As the devil of ill-luck would have it, half the audience did not know that H. had written it, but were displeased at his stealing from the 'Road to Ruin;' and those who might have borne a gentlemanly coxcomb with his 'That's your sort,' 'Go it'—such as Lewis is—did not relish the intolerable vulgarity and inanity of the idea stript of his manner. De Camp was hooted, more than hist—hooted and bellowed off the stage before the second act was finished, so that the remainder of his part was forced to be, with some violence to the play, omitted. In addition to this, a whore was another principal character—a most unfortunate choice in this moral day. The audience were as scandalised as if you were to introduce such a personage to their private tea-tables. Besides, her action in the play was gross—wheedling an old man into marriage. But the mortal blunder of the play was that which, oddly enough, H. took pride in, and exultingly told me of the night before it came out, that there were no less than eleven principal characters in it, and I believe he meant of the men only, for the play-bill exprest as much, not reckoning one woman and one whore; and true it was, for Mr. Powell, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. H. Siddons, Mr. Barrymore, &c., &c.,—to the number of eleven, had all parts equally prominent, and there was as much of them in quantity and rank as of the hero and heroine—and most of them gentlemen who seldom appear but as the hero's friend in a farce—for a minute or two—and here they all had their ten-minute speeches, and one of them gave the audience a serious account how he was now a lawyer but had been a poet, and then a long enumeration of the inconveniences of authorship, rascally booksellers, reviewers, &c.; which [illegible]st set the audience a

gaping; but I have said enough. You will be so sorry, that you will not think the best of me for my detail; but news is news at Canton. Poor H. I fear will feel the disappointment very seriously in a pecuniary light. From what I can learn he has saved nothing. You and I were hoping one day that he had; but I fear he has nothing but his pictures and books, and a no very flourishing business, and to be obliged to part with his long-necked Guido that hangs opposite as you enter, and the game-piece that hangs in the back drawing-room, and all those Vandykes, &c.! God should temper the wind to the shorn connoisseur. I hope I need not say to you, that I feel for the weather-beaten author and for all his household. I assure you his fate has soured a good deal the pleasure I should have otherwise taken in my own little farce being accepted, and I hope about to be acted—it is in rehearsal actually, and I expect it to come out next week. It is kept a sort of secret, and the rehearsals have gone on privately, lest by many folks knowing it, the story should come out, which would infallibly damn it. You remember I had sent it before you went. Wroughton read it, and was much pleased with it. I speedily got an answer. I took it to make alterations, and lazily kept it some months, then took courage and furbished it up in a day or two and took it. In less than a fortnight I heard the principal part was given to Elliston, who liked it, and only wanted a prologue, which I have since done and sent; and I had a note the day before yesterday from the manager Wroughton (bless his fat face—he is not a bad actor in some things), to say that I should be summoned to the rehearsal after the next, which next was to be yesterday. I had no idea it was so forward. I have had no trouble, attended no reading or rehearsal, made no interest; what a contrast to the usual parade of authors! But it is peculiar to modesty to do all things without noise or pomp! I have some suspicion it will appear in public on Wednesday next, for W. says in his note, it is so forward that if wanted it may come out next week, and a new melo-drama is announced for every day till then: and 'a new farce is in rehearsal,' is put up in the bills. Now you'd like to know the subject. The title is 'Mr. H.,' no more; how simple, how taking! A

great H. sprawling over the play-bill and attracting eyes at every corner. The story is a coxcomb appearing at Bath, vastly rich—all the ladies dying for him—all bursting to know who he is—but he goes by no other name than Mr. H.—a curiosity like that of the dames of Strasburg about the man with the great nose. But I won't tell you any more about it. Yes, I will: but I can't give you an idea how I have done it. I'll just tell you that after much vehement admiration, when his true name comes out, 'Hogsflesh,' all the women shun him, avoid him, and not one can be found to change their name for him—that's the idea—how flat it is here!—but how whimsical in the farce! and only think how hard upon me it is that the ship is despatched to-morrow, and my triumph cannot be ascertained till the Wednesday after—but all China will ring of it by and by. N.B. (But this is a secret.) The Professor[1] has got a tragedy coming out with the young Roscius in it in January next, as we say—January last it will be with you—and though it is a profound secret now, as all his affairs are, it cannot be much of one by the time you read this. However, don't let it go any further. I understand there are dramatic exhibitions in China. One would not like to be forestalled. Do you find in all this stuff I have written anything like those feelings which one should send my old adventuring friend, that is gone to wander among Tartars and may never come again? I don't—but your going away, and all about you, is a threadbare topic. I have worn it out with thinking—it has come to me when I have been dull with anything, till my sadness has seemed more to have come from it than to have introduced it. I want you, you don't know how much—but if I had you here in my European garret, we should but talk over such stuff as I have written—so—Those 'Tales from Shakspear' are near coming out, and Mary has begun a new work. Mr. Dawe is turned author: he has been in such a way lately—Dawe the painter, I mean—he sits and stands about at Holcroft's and says nothing—then sighs and leans his head on his hand. I took him to be in love—but it seems he was only meditating a work,—'The Life of Morland,'—the young man

[1] [Godwin. His tragedy of "Faulkner" was published in 1808.]

is not used to composition. Rickman and Captain Burney are well; they assemble at my house pretty regularly of a Wednesday—a new institution. Like other great men I have a public day, cribbage and pipes, with Phillips and noisy Martin Burney.

"Good Heaven! what a bit only I've got left! How shall I squeeze all I know into this morsel! Coleridge is come home, and is going to turn lecturer on taste at the Royal Institution. I shall get £200 from the theatre if 'Mr. H.' has a good run, and I hope £100 for the copyright. Nothing if it fails; and there never was a more ticklish thing. The whole depends on the manner in which the name is brought out, which I value myself on, as a *chef-d'œuvre*. How the paper grows less and less! In less than two minutes I shall cease to talk to you, and you may rave to the Great Wall of China. N.B. Is there such a wall! Is it as big as Old London Wall by Bedlam? Have you met with a friend of mine, named Ball, at Canton?—if you are acquainted, remember me kindly to him. May-be, you'll think I have not said enough of Tuthill and the Holcrofts. Tuthill is a noble fellow, as far as I can judge. The Holcrofts bear their disappointment pretty well, but indeed they are sadly mortified. Mrs. H. is cast down. It was well, if it were but on this account, that Tuthill is come home. N.B. If my little thing don't succeed, I shall easily survive, having, as it were, compared to H.'s venture, but a sixteenth in the lottery. Mary and I are to sit next the orchestra in the pit, next the tweedledees. She remembers you. You are more to us than five hundred farces, clappings, &c.

"Come back one day. "C. LAMB."

CHAPTER IX.

"MR. H." BROUGHT ON THE STAGE, AND DAMNED—LETTERS TO MISS STODDART, HAZLITT, WORDSWORTH AND GODWIN.

[1806-7.]

WEDNESDAY, 10th December, 1806, was the wished-for evening which decided the fate of "Mr. H." on the boards of Drury. Great curiosity was excited by the announcement; the house was crowded to the ceiling; and the audience impatiently awaited the conclusion of the long, dull, intolerable opera of "The Travellers," by which it was preceded. At length Mr. Elliston, the hero of the farce, entered, gaily dressed, and in happiest spirits,—enough, but not too much, elated,—and delivered the prologue with great vivacity and success. The farce began; at first it was much applauded; but the wit seemed wire-drawn; and when the curtain fell on the first act, the friends of the author began to fear. The second act dragged heavily on, as second acts of farces will do; a rout at Bath, peopled with ill-dressed and over-dressed actors and actresses, increased the disposition to yawn; and when the moment of disclosure came, and nothing worse than the name *Hogsflesh* was heard, the audience resented the long play on their curiosity, and would hear no more. Lamb, with his sister, sat, as he anticipated, in the front of the pit, and having joined in encoring the epilogue, the brilliancy of which injured the farce, he gave way with equal pliancy to the common feeling, and hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbours. The next morning's play-bill contained a veracious announcement, that "*The new farce of* MR. H., *performed for the first time last night, was received by an overflowing audience with universal applause, and will be repeated for the second time to-morrow;*" but the stage lamps never that morrow saw!

Elliston would have tried it again: but Lamb saw at once that the case was hopeless, and consoled his friends with a century of puns for the wreck of his dramatic hopes.

He thus communicated to Miss Stoddart and to Mr. Wordsworth the intelligence of his bad fortune:—

TO MISS STODDART.

[11 Dec. 1806.]

"Don't mind this being a queer letter. I am in haste, and taken up by visitors, condolers, &c. God bless you!

"Dear Sarah,—Mary is a little cut at the ill success of 'Mr. H.,' which came out last night, and *failed*. I know you'll be sorry, but never mind. We are determined not to be cast down. I am going to leave off tobacco, and then we must thrive. A smoking man must write smoky farces.

"Mary is pretty well, but I persuaded her to let me write. We did not apprise you of the coming out of 'Mr. H.' for fear of ill-luck. You were much better out of the house. If it had taken, your partaking of our good luck would have been one of our greatest joys. As it is, we shall expect you at the time you mentioned. But whenever you come you shall be most welcome.

"God bless you, dear Sarah,

"Yours most truly, "C. L."

"Mary is by no means unwell, but I made her let me write."

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

[December 11th, 1806.]

"Mary's love to all of you—I wouldn't let her write.

"Dear Wordsworth,—'Mr. H.' came out last night, and failed. I had many fears; the subject was not substantial enough. John Bull must have solider fare than a *letter*. We are pretty stout about it, have had plenty of condoling friends; but, after all, we had rather it should have succeeded. You will see the prologue in most of the morning papers. It was received with such shouts as I never

witnessed to a prologue. It was attempted to be encored. How hard !—a thing I did merely as a task, because it was wanted, and set no great store by; and 'Mr. H.'!! The quantity of friends we had in the house—my brother and I being in public offices, &c.—was astonishing, but they yielded at last to a few hisses.

"A hundred hisses! (Damn the word, I write it like kisses—how different!)—a hundred hisses outweigh a thousand claps. The former come more directly from the heart. Well, 'tis withdrawn, and there is an end.

"Better luck to us, "C. LAMB."

[*Turn over.*]

"P.S. Pray, when any of you write to the Clarksons, give our kind loves, and say we shall not be able to come and see them at Christmas, as I shall have but a day or two, and tell them we bear our mortification pretty well."

There is no positive clue to the date of the letter to Godwin, which has now to be inserted; but his biographer places it under 1806, and the apologetic strain seems to suggest some peevish remarks provoked, as it is possible, by the recent dramatic *fiasco*.

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

[1806.]

"I repent. Can that God whom thy votaries say that thou hast demolished expect more? I did indite a splenetic letter, but did the black Hypocondria never gripe *thy* heart, till thou hast taken a friend for an enemy? The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet leads me over four-inched bridges, to course my own shadow for a traitor. There are certain positions of the moon, under which I counsel thee not to take anything written from this domicile as serious.

"*I* rank thee with Alves, Latinè, Helvetius, or any of his accursed crew? Thou art my friend, and henceforth my philosopher. Thou shalt teach Distinction to the junior branches of my household and Deception to the grey-haired Janitress at my door.

"What! Are these atonements? Can Arcadias be brought upon knees, creeping and crouching?

"Come, as Macbeth's drunken porter says, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock—seven times a day shalt thou batter at my peace, and if I shut aught against thee, save the Temple of Janus, may Briareus, with his hundred hands, in each a brass knocker, lead me such a life. "C. LAMB."

During the next eight or nine years, the letters of Lamb which have been preserved are comparatively few, with reference to the lengthened period over which they are scattered. He began to write in earnest for the press, and the time thus occupied was withdrawn from his correspondents, while his thoughts and feelings were developed by a different excitement, and expressed in other forms. In the year 1807, the series of stories founded on the plays of Shakespear, referred to in his last letter to Manning, was published; in which the outlines of his plots are happily brought within the apprehension of children, and his language preserved wherever it was possible to retain it; a fit counterpoise to those works addressed to the young understanding, to which Lamb still cherished the strong distaste which broke out in one of his previous letters. Of these tales, "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Timon of Athens," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," and "Othello," are by Charles, and the others by Mary Lamb; hers being, as Lamb always insisted, the most felicitous, but all well adapted to infuse some sense of the nobleness of the poet's thoughts into the hearts of their little readers.

On the 29th January, 1807, Lamb wrote to Mr. Wordsworth, announcing the despatch of a copy of the "Tales."

Thursday, 29th Jan., 1807.

"Dear Wordsworth,—We have book'd off from Swan and Two Necks Lad Lane, this day (per Coach) the 'Tales from Shakespear.' You will forgive the plates,[1]

[1] [Curiously enough, these plates by Mulready are now-a-days considered by collectors the cream of the book. They appeared in the first and second editions, 1807 and 1808; but in 1809, a third edition contained only a portrait of Shakespear, although the public was apprised that they might buy the engravings, if they liked, separately or in a different issue.]

when I tell you they were left to the discretion of Godwin, who left the choice of subjects to the bad Baby,[1] who from mischief (I suppose) has chosen one from damn'd beastly vulgarity (vide 'Merch. Venice'), when no atom of authority was in the Tale to justify it; to another has given a name which exists not in the tale, Nic. Bŏttom, and which she thought would be funny, though in this I suspect *his* hand, for I guess her reading does not reach far enough to know Bottom's Christian name; and one of Hamlet and grave-digging, a scene which is not hinted at in the story, and you might as well have put King Canute the Great reproving the courtiers. The rest are giants and giantesses. Suffice it, to save our taste and damn our folly, that we left it all to a friend, William Godwin, who in the first place cheated me by putting a name to them which I did not mean, but do not repent, and then wrote a puff about their *simplicity*, &c., to go with the advertisement as in my name.[2] Enough of this egregious dupery. I will try to abstract the load of teazing circumstances, and tell you that I am answerable for 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Timon,' 'Romeo,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' for occasionally a tail-piece or correction of grammar, for none of the cuts and all of the spelling.[3] The rest is my Sister's.

"We think 'Pericles' of hers the best, and 'Othello' of mine; but I hope all have some good. 'As you Like it' we like best. So much, only begging you to tear out the cuts, and give them to Johnny as Mrs. Godwin's fancy.

"Our love to all. "C. L.

"I had almost forgot, my part of the Preface begins in

[1] [Mrs. Godwin.]

[2] [At the end of another of Godwin's publications, dated 1808, the "Tales from Shakespear" are thus advertised:—"In two vols. 12mo., with 20 Copper-plates, Price 8*s*., in extra boards, 'Tales from Shakespear.' Designed for the Use of Young Persons. By Charles Lamb." A commendatory notice from the "Critical Review" for May, 1807, follows, and below occurs this farther piece of intelligence:—N.B. A specimen of these Tales is just published in eight single Numbers! each Number being adorned with three Plates, beautifully coloured, price Sixpence. The remainder will speedily follow."]

[3] [A skit on Miss Lamb's rather vague ideas of orthography. She would spell *Knowles* NOULES. Lamb himself wrote *Ouldcroft* for *Holcroft;* and in one place he has Hazzlet.]

the middle of a sentence, in last but one page, after a colon, thus—'which if they be happily so done," &c.; the former part hath a more feminine turn, and does hold me up something as an instructor to young ladies; but, upon my modesty's honour, I wrote it not.

"Godwin told my sister that the Baby chose the subjects—a fact in taste!"

Hazlitt soon became a frequent guest at Lamb's and a brilliant ornament of the parties which the latter now began to collect on Wednesday evenings. He had lately been in the habit of paying attentions to Miss Stoddart, who resided at Winterslow with her aged mother, having removed thither from Salisbury, after the death of Lieutenant Stoddart; and some fantastic letter, in the nature of a hoax, having puzzled his father, who expected him at Wem, caused some inquiries of Lamb respecting the painter's retreat, to which he thus replied in a letter [concocted, it appears from a memorandum on the original, between Hazlitt and himself] to

THE REV. MR. HAZLITT.

"Temple, 18th February, 1808.

"Sir,—I am truly concerned that any mistake of mine should have caused you uneasiness, but I hope we have got a clue to William's absence, which may clear up all apprehensions. The people where he lodges in town have received direction from him to forward one or two of his shirts to a place called Winterslow, in the county of Hants [Wilts] (not far from Salisbury), where the lady[1] lives whose Cottage, pictured upon a card, if you opened my letter you have doubtless seen, and though we have had no explanation of the mystery since, we shrewdly suspect that at the time of writing that Letter which has given you all this trouble, a certain son of yours (who is both Painter and Author) was at her elbow, and did assist in framing that very Cartoon which was sent to amuse and mislead us in town, as to the real place of his destination.

[1] [Miss Stoddart. The cottage, formerly alluded to, was Middleton Cottage.]

"And some words at the back of the said Cartoon, which we had not marked so narrowly before, by the similarity of the handwriting to William's, do very much confirm the suspicion. If our theory be right, they have had the pleasure of their jest, and I am afraid you have paid for it in anxiety. But I hope your uneasiness will now be removed, and you will pardon a suspense occasioned by LOVE, who does so many worse mischiefs every day.

"The letter to the people where William lodges says, moreover, that he shall be in town in a fortnight.

"My sister joins in respects to you and Mrs. Hazlitt, and in our kindest remembrances and wishes for the restoration of Peggy's health.

"I am, Sir, your humble servt., "CH. LAMB."

CHAPTER X.

MORE LITERARY WORK IN PREPARATION—"SPECIMENS OF DRAMATIC POETS" AND "ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES"—LETTERS TO MANNING AND GODWIN—MARRIAGE OF HAZLITT—POETRY FOR CHILDREN AND "MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL."

[1808-9.]

OF two other works preparing for the press, he thus speaks in a letter which bears date 26th February, 1808, addressed to Manning at Canton, in reply to a letter received thence, in which Manning informed Lamb that he had consigned a parcel of silk to a Mr. Knox for his sister.

TO MR. MANNING.

[Mitre Court Buildings, 26 February, 1808.]

"Dear Missionary,—Your letters from the farthest ends of the world have arrived safe. Mary is very thankful for your remembrance of her, and with the less suspicion of mercenariness, as the silk, the *symbolum materiale* of your friendship, has not yet appeared. I think Horace says somewhere, *nox longa*. I would not impute negligence or unhandsome delays to a person whom you have honoured with your confidence; but I have not heard of the silk or of Mr. Knox, save by your letter. Maybe he expects the first advances! or it may be that he has not succeeded in getting the article on shore, for it is among the *res prohibitæ et non nisi smuggle-ationis viâ fruendæ*. But so it is, in the friendships between *wicked men*, the very expressions of their good-will cannot but be sinful. I suppose you know my farce was damned. The noise still rings in my

ears. Was you ever in the pillory?—being damned is something like that. A treaty of marriage is on foot between William Hazlitt and Miss Stoddart. Something about settlements only retards it. She has somewhere about £80 a year, to be £120 when her mother dies. He has no settlement except what he can claim from the Parish. *Pauper est, tamen sed amat.* The thing is therefore in abeyance. But there is love o' both sides. Little Fenwick (you don't see the connexion of ideas here, how the devil should you?) is in the rules of the Fleet. Cruel creditors! operation of iniquitous laws! is Magna Charta then a mockery? Why, in general (here I suppose you to ask a question) my spirits are pretty good, but I have my depressions, black as a smith's beard, Vulcanic, Stygian. At such times I have recourse to a pipe, which is like not being at home to a dun; he comes again with tenfold bitterness the next day—(Mind, I am not in debt, I only borrow a similitude from others; it shows imagination.) I have done two books since the failure of my farce; they will both be out this summer. The one is a juvenile book—'The Adventures of Ulysses,' intended to be an introduction to the reading of Telemachus! It is done out of the Odyssey, not from the Greek; I would not mislead you: nor yet from Pope's Odyssey, but from an older translation of one Chapman. The 'Shakespear Tales' suggested the doing it. Godwin is in both those cases my bookseller. The other is done for Longman, and is 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespear.' Specimens are becoming fashionable. We have—'Specimens of Ancient English Poets,' 'Specimens of Modern English Poets,' Specimens of Ancient English Prose Writers,' without end. They used to be called 'Beauties.' You have seen 'Beauties of Shakespear?' so have many people that never saw any beauties in Shakespear. Longman is to print it, and be at all the expense and risk; and I am to share the profits after all deductions, *i.e.* a year or two hence I must pocket what they please to tell me is due to me. But the book is such as I am glad there should be. It is done out of old plays at the Museum and out of Dodsley's Collection, &c. It is to have notes. So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from

off the top of Drury-lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago.[1] However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Damn 'em, how they hissed! it was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hiss'd me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favourite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely: to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with: and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow-creatures who are desirous to please them! Heaven be pleased to make the teeth rot out of them all therefore! Make them a reproach, and all that pass by them to loll out their tongue at them! Blind mouths! as Milton somewhere calls them. Do you like Braham's singing? The little Jew has bewitched me. I follow him like as the boys follow Tom the Piper. He cured me of melancholy, as David cured Saul; but I don't throw stones at him, as David did at Saul, in payment. I was insensible to music till he gave me a new sense. O, that you could go to the new opera of 'Kais' to-night! 'Tis all about Eastern manners; it would just suit you. It describes the wild Arabs, wandering Egyptians, lying dervishes, and all that sort of people, to a hair. You needn't ha' gone so far to see what you see, if you saw it as I do every night at Drury-lane Theatre. Braham's singing, when it is impassioned, is finer than Mrs. Siddons' or Mr. Kemble's acting; and when it is not impassioned, it is as good as hearing a person of fine sense talking. The brave little Jew! Old Serjeant Hill is dead. Mrs. Rickman is in the family way. It is thought that Hazlitt will have children, if he marries Miss Stoddart. I made a pun the other day, and palmed it upon Holcroft, who grinned like a Cheshire cat. (Why do cats

[1] [He refers, of course, to the failure of "Mr. H."]

grin in Cheshire?—Because it was once a county palatine, the cats cannot help laughing whenever they think of it, though I see no great joke in it.) I said that Holcroft said, being asked who were the best dramatic writers of the day, 'HOOK AND I.' Mr. Hook is author of several pieces, 'Tekeli,' &c. You know what *hooks and eyes* are, don't you? Your letter had many things in it hard to be understood: the puns were ready and Swift-like; but don't you begin to be melancholy in the midst of Eastern customs! 'The mind does not easily conform to foreign usages, even in trifles: it requires something that it has been familiar with.' That begins one of Dr. Hawkesworth's papers in the 'Adventurer,' and is, I think, as sensible a remark as ever fell from the Doctor's mouth. White is at Christ's Hospital, a wit of the first magnitude, but had rather be thought a gentleman, like Congreve. You know Congreve's repulse which he gave to Voltaire, when he came to visit him as a *literary man*, that he wished to be considered only in the light of a private gentleman. I think the impertinent Frenchman was properly answered. I should just serve any member of the French institute in the same manner, that wished to be introduced to me. Bonaparte has voted 5,000 livres to Davy, the great young English chemist; but it has not arrived. Coleridge has delivered two lectures at the Royal Institution; two more intended; but he did not come. It is thought he has gone sick upon them. He isn't well, that's certain. Wordsworth is coming to see him. He sits up in a two pair of stairs room at the 'Courier' Office, and receives visitors on his close stool.

"Does any one read at Canton? Lord Moira is President of the Westminster Library. I suppose you might have interest with Sir Joseph Banks to get to be president of any similar institution that should be set up at Canton. I think public reading-rooms the best mode of educating young men. Solitary reading is apt to give the headache. Besides, who knows that you *do* read? There are ten thousand institutions similar to the Royal Institution which have sprung up from it. There is the London Institution, the Southwark Institution, the Russell Square Rooms Institution, &c.—*College quasi Con-lege*, a place where

people read together.[1] Wordsworth, the great poet, is coming to town; he is to have apartments in the Mansion House. Well, my dear Manning, talking cannot be infinite; I have said all I have to say; the rest is but remembrances, which we shall bear in our heads of you, while we have heads. Here is a packet of trifles nothing worth; but it is a trifling part of the world where I live; emptiness abounds. But, in fulness of affection, we remain yours,

"C. L."

The two books referred to in this letter were both published in 1808, "The Adventures of Ulysses" had some tinge of the quaintness of Chapman; it gives the plot of the earliest and one of the most charming of romances, without spoiling its interest. The "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespear," were received with more favour than Lamb's previous works, though it was only by slow and imperceptible degrees that they won their way to the apprehensions of the most influential minds, and wrought out the genial purpose of the editor in renewing a taste for the great contemporaries of Shakespear. "The Monthly Review" vouchsafed a notice[2] in its large print, upon the whole favourable, according to the existing fashion of criticism, but still "craftily qualified." It will scarcely be credited, without reference to the article itself, that on the notes the critic pronounces this judgment: "The notes before us indeed have nothing very remarkable, except the style, which is formally abrupt and elaborately quaint. Some of the most studied attempts to display excessive feeling we had noted for animadversion, but the task is unnecessary," &c.

It is easy to conceive of readers strongly dissenting from some of the passionate eulogies of these notes, and even taking offence at the boldness of the allusions; but that any one should read these essences of criticism, suggesting the profoundest thoughts, and replete throughout with fine imagery, and find in them "nothing remarkable," is a

[1] [Rather, where they *gather* together.]
[2] April, 1809.

mystery which puzzles us. But when the same critic speaks of the heroine of the "Broken Heart" as "the light-heeled Calantha," it is easy to appreciate his fitness for sitting in judgment on the old English drama and the congenial expositor of its grandeurs!

[In connection with the "Adventures of Ulysses," some correspondence took place between the author and his publisher. Lamb had made some demand on Godwin, which the latter explained to be on commercial grounds impracticable, and he received the answer, which is given just below. A second (dateless) letter, assigned by the biographer to 1808, may have something to do with a proposal on the part of Godwin to see Lamb on this or some other subject, instead of writing. I have preferred to introduce it a little later on, for the reason to be there seen.]

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

[March 11, 1808.

"Dear Godwin,—The giant's vomit was perfectly nauseous, and I am glad you pointed it out. I have removed the objection. To the other passages I can find no other objection but what you may bring to numberless passages besides, such as of Scylla snatching up the six men, &c., that is to say, they are lively images of *shocking* things. If you want a book, which is not occasionally to *shock*, you should not have thought of a tale which was so full of anthropophagi and wonders. I cannot alter these things without enervating the Book, and I will not alter them if the penalty should be that you and all the London booksellers should refuse it. But speaking as author to author, I must say that I think *the terrible* in those two passages seems to me so much to preponderate over the nauseous, as to make them rather fine than disgusting. Who is to read them, I don't know: who is it that reads 'Tales of Terror' and 'Mysteries of Udolpho?' Such things sell. I only say that I will not consent to alter such passages, which I know to be some of the best in the book. As an author I say to you an author: touch not my work. As to a bookseller I say, Take the work such as it is, or refuse it. You are as free to refuse it as when we first talked of it.

As to a friend I say, Don't plague yourself and me with nonsensical objections. I assure you I will not alter one more word."

Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt, whose marriage had at length taken place on the 1st May, 1808, at St. Andrew's, Holborn, a church so intimately associated with Lamb's earliest recollections, were now living at Winterslow, near Salisbury, in a house belonging to the Stoddart family; and to Mrs. Hazlitt Miss Lamb addressed, at the end of the same year (December 10th, 1808), a long letter containing interesting details of her own and her brother's life,[1] to which Charles added the annexed postscript:—

"There came this morning a printed Prospectus from 'S. T. Coleridge, Grasmere,' of a Weekly Paper, to be called 'The Friend;' a flaming Prospectus. I have no time to give the heads of it. To commence first Saturday in January. There came also notice of a turkey from Mr. Clarkson, which I am more sanguine in expecting the accomplishment of than I am of Coleridge's prophecy.

"C. LAMB."

In 1809 Miss Lamb published her charming work, entitled "Mrs. Leicester's School," to which Lamb contributed three of the tales. The best, however, are his sister's, as he delighted to insist; and no tales more happily adapted to nurture all sweet and childlike feelings in children were ever written. [But the most important feature in "Mrs. Leicester's School" is not its literary but its biographical value, as the incidents depicted in many of its pages are transcripts of real events in the lives of the Lambs themselves. The little volume, originally printed in 1809, saw a second edition the same year, a third in 1810, and a fourth in 1814.] Another joint publication, "Poetry for Children," followed, which also is worthy of its title. [It seems likely that the latter, which recalls the account given by Southey of the volume published by Mr. John Lamb in quarto, and containing the "Sparrow's Wedding" and other pieces, was suggested to the Lambs

[1] ["See it printed in "Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874, p. 74-7.]

by Coleridge, for in a letter to Godwin of March 26, 1811,[1] his correspondent says :—" I told dear Miss Lamb that I had formed a complete plan of a volume with little plates for children, the *first* thought, but that alone, taken from Gesner's ' First Mariner,' and this thought, I have reason to believe, was not an invention of Gesner's."

Lamb, having had notice that his landlord at Mitre Court Buildings required the rooms for his own use, removed thence at Lady Day, 1809. He had secured other chambers in Inner Temple Lane ; but as the latter did not fall vacant till May, he was obliged to shift temporarily into a lodging at Southampton Buildings. His letter of the 28th March, 1809, was written while the discomforts of removal were fresh in his recollection. This followed, as we at once perceive, a longer one despatched about six weeks before. Now the weight of evidence is altogether against the supposition that this previous letter was that of the 26th February, 1808, and that the latter is wrongly dated, although the two in question also belonged to February and March. But it so palpably belongs to 1808, from the mention of the marriage of Hazlitt as in prospect (it took place on the 1st May) and from the reference to the approaching publication of the "Adventures of Ulysses" and the "Dramatic Specimens," both of which appeared in 1808, besides one or two other points, that it is impossible to escape from the inference and conclusion that the letter indicated by the writer as having been sent by the preceding mail has been lost. The interval between the communications to Manning had now for some time been lengthening, and between 1808 and 1825 there are only seven letters apparently extant.]

TO MR. MANNING.

[Southampton Buildings, 28th March, 1809.]

" Dear Manning,—I sent you a long letter by the ships which sailed the beginning of last month, accompanied with books, &c. Since I last wrote, Holcroft is dead.[2] He

[1] [Kegan Paul's " Godwin," 1876, vol. ii,, p. 223.]

[2] [Holcroft died on Thursday, the 23rd March, 1809. An allusion to

died on Thursday last. So there is one of your friends whom you will never see again! Perhaps the next fleet may bring you a letter from Martin Burney, to say that he writes by desire of Miss Lamb, who is not well enough to write herself, to inform you that her brother died on Thursday last, 14th June, &c. But I hope *not*. I should be sorry to give occasion to open a correspondence between Martin and you. This letter must be short, for I have driven it off to the very moment of doing up the packets; and besides, that which I refer to above is a very long one; and if you have received my books, you will have enough to do to read them. While I think on it, let me tell you we are moved. Don't come any more to Mitre Court Buildings. We are at 34, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, and shall be here till about the end of May: then we remove to No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, where I mean to live and die; for I have such horror of moving, that I would not take a benefice from the King, if I was not indulged with non-residence. What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word moving! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart: old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Was I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead,

his taste for collecting pictures occurs in the "Memoirs," edited by Hazlitt, 1816, iii. 156-7. Apart from his plays, of which the "Vindictive Man" was the last and weakest, his "Travels into France from Hamburgh, through parts of Germany and the Netherlands," 1804, 2 vols., 4to., forms his most important publication. A very curious copy of this work, filled with MSS. notes by Lamb, who had made it a sort of common-place book, occurred at a sale in London four or five years ago. It realized a large sum, and is now, I believe, in America. It was in poor condition, much thumbed and soiled, and particularly uninviting, but it contained, doubtless, some valuable matter.]

though the first had had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret. Our place of final destination,—I don't mean the grave, but No. 4, Inner Temple Lane,—looks out upon a gloomy churchyard-like court, called Hare Court, with three trees and a pump in it. Do you know it? I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old. If you see newspapers you will read about Mrs. Clarke.[1] The sensation in London about this nonsensical business is marvellous. I remember nothing in my life like it. Thousands of ballads, caricatures, lives, of Mrs. Clarke, in every blind alley. Yet in the midst of this stir, a sublime abstracted dancing-master, who attends a family we know at Kensington,[2] being asked a question about the progress of the examination in the House, inquired who Mrs. Clarke was? He had heard nothing of it. He had evaded this omnipresence by utter insignificancy! The Duke should make that man his confidential valet. I proposed locking him up, barring him the use of his fiddle and red pumps, until he had minutely perused and committed to memory the whole body of the examinations, which employed the House of Commons a fortnight, to teach him to be more attentive to what concerns the public. I think I told you of Godwin's little book, and of Coleridge's prospectus,[3] in my last; if I did not, remind me of it, and I will send you them, or an account of them, next fleet. I have no conveniency of doing it by this. Mrs. Godwin grows every day in disfavour with me. I will be buried with this inscription over me:—'Here lies C. L., the woman-hater'—I mean that hated one woman: for the rest, God bless them! How do you like the Mandarinesses? Are you on some little footing with any of them? This is Wednesday. On Wednesdays is my levee. The Captain, Martin, Phillips, (not the Sheriff,) Rickman, and some

[1] [The mistress of the Duke of York.]

[2] [Lamb, whose acquaintance with the west-end suburbs was slight, most probably means the Humes who, with the Godwins, lived on the border-land of Kensington, Bayswater, and Notting Hill. It is to be suspected that Lamb knew Hume through Godwin. The latter, from an allusion in a letter to him a little later on, clearly resided near the Humes.]

[3] [The work on "Sepulchres" and the prospectus of "The Friend."]

more, are constant attendants, besides stray visitors. We play at whist, eat cold meat and hot potatoes, and any gentleman that chooses smokes. Why do you never drop in? You'll come some day, won't you?

"C. LAMB, &c."

CHAPTER XI.

REMOVAL TO INNER TEMPLE LANE—LETTERS TO COLERIDGE, MANNING, AND GUTCH—FIRST VISIT TO THE HAZLITTS AT WINTERSLOW.

[1809-10.]

IN May, 1809, Lamb and his sister removed from Southampton Buildings to those rooms in Inner Temple Lane,[1] —most dear of all their abodes to the memory of their ancient friends—where first I knew them. The change produced its natural but sad effect on Miss Lamb, during whose absence Lamb addressed the following various letters.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"June 7th, 1809.

"Dear Coleridge,—I congratulate you on the appearance of 'The Friend.'[2] Your first number promises well, and I have no doubt the succeeding numbers will fulfil the promise. I had a kind letter from you some time since, which I have left unanswered. I am also obliged to you, I believe, for a review in the 'Annual,' am I not? The 'Monthly Review' sneers at me, and asks 'if "Comus" is not *good enough* for Mr. Lamb?' because I have said no good serious dramas have been written since the death of

[1] [In the British Museum, Add. MS. 20,081, is a scrap addressed to T. Hill, Esq., as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—It is necessary *I see you sign.* Can you step up to me to Inner Temple Lane this evening? I shall wait at home.

"Yours, &c.

"C. LAMB."

It bears no date, but is among the correspondence of the recipient for 1801. As the Lambs did not reside in Inner Temple Lane till 1809, however, it cannot be anterior to that year. It seemed just worth giving in a note.]

[2] ["The Friend" appeared in numbers in royal 8vo., and continued from June 1st, 1809, to March 15th, 1810. It professed to be a literary, political, and moral organ, and to exclude party and personal politics.]

Charles the First, except 'Samson Agonistes;' so because they do not know, or won't remember, that 'Comus' was written long before, I am to be set down as an undervaluer of Milton. O Coleridge! do kill those reviews, or they will kill us—kill all we like! Be a friend to all else, but their foe. I have been turned out of my chambers in the Temple by a landlord who wanted them for himself; but I have got other at No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, far more commodious and roomy. I have two rooms on third floor and five rooms above, with an inner staircase to myself, and all new painted, &c., and all for £30 a year! I came into them on Saturday week; and on Monday following, Mary was taken ill with fatigue of moving, and affected, I believe, by the novelty of the home; she could not sleep, and I am left alone with a maid quite a stranger to me, and she has a month or two's sad distraction to go through. What sad large pieces it cuts out of life—out of *her* life, who is getting rather old; and we may not have many years to live together! I am weaker, and bear it worse than I ever did. But I hope we shall be comfortable by and bye. The rooms are delicious, and the best look backwards into Hare Court, where there is a pump always going. Just now it is dry. Hare Court trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden. I try to persuade myself it is much pleasanter than Mitre Court; but, alas! the household gods are slow to come in a new mansion. They are in their infancy to me; I do not feel them yet; no hearth has blazed to them yet. How I hate and dread new places!

"I was very glad to see Wordsworth's book[1] advertised; I am to have it to-morrow lent me, and if Wordsworth don't send me an order for one upon Longman, I will buy it. It is greatly extolled and liked by all who have seen it. Let me hear from some of you, for I am desolate. I shall have to send you, in a week or two, two volumes of Juvenile Poetry, done by Mary and me within the last six months, and that tale in prose which Wordsworth so much liked, which was published at Christmas, with nine others,

[1] [Wordsworth does not seem to have published anything just now but a new edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," with additions, 1809, 2 vols., small octavo.]

by us, and has reached a second edition.[1] There's for you! We have almost worked ourselves out of child's work, and I don't know what to do. Sometimes I think of a drama, but I have no head for play-making; I can do the dialogue, and that's all. I am quite aground for a plan, and I must do something for money. Not that I have immediate wants, but I have prospective ones. O money, money, how blindly thou hast been worshipped, and how stupidly abused! Thou art health, and liberty, and strength; and he that has thee may rattle his pockets at the foul fiend!

"Nevertheless, do not understand by this that I have not quite enough for my occasions for a year or two to come. While I think on it, Coleridge, I fetch'd away my books which you had at the 'Courier' Office, and found all but a third volume of the old plays, containing 'The White Devil,' 'Green's Tu Quoque,' and the 'Honest Whore,' perhaps the most valuable volume of them all—*that* I could not find. Pray, if you can, remember what you did with it, or where you took it out with you a walking perhaps; send me word; for, to use the old plea, it spoils a set. I found two other volumes (you had three), the 'Arcadia' and 'Daniel,' enriched with manuscript notes.[2] I wish every book I have were so noted. They have thoroughly converted me to relish Daniel, or to say I relish him, for, after all, I believe I did relish him. You well call him sober-minded. Your notes are excellent. Perhaps you've forgot them. I have read a review in the 'Quarterly' by Southey, on the Missionaries, which is most masterly. I only grudge it being there. It is quite beautiful. Do remember my Dodsley; and pray do write, or let some of you write. Clarkson tells me you are in a smoky house. Have you cured it? It is hard to cure anything of smoking. Our little poems are but humble, but they have no name.[3] You must read them, remember-

[1] ["Mrs. Leicester's School," of which there were two impressions in 1809.]

[2] [It was the edition of Daniel in 2 vols, 1718. The copy is in my possession.]

[3] [The "Poetry for Children," printed in 1809, though it did not bear the name of the writers, was said to be by the author of "Mrs. Leicester's School,"—a sufficient disclosure.]

ing they were task-work; and perhaps you will admire the number of subjects, all of children, picked out by an old Bachelor and an old Maid. Many parents would not have found so many. Have you read 'Cœlebs?' It has reached eight editions in so many weeks; yet literally it is one of the very poorest sort of common novels, with the drawback of dull religion in it. Had the religion been high and flavoured, it would have been something. I borrowed this 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife'[1] of a very careful, neat lady, and returned it with this stuff written in the beginning:—

'If ever I marry a wife
I'd marry a landlord's daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy-and-water.'

"I don't expect you can find time from your 'Friend' to write to me much, but write something, for there has been a long silence. You know Holcroft is dead. Godwin is well. He has written a very pretty, absurd book about sepulchres.[2] He was affronted because I told him it was better than Hervey, but not so good as Sir T. Browne. This letter is all about books; but my head aches, and I hardly know what I write; but I could not let 'The Friend' pass without a congratulatory epistle. I won't criticise till it comes to a volume. Tell me how I shall send my packet to you?—by what conveyance?—by Longman, Short-man, or how? Give my kindest remembrances to Wordsworth. Tell him he must give me a book. My kind love to Mrs. W. and to Dorothy separately and conjointly. I wish you could all come and see me in my new rooms. God bless you all.

"C. L."

A journey into Wiltshire, to visit Hazlitt, followed Miss Lamb's recovery, and produced the following letter:[3]—

[1] [By Hannah More. It first appeared in 1809, 2 vols., 12mo., and passed through sixteen editions between that date and 1826.]

[2] [Published in 1809. There is a very humorous account of this work in a letter from Miss Lamb to Mrs. Hazlitt of December 10th, 1808.]

[3] [Compare the two letters of Miss Lamb to Mrs. Hazlitt of June 2nd, and Nov. 7th, 1809 ("Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874, p. 78-82).]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"Monday, Oct. 30th, 1809.

"Dear Coleridge,—I have but this moment received your letter, dated the 9th instant, having just come off a journey from Wiltshire, where I have been with Mary on a visit to Hazlitt. The journey has been of infinite service to her. We have had nothing but sunshiny days and daily walks from eight to twenty miles a-day, have seen Wilton, Salisbury, Stonehenge, &c. Her illness lasted but six weeks; it left her weak, but the country has made us whole. We came back to our Hogarth Room. I have made several acquisitions since you saw them,—and found Nos. 8, 9, 10 of 'The Friend.' The account of Luther in the Warteburg is as fine as anything I ever read.[1] God forbid that a man who has such things to say should be silenced for want of £100. This Custom-and-Duty Age would have made the Preacher on the Mount take out a licence, and St. Paul's Epistles would not have been missible without a stamp. Oh, that you may find means to go on! But alas! where is Sir G. Beaumont?—Sotheby? What is become of the rich Auditors in Albemarle Street? Your letter has saddened me.

"I am so tired with my journey, being up all night, I have neither things nor words in my power. I believe I expressed my admiration of the pamphlet.[2] Its power over me was like that which Milton's pamphlets must have had on his contemporaries, who were tuned to them. What a piece of prose! Do you hear if it is read at all? I am out of the world of readers. I hate all that do read, for they

[1] The Wartburg is a Castle, standing on a lofty rock, about two miles from the city of Eisenach, in which Luther was confined, under the friendly arrest of the Elector of Saxony, after Charles V. had pronounced against him the Ban in the Imperial Diet; where he composed some of his greatest works, and translated the New Testament; and where he is recorded as engaged in the personal conflict with the Prince of Darkness, of which the vestiges are still shown in a black stain on the wall, from the inkstand hurled at the Enemy. In the Essay referred to, Coleridge accounts for the story—depicting the state of the great prisoner's mind in most vivid colours.

[2] [This can refer to nothing but the Number of "The Friend" of which the receipt is acknowledged in a previous letter.]

read nothing but reviews and new books. I gather myself up unto the old things.

"I have put up shelves. You never saw a book-case in more true harmony with the contents, than what I've nailed up in a room, which, though new, has more aptitudes for growing old than you shall often see—as one sometimes gets a friend in the middle of life, who becomes an old friend in a short time. My rooms are luxurious; one is for prints and one for books; a Summer and a Winter parlour. When shall I ever see you in them? "C. L."

Lamb had yet to make known to his distant correspondent, the Missionary (as he styled him), his change of address, which he does in the next. He also transmitted to him a copy of the "Poetry for Children."

TO MR. MANNING.

"[Inner Temple Lane], Jan. 2nd, 1810.

"Dear Manning,—When I last wrote to you, I was in lodgings. I am now in chambers, No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, where I should be happy to see you any evening. Bring any of your friends, the Mandarins, with you. I have two sitting-rooms: I call them so *par excellence*, for you may stand, or loll, or lean, or try any posture in them; but they are best for sitting; not squatting down Japanese fashion, but the more decorous use of the —— which European usage has consecrated. I have two of these rooms on the third floor, and five sleeping, cooking, &c. rooms, on the fourth floor. In my best room is a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humour. In my next best are shelves containing a small, but well-chosen library. My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent—cold with brandy, and not very insipid without. Here I hope to set up my rest, and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen. I sent you a parcel of books by my last, to give you some idea of the state of European literature. There comes with this two volumes, done up as letters, of minor poetry, a

sequel to 'Mrs. Leicester;' the best you may suppose mine; the next best are my coadjutor's; you may amuse yourself in guessing them out; but I must tell you mine are but one-third in quantity of the whole. So much for a very delicate subject. It is hard to speak of one's self, &c. Holcroft had finished his life when I wrote to you, and Hazlitt has since finished his life—I do not mean his own life, but he has finished a life of Holcroft, which is going to press.[1] Tuthill is Dr. Tuthill. I continue Mr. Lamb. I have published a little book for children on titles of honour: and to give them some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honour—As at first, 1, Mr. C. Lamb; 2, C. Lamb, Esq.; 3, Sir C. Lamb, Bart.; 4, Baron Lamb of Stamford;[2] 5, Viscount Lamb; 6, Earl Lamb; 7, Marquis Lamb; 8, Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond the ordinary titles of sub-regal dignity in our own country, otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing, as 9th, King Lamb; 10th, Emperor Lamb; 11th, Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing. Puns I have not made many, (nor punch much), since the date of my last; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral, upon which I remarked, that they must be very sharp-set. But in general I cultivate the reasoning part of my mind more than the imaginative. I am stuffed out so with eating turkey for dinner, and another turkey for supper yesterday (turkey in Europe and turkey in Asia), that I can't jog on. It is New-year here. That is, it was New-year half a-year back, when I was writing

[1] [But it was not printed till 1816, 3 vols. 12mo. The Preface, however, is dated 1810. A fourth volume was to have been added; but it still remains, if it remains at all, in MS. It was handed over by my father to the Holcrofts, and I do not know what has become of it. This "Life of Holcroft" from the length of time which it took to bring it to the press, Miss Lamb christened the "Life Everlasting."]

[2] "Where my family came from. I have chosen that, if ever I should have my choice."

this. ' Nothing puzzles me more than time and space, and yet nothing puzzles me less, for I never think about them. The Persian ambassador is the principal thing talked of now. I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill at half past six in the morning, 28th November; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are a sect almost extinct in Persia. The Persian ambassador's name is Shaw Ali Mirza. The common people call him Shaw Nonsense. While I think of it, I have put three letters besides my own three into the India post for you, from your brother, sister, and some gentleman whose name I forget. Will they, have they, did they come safe? The distance you are at, cuts up tenses by the root. I think you said you did not know Kate * * * * * * * * *. I express her by nine stars, though she is but one. You must have seen her at her father's. Try and remember her. Coleridge is bringing out a paper in weekly numbers, called the 'Friend,' which I would send, if I could; but the difficulty I had in getting the packets of books out to you before deters me; and you'll want something new to read when you come home. Except Kate, I have had no vision of excellence this year, and she passed by like the queen on her coronation day; you don't know whether you saw her or not. Kate is fifteen: I go about moping, and sing the old pathetic ballad I used to like in my youth—

'She's sweet fifteen,
I'm *one year more.*'

"Mrs. Bland sung it in boy's clothes the first time I heard it. I sometimes think the lower notes in my voice are like Mrs. Bland's. That glorious singer Braham, one of my lights, is fled. He was for a season. He was a rare composition of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel, yet all these elements mixed up so kindly in him, that you could not tell which predominated; but he is gone, and one Phillips is engaged instead. Kate is vanished, but Miss Burrell[1] is always to be met with!

[1] [An actress at the Olympic; she retired from the stage on her union with a gentleman of the auspicious name of Gold.

'Queens drop away, while blue-legged Maukin thrives;
And courtly Mildred dies while country Madge survives.']

That is not my poetry, but Quarles's; but haven't you observed that the rarest things are the least obvious? Don't show anybody the names in this letter. I write confidentially; and wish this letter to be considered as *private*. Hazlitt has written a *grammar* for Godwin; Godwin sells it bound up with a treatise of his own on language,[1] but the *grey mare is the better horse*. I don't allude to Mrs. Godwin, but to the word *grammar*, which comes near to *grey mare*, if you observe, in sound. That figure is called paranomasia in Greek. I am sometimes happy in it. An old woman begged of me for charity. 'Ah! sir,' said she, 'I have seen better days;' 'So have I, good woman,' I replied; but I meant literally, days not so rainy and overcast as that on which she begged: she meant more prosperous days. Mr. Dawe is made associate of the Royal Academy.[2] By what law of association I can't guess. Mrs. Holcroft, Miss Holcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Martin and Louisa, Mrs. Lum, Capt. Burney, Mrs. Burney, Martin Burney, Mr. Rickman, Mrs. Rickman, Dr. Stoddart, William Dollin, Mr. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Norris, Mr. Fenwick, Mrs. Fenwick, Miss Fenwick, a man that saw you at our house one day, and a lady that heard me speak of you; Mrs. Buffam that heard Hazlitt mention you; Dr. Tuthill, Mrs. Tuthill, Colonel Harwood,[3] Mrs. Harwood, Mr. Collier,[4] Mrs. Collier, Mr. Sutton, Nurse, Mr. Fell, Mrs. Fell, Mr. Marshall, are very well, and occasionally inquire after you.

"I remain yours ever,

"CH. LAMB."

[1] [This Grammar was published in 1810, 12mo. The portion by Godwin, who used the *nom de plume* of Edward Baldwin, Esq., is called "A New Guide to the English Tongue. In a letter to Mr. W. F. Mylius." Godwin issued in the same year "Outlines of English Grammar," abridged from Hazlitt.]

[2] [A ludicrous description of Dawe on his accession to this dignity is to be found in a letter from Miss Lamb to Mrs. Hazlitt of Nov. 7th, 1809. Miss Lamb, however, understood from Dawe that he had been made R.A.—at all events, he became so, and accepted the post of Court Painter at St. Petersburgh. Lamb, after his death, wrote a paper on Dawe in the "Englishman's Magazine" for 1831, called "Recollections of a Late Royal Academician."]

[3] [Holcroft's son-in-law.]

[4] [Mr. J. D. Collier, father of the late Mr. John Payne Collier.]

A new name presents itself at this point in the personal correspondence—that of Mr. Gutch, the Bristol bookseller, himself a man of literary taste and culture. Mr. Gutch, who was with Coleridge and Lamb, and Jem White, at the Blue Coat School, and whose name has occurred before in association with Southampton Buildings, was living so lately as 1852. Lamb's allusion to the Wither refers to an interleaved copy of the Bristol reprint of some of that poet's writings, on which Lamb had made notes, which notes subsequently formed the basis of the paper by him on the subject. In these notes he pretty sharply animadverts on remarks by Dr. Nott, which had been written in before his. It was doubtless through the Cottles that Lamb knew Gutch.

TO JOHN MATHEW GUTCH.

[April 9th, 1810.]

"Dear Gutch,—I did not see your brother, who brought me Wither;[1] but he understood, he said, you were daily expecting to come to town: this has prevented my writing. The books have pleased me excessively: I should think you could not have made a better selection. I never saw "Philarètè"[2] before—judge of my pleasure. I could not forbear scribbling certain critiques in pencil on the blank leaves. Shall I send them, or may I expect to see you in town? Some of them are remarks on the character of Wither and of his writings. Do you mean to have any thing of that kind? What I have said on 'Philaretè' is poor, but I think some of the rest not so bad: perhaps I have exceeded my commission in scrawling over the copies; but my delight therein must excuse me, and pencil-marks

[1] [Mr. Gutch's Bristol reprint of some of Wither's early productions. He had sent an interleaved copy of the proof-sheets to Lamb for his remarks. See further on this subject in the New Illustrations to the Life of Lamb in "Mary and Charles Lamb," 1874.]

[2] "Fair Virtue, the Mistresse of Philaretè," first printed in 1622. This work is mentioned as written in 1613, and was Wither's earliest performance, though not his earliest publication.

will rub out. Where is the Life? Write, for I am quite in the dark. "Yours, with many thanks,

"C. LAMB."

"Perhaps I could digest the few critiques prefixed to the Satires,[1] Shepherds Hunting,[2] &c., into a short abstract of Wither's character and works, at the end of his Life. But, may be, you don't want any thing, and have said all you wish in the Life."

[1] The "Abuses Stript and Whipt," first printed in 1613.
[2] First printed in 1614.

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND VISIT TO THE HAZLITTS AT WINTERSLOW—LETTERS TO THE WORDSWORTHS, THE HAZLITTS, BASIL MONTAGU, RICKMAN, AND GODWIN.

[1810.]

IN the summer of 1810, Lamb and his sister again spent their holidays with Hazlitt and his wife at Winterslow. The following letter of the 12th July was addressed to Mr. Montagu, who had urged him to employ a part of his leisure in a reconstruction or revision of a MS. Treatise on the Punishment of Death, a thing which his correspondent had much at heart, and of which he was the *real* abolisher, as much as Clarkson was of the slave trade.[1]

TO MR. MONTAGU.[2]

"Mr. Hazlitt's, Winterslow, near Sarum, July 12th, 1810.

"Dear Montagu,—I have turned and twisted the MSS. in my head, and can make nothing of them. I knew when I took them that I could not, but I do not like to do an act of ungracious necessity at once; so I am ever committing myself by half engagements and total failures. I cannot make anybody understand why I can't do such things; it is a defect in my occiput. I cannot put other people's thoughts together; I forget every paragraph as fast as I read it; and my head has received such a shock by an all-night journey on the top of the coach, that I shall have enough to do to nurse it into its natural pace before I go

[1] ["Athenæum" for 1835, p. 73. Montagu printed three or four works on the subject of capital punishment between 1809 and 1816. At that time the highest penalty was incurred by any person stealing from a dwelling-house to the value of 40*s*.]

[2] [This letter was originally printed by Procter in the "Athenæum" for 1835, p. 71-3.]

home. I must devote myself to imbecility; I must be gloriously useless while I stay here. How is Mrs. M.? will she pardon my inefficiency? The city of Salisbury is full of weeping and wailing. The bank has stopped payment; and everybody in the town kept money at it, or has got some of its notes. Some have lost all they had in the world. It is the next thing to seeing a city with a plague within its walls. The Wilton people are all undone; all the manufacturers there kept cash at the Salisbury bank; and I do suppose it to be the unhappiest county in England this, where I am making holiday.

We purpose setting out for Oxford Tuesday fortnight,[1] and coming thereby home. But no more night travelling. My head is sore (understand it of the inside) with that deduction of my natural rest which I suffered coming down. Neither Mary nor I can spare a morsel of our rest: it is incumbent on us to be misers of it. Travelling is not good for us—we travel so seldom. If the sun be hell, it is not for the fire, but for the sempiternal motion of that miserable Body of Light. How much more dignified leisure hath a mussel glued to his unpassable rocky limit, two inch square! He hears the tide roll over him, backwards and forwards twice a-day (as the damn'd Salisbury Long Coach goes and returns in eight-and-forty hours), but knows better than to take an outside night-place a top on't. He is the Owl of the Sea—Minerva's fish—the fish of wisdom.

"Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. M.

"Yours truly, "C. LAMB."

[1] [This was by no means Lamb's first visit to the Universities, to both of which he repeatedly resorted in the course of his life. At pp. 7-8 of this volume there is a somewhat glowing picture of the advantages gained by an academical training. But Hazlitt, in his account of Coleridge, in the "Spirit of the Age," 1825, p. 67, has a passage, which strikes me as rather curious in this connexion:—"He distinguished himself at school and at the Universities by his knowledge of the classics, and gained several prizes for Greek epigrams. How many men are there (great scholars, celebrated names in literature) who, having done the same thing in their youth, have no other idea all the rest of their lives but for this achievement, of a fellowship and a dinner, and who, installed in academic honours, would look down on our author as a mere strolling bard!" The family, which derived from S. T. Coleridge all its lustre and prestige, has now reached its anti-climax in a noble and learned lord, *nominis umbra*.]

[In August, 1810, after his return from the visit with his sister to the Hazlitts at Winterslow, Lamb followed the example of Miss Lamb, and entered on an experiment of a novel kind by taking no stimulants.[1] It did not last long; but there is a postscript to a letter from Miss Lamb to Miss Wordsworth, in which reference is made to it; nor was it the earliest occasion on which Lamb's thoughts had turned in this direction, for he speaks of himself, in a letter to Manning of Sept. 24, 1802, as meditating such a reform.]

[August, 1810.]

"Mary has left a little space for me to fill up with nonsense, as the geographers used to cram monsters in the voids of the maps, and call it Terra Incognita. She has told you how she has taken to water like a hungry otter. I too limp after her in lame imitation,[2] but it goes against me a little at first. I have been acquaintance with it now for full four days, and it seems a moon. I am full of cramps and rheumatisms, and cold internally, so that fire won't warm me; yet I bear all for virtue's sake. Must I then leave you, gin, rum, brandy, aqua-vitæ, pleasant jolly fellows? Damn temperance and he that first invented it!—some Anti-Noahite. Coleridge has powdered his head, and looks like Bacchus, Bacchus ever sleek and young. He is going to turn sober, but his clock has not struck yet; mean-

[1] [Compare Procter's "Life of Lamb," 1866, p. 105. In a letter from H. C. Robinson to Miss Wordsworth, Dec. 23, 1810, he says, "Mary, I am glad to say, is just now very comfortable. But I hear she has been in a feeble and tottering condition. She has put herself under Dr. Tuthill, who has prescribed water. Charles, in consequence, resolved to accommodate himself to her, and since lord mayor's day has abstained from all other [*sic*] liquor, as well as from smoking. . . . Coleridge spent an afternoon with us on Sunday. He was delightful. Charles Lamb was unwell, and could not join us. His change of habit, though it on the whole improves his health, yet when he is low-spirited, leaves him without a remedy or relief."—*Robinson's Diary*, 1869, i. 316-17.

[2] [——— fashions of proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation."
Shakespear's *Rich. II.*, ii. 1.

And Shakespear himself seems to have had in his thoughts a tract printed in 1588 under the title of the "English Ape," &c.]

time he pours down goblet after goblet,[1] the second to see where the first is gone, the third to see no harm happens to the second, a fourth to say there is another coming, and a fifth to say he is not sure he is the last."

The country excursions, with which Lamb sometimes occupied his weeks of vacation, were taken with fear and trembling—often foregone—and finally given up, in consequence of the sad effects which the excitements of travel and change produced in his beloved companion. The following letters to Hazlitt and Wordsworth refer to one of these disasters. But the letter chiefly deals with Wordsworth's "Essay on Epitaphs," afterwards appended to the "Excursion":—

TO WILLIAM HAZLITT.

"August 9th, 1810.

"Dear H.,—Epistemon is not well. Our pleasant excursion has ended sadly for one of us. You will guess I mean my sister. She got home very well (I was very ill on the journey) and continued so till Monday night, when her complaint came on, and she is now absent from home.

"I am glad to hear you are all well. I think I shall be mad if I take any more journeys with two experiences against it. I find all well here. Kind remembrances to Sarah—have just got her letter.

"H. Robinson[2] has been to Blenheim. He says you

[1] [Compare the letter to Coleridge of the end of 1800 (p. 230, *supra*). Coleridge was at present thirty-eight years old.]

[2] [Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson. His name, which has just been mentioned, will often occur again, and we shall meet with several letters to him from 1810 downward. The first shews that he had been long acquainted with the Lambs. The Robinsons were from Bury St. Edmunds. Robinson was, it appears, the earliest person who (not reckoning writers of news-letters in old days) discharged the duties of a special correspondent. He acted in that capacity for the "Times." The writer of an interesting paper in the "Nineteenth Century" for January, 1885, "On the Centenary of the 'Times,'" notices that Robinson received the proposal, through his friend Collier, in January, 1807. For a short time he was foreign editor of the journal. His diary, published after his death, is well-known, and will be occasionally quoted hereafter].

will be sorry to hear that we should not have asked for the Titian Gallery there. One of his friends knew of it, and asked to see it. It is never shown but to those who inquire for it.

"The pictures are all Titians, Jupiter and Ledas, Mars and Venuses, &c., all naked pictures, which may be a reason they don't show it to females. But he says they are very fine; and perhaps it is shown separately to put another fee into the shower's pocket. Well, I shall never see it.

"I have lost all wish for sights. God bless you. I shall be glad to see you in London.

"Yours truly, C. LAMB.

"*Thursday.*"

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

"Friday, 19th Oct. 1810. E. I. Ho.

"Dear W.,—Mary has been very ill, which you have heard, I suppose, from the Montagues. She is very weak and low-spirited now. I was much pleased with your continuation of the "Essay on Epitaphs." It is the only sensible thing which has been written on that subject, and it goes to the bottom. In particular I was pleased with your translation of that turgid epitaph into the plain feeling under it. It is perfectly a test. But what is the reason we have no good epitaphs after all?

"A very striking instance of your position might be found in the churchyard of Ditton-upon-Thames, if you know such a place. Ditton-upon-Thames has been blessed by the residence of a poet who, for love or money, I do not well know which, has dignified every gravestone for the last few years with bran-new verses, all different and all ingenious, with the author's name at the bottom of each. This sweet Swan of Thames has so artfully diversified his strains and his rhymes, that the same thought never occurs twice; more justly, perhaps, as no thought ever occurs at all, there was a physical impossibility that the same thought should recur. It is long since I saw and read these inscriptions; but I remember the impression was of a smug usher at his desk in the intervals of instruction,

levelling his pen. Of death, as it consists of dust and worms, and mourners and uncertainty, he had never thought; but the word 'death' he had often seen separate and conjunct with other words, till he had learned to speak of all its attributes as glibly as Unitarian Belsham will discuss you the attributes of the word 'God' in a pulpit; and will talk of infinity with a tongue that dangles from a skull that never reached in thought and thorough imagination two inches, or further than from his hand to his mouth, or from the vestry to the sounding-board of the pulpit.

"But the epitaphs were trim, and sprag, and patent, and pleased the survivors of Thames Ditton above the old mumpsimus of 'Afflictions Sore.' . . . . To do justice though, it must be owned that even the excellent feeling which dictated this dirge when new, must have suffered something in passing through so many thousand applications, many of them no doubt quite misplaced, as I have seen in Islington churchyard (I think) an Epitaph to an infant, who died '*Ætatis* four months,' with this seasonable inscription appended, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.' &c. Sincerely wishing your children long life to honour, &c.

"I remain, "C. LAMB."

The first known letter to Mr. Robinson does not occur till now. It relates to a book by John Lamb, of whom we otherwise hear so little, and beyond this allusion to this work there is no clue to it, so far as I am at present aware.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.[1]

[1810.]

"Dear R.,—My brother, whom you have met at my rooms (a plump, good-looking man of seven-and-forty) has written a book about humanity, which I transmit to you herewith. Wilson, the publisher, has put it into his head that you can get it reviewed for him. I dare say it is not in the scope of your review; but if you could put it in

[1] [Robinson's Diary, 1869, i. 302.]

any likely train, he would rejoice. For alas! our boasted humanity partakes of vanity. As it is, he teazes me to death with choosing to suppose that I could get it into all the reviews at a moment's notice. *I!!* who have been set up as a mark for them to throw at, and would willingly consign them all to Megæra's snaky locks.

"But here's the book, and don't show it to Mrs. Collier, for I remember she makes excellent *eel* soup, and the leading points of the book are directed against that very process.—Yours truly, "C. LAMB."

A letter to Godwin, which has been numbered by his biographer among those of 1808, more probably perhaps belongs to the winter of 1810, when, owing to a simultaneous visit from Miss Wordsworth and Mrs. Godwin, immediately after the departure of Hazlitt for Wiltshire, and the late stay of the latter lady, Miss Lamb was completely upset.

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

[November, 1810.]

"Dear Godwin,—I have found it for several reasons indispensable to my comfort, and to my sister's, to have no visitors in the forenoon. If I cannot accomplish this, I am determined to leave town.

"I am extremely sorry to do anything in the slightest degree that may seem offensive to you or to Mrs. Godwin; but when a general rule is fixed on, you know how odious in a case of this sort it is to make exceptions; I assure you I have given up more than one friendship in stickling for this point. It would be unfair to those from whom I have parted with regret to make exceptions, which I would not do for them. Let me request you not to be offended, and to request Mrs. G. not to be offended, if I beg both your compliances with this wish. Your friendship is as dear to me as that of any person on earth, and if it were not for the necessity of keeping tranquillity at home, I would not seem so unreasonable.

"If you were to see the agitation that my sister is in, between the fear of offending you and Mrs. G. and the difficulty of maintaining a system which she feels we must

do to live without wretchedness, you would excuse this seeming strange request, which I send with a trembling anxiety as to its reception with you, whom I would never offend. I rely on your goodness. "C. LAMB."

There is an initialed letter of this year to Miss Wordsworth, addressed to Grasmere, and describing some domestic trouble, this time not his sister, but a servant, whom Miss Lamb had incautiously engaged. It is dated November 23rd, 1810. Lamb says:—"We are in a pickle. Mary, from her affectation of physiognomy, has hired a stupid, big country wench, who looked honest, as she thought, and has been doing her work some days, but without eating—eats no butter nor meat, but prefers cheese with her tea for breakfast; and now it comes out that she was ill when she came with lifting her mother about (who is now with God) when she was dying, and with riding up from Norfolk four days and nights in a waggon. She got advice yesterday, and took something, which has made her bring up a quart of blood, and she now lies in her bed, a dead weight upon our humanity, incapable of getting up, refusing to go into a hospital, having nobody in town but a poor asthmatic uncle, whose son lately married a drab, who fills his house, and there is nowhere she can go, and she must have made up her mind to take her flight to heaven from our bed. Oh, for the little wheelbarrow which trundled the hunchback from door to door to try the various charities of different professions of mankind! Here's her uncle just crawled up. He is far liker Death than she. Oh, the parish, the parish, the hospital, the infirmary, the charnel-house! These are places meet for such guests, not our quiet mansion where nothing but affluent plenty and literary ease should abound. Howard's House, Howard's House! or where the paralytic descended through the skylight (what a God's gift!) to get at our Saviour. In this perplexity such topics as Spanish papers and Monk-houses sink into comparative insignificance. What shall we do? If she died it were something. Gladly would I pay the coffin maker, and the bellman, and searchers."

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE REFLECTOR" AND MR. LEIGH HUNT.—TRIFLES IN THE "EXAMINER."—LETTERS TO HAZLITT, GODWIN, COLLIER, COLERIDGE, AND WORDSWORTH.

[1810-12.]

THERE is only one other letter of 1810. The following year is entirely barren, so far as our existing information goes, excepting a congratulatory epistle to the Hazlitts on the occasion of the birth of the first child of the marriage, which lived; and a second to Godwin. These three are subjoined:—

TO WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[Wednesday, 28th Nov. 1810.]

"Dear Hazlitt,—I sent you on Saturday a Cobbett, containing your reply to 'Edin. Rev.,' which I thought you would be glad to receive as an example of attention on the part of Mr. Cobbett to insert it so speedily. Did you get it? We have received your pig, and return you thanks; it will be drest in due form, with appropriate sauce this day.

"Mary has been very ill indeed since you saw her, that is, as ill as she can be to remain at home. But she is a good deal better now, owing to a very careful regimen. She drinks nothing but water, and never goes out; she does not even go to the Captain's.[1] Her indisposition has been ever since that night you left town, the night Miss Wordsworth came; her coming, and that damned Mrs. Godwin coming and staying so late that night, so overset her, that she lay broad awake all that night, and it was by a miracle that she escaped a very bad illness, which I thoroughly expected.

"I have made up my mind that she shall never have

[1] Captain Burney, one of the whist-boys, and afterwards Admiral.

any one again in the house with her, and that no one shall sleep with her, not even for a night: for it is a very serious thing to be always living with a kind of fever upon her; and therefore I am sure you will take it in good part if I say that if Mrs. Hazlitt comes to town at any time, however glad we shall be to see her in the daytime, I cannot ask her to spend a night under our roof. Some decision we must come to, for the harassing fever that we have both been in owing to Miss Wordsworth coming is not to be borne, and I had rather be dead than so alive. However, at present, owing to a regimen and medicines which Tuthill has given her, who very kindly volunteered the care of her, she is a great deal quieter, though too much harassed by company, who cannot or will not see how late hours and society tease her.

"Poor Phillips had the cup dashed out of his lips as it were. He had every prospect of the situation, when, about two days since, one of the council of the R. Society started for the place himself; being a rich merchant who lately failed; and he will certainly be elected on Friday. Poor P. is very sore and miserable about it.

"Coleridge is in town, or, at least, at Hammersmith. He is writing, or going to write in the 'Courier' against Cobbett, and in favour of paper money.

"No news. Remember me kindly to Sarah. I write from the office.—Yours ever, "C. LAMB."

"I just open it to say the pig upon proof hath turned out as good as I predicted. My fauces yet retain the sweet porcine odour. I find you have received the Cobbett. I think your paper complete.

"Mrs. Reynolds, who is a sage woman, approves of the pig."

Mr. Hazlitt,
Winterslow, near Salisbury, Wilts.

TO WILLIAM HAZLITT.

2nd Oct. 1811.[1]

"Dear Hazlitt,—I cannot help accompanying my sister's congratulations to Sarah with some of my own to you on this happy occasion of a man child being born.

"Delighted fancy already sees him some future rich alderman or opulent merchant, painting perhaps a little in his leisure hours, for amusement, like the late H. Bunbury, Esq.

"Pray, are the Winterslow estates entailed? I am afraid lest the young dog when he grows up should cut down the woods, and leave no groves for widows to take their lonesome solace in. The Wem estate of course can only devolve on him in case of your brother's[2] leaving no male issue.

"Well, my blessing and Heaven's be upon him, and make him like his father, with something a better temper and a smoother head of hair; and then all the men and women must love him.

"Martin and the card-boys join in congratulations. Love to Sarah. Sorry we are not within caudle-shot.

"C. LAMB."

"If the widow be assistant on this notable occasion, give our due respects and kind remembrances to her."

Mr. Hazlitt, Winterslow.
near Sarum, Wilts.

In the autumn of 1811, the establishment of a quarterly magazine, entitled "The Reflector," opened a new sphere for Lamb's powers as a humourist and critic. Its editor, Mr. Leigh Hunt, having been educated in the same school, enjoyed many associations and friendships in common with him, and was thus able to excite in Lamb the greatest motive for exertion in the zeal of kindness. In this

[1] [The original, with many others, is in my possession. See Memoirs of Hazlitt, 1867. p. 186-7, where Miss Lamb's letter, as well as her brother's, is printed. The event had occurred on the 26th September previous.]

[2] [John Hazlitt, the miniature painter.]

magazine appeared some of Lamb's finest effusions; his essay "On the Tragedies of Shakespear," which contains the character of Lear, perhaps the noblest criticism ever written, and on the noblest human subject;[1] his delightful "Essay on the Genius and Character of Hogarth;" his "Farewell to Tobacco,"[2] and several of his gayer pieces.

[The same year also found him employed on a continuation of his labours in the field of juvenile literature. The "Poetry for Children" had appeared in 1809, and must have enjoyed a fair share of popularity and commercial success. Under May 15th, 1811, Crabb Robinson's Diary chronicles a call which he had paid to the Lambs, and describes Charles at work on the "History of Prince Dorus, the Long-Nosed King," for Godwin's Library: and in the same year, upon the request of Wordsworth to undertake it, he busied himself with a new metrical version for Godwin of "Beauty and the Beast."[3] These little books absorbed a considerable proportion of the writer's time and attention during 1811, and might seem to account for the paucity of letters, if we could forget that the correspondence was done at the office and the literary work in the evenings at home. Lamb's income from the India House was doubtless already considerable, yet he was incessantly in quest of some succedaneum. Differing from his noble friend so far that, whereas to Wordsworth the pecuniary consideration was really weightier, the latter scrupled to touch a subject towards which he did not feel spontaneously drawn. Even with Lamb, the rarity of

[1] [Compare the letter to Coleridge of April 13th, 1803, where he speaks of being in low spirits; "but," he adds, "a pipe and some generous Port and 'King Lear' (being alone) had their effect as solaces. I went to bed pot-valiant." So that, when he penned the remarks on "Lear" in the "Reflector," that drama was an old acquaintance.]

[2] [The copy of verses on this subject suggests a recent study of Wither, as Lamb's early blank verse seems in the manner, not of Shakespear, to which he thought it not unlike, but of Marlowe.]

[3] [In the "Athenæum for July 11, 1885, a titleless copy of "Beauty and the Beast" is described as a small octavo of 32 pages, with eight illustrations, the poetical letterpress consisting of 480 lines. In a List of Advertisements the title is thus given:—"Beauty and the Beast, or a Rough Outside with a Gentle Heart; ornamented with eight superior engravings, and Beauty's Song, set to music by Mr. Whitaker. 5*s.* 6*d.* coloured, or 3*s.* 6*d.* plain."]

allusions in after years to these fugitive productions bespeaks their modest rank in his deliberate judgment and their main value in his eyes as mediums for exchange.][1]

The number of the "Quarterly Review" for December, 1811, contained an attack upon Lamb, which it would be difficult, as well as painful, to characterise as it deserves. Mr. Weber, in his edition of Ford, had extracted Lamb's note on the catastrophe of "The Broken Heart," in which Lamb, speaking of that which he regarded as the highest exhibition of tragic suffering which human genius had depicted, dared an allusion which was perhaps too bold for those who did not understand the peculiar feeling by which it was suggested, but which no unprejudiced mind could mistake for the breathing of other than a pious spirit. In reviewing Mr. Weber, the critic, who was also the editor of the "Review," thus complains of the quotation:—"We have a more serious charge to bring against the editor than the omission of points or the misapprehension of words. He has polluted his pages with the blasphemies *of a poor maniac* who, it seems, once published some detached scenes of the 'Broken Heart.' For this unfortunate creature, every feeling mind will find an apology in his calamitous situation; but for Mr. Weber we know not where the warmest of his friends will find palliation or excuse." It would be unjust to attribute this paragraph to the accidental association of Lamb in literary undertakings with persons like Mr. Hunt, strongly opposed to the political opinions of Mr. Gifford. It seems rather the peculiar expression of the distaste of a small though acute mind for an original power which it could not appreciate, and which disturbed the conventional associations of which it was master, aggravated by bodily weakness and disease. Notwithstanding this attack, Lamb was prompted by his admiration for Wordsworth's "Excursion" to contribute

[1] [Of the occupations of Lamb between 1811 and 1813 little is known. He was working for the "Reflector," "Examiner," &c., doubtless; but his correspondence seems to have almost entirely ceased, and he produced nothing in those years in the way of books but "Prince Dorus" and "Beauty and the Beast." He was, to the very last, partial to the composition of *nugæ venales* of every kind, including epigrams for schoolboys and lottery puffs.]

a review of that work, on its appearance, to the "Quarterly," and he anticipated great pleasure in the poet's approval of his criticism; but when the review appeared, the article was so mercilessly mangled by the editor, that Lamb entreated Wordsworth not to read it.

For these grievances Lamb at length took a very gentle revenge in the "Sonnet of St. Crispin" to Mr. Gifford. Lamb, as we have seen, cared nothing for politics; yet his desire to serve his friends sometimes induced him to adopt for a short time their view of public affairs, and assist them with a harmless pleasantry.

The following epigram on the disappointment of the Whig associates of the Regent appeared in the "Examiner," to which his friendship with Leigh Hunt had introduced him:—

> "Ye politicians, tell me, pray,
> Why thus with woe and care rent?
> This is the worst that you can say,
> Some wind has blown the *Wig* away
> And left the *Hair Apparent.*"

The "Triumph of the Whale," published in the same paper, would probably have only caused a smile if read by the Regent himself, and may now be republished without offence to any one. At the time when he wrote it, Lamb used to stop any passionate attacks upon the Prince with the smiling remark, "*I* love my Regent."

"It was not usual for Lamb to interest himself in political or local matters; but here he is, for once, soliciting Godwin to go to Clerkenwell, in order to record his vote (as a householder in the parish) for Lamb's favourite candidate.

TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

"'Bis dat qui dat cito.'

[1811.]

"I hate the pedantry of expressing that in another language which we have sufficient terms for in our own. So in plain English I very much wish you to give your vote to-morrow at Clerkenwell, instead of Saturday. It would clear up the brows of my favourite candidate, and

stagger the hands of the opposite party. It commences at nine. How easy, as you come from Kensington (*à propos*, how is your excellent family?) to turn down Bloomsbury, through Leather Lane (avoiding Lay Stall St. for the disagreeableness of the name)! Why, it brings you in four minutes and a half to the spot renowned on northern milestones, 'where Hicks' Hall formerly stood.' There will be good cheer ready for every independent freeholder; where you see a green flag hang out, go boldly in, call for ham, or beef, or what you please, and a mug of Meux's best. How much more gentleman-like to come in the front of the battle, openly avowing one's sentiments, than to lag in on the last day, when the adversary is dejected, spiritless, laid low! Have the first cut at them. By Saturday you'll cut into the mutton. I'd go cheerfully myself, but I am no freeholder (Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium), but I sold it for £50. If they'd accept a copy-holder, we clerks are naturally *copy*-holders.

"By the way, get Mrs. Hume,[1] or that agreeable Amelia or Caroline, to stick a bit of green in your hat. Nothing daunts the adversary more than to wear the colours of your party. Stick it in cockade-like. It has a martial and by no means disagreeable effect.

"Go, my dear freeholder, and if any chance calls you out of this transitory scene earlier than expected, the coroner shall sit lightly on your corpse. He shall not too anxiously inquire into the circumstances of blood found upon your razor. That might happen to any gentleman in shaving. Nor into your having been heard to express a contempt of life, or for scolding Louisa for what Julia did, and other trifling incoherencies.—Yours sincerely,

"C. LAMB."

About 1812, Lamb made a new acquaintance, and added yet further to the already extensive circle of his correspondents. This was the Collier family. Mr. John Collier, father of Mr. John Payne Collier, lived at this time in Hatton Garden. In what way Lamb and he were brought together is altogether uncertain; but William

[1] [Wife of Hume, of Bayswater or Notting Hill, the friend of the set. The Humes are mentioned more than once elsewhere.]

Hazlitt, having come up to town to seek his fortune, with his wife and young child, seems to have sought the help of Lamb in procuring some employment on the press. The following letter speaks for itself; it is the only one of the year which we know, and of 1813, during which Lamb's movements are particularly obscure, there are no epistolary remains. The letter, it will be observed, though addressed to Mr. Collier, was intended for his son, who at that time was connected with the reporting gallery for the "Morning Chronicle":—

TO J. D. COLLIER.[1]

"Dear Sir,—Mrs. Collier has been kind enough to say that you would endeavour to procure a reporter's situation for W. Hazlitt. I went to consult with him upon it last night, and he acceded very eagerly to the proposal, and requests me to say how very much obliged he feels to your kindness, and how glad he should be for its success. He is indeed at his wits' ends for a livelihood, and I should think especially qualified for such an employment, from his singular facility in retaining all conversations at which he has been ever present. I think you may recommend him with confidence. I am sure I shall feel *myself* obliged to you for your exertions, having a great regard for him.

"Yours truly, "C. LAMB."

"Sunday Morn."

[Endorsed.]

"J. Collier, Esq.,
56, Hatton Garden."[2]

The admirers of Wordsworth—few, but energetic and hopeful—were delighted, and his opponents excited to the expression of their utmost spleen, by the appearance in 1814 of "The Excursion" (in the quarto form marked by the bitter flippancy of Lord Byron); and by the publication, in 1815, of two volumes of poems, some of which

[1] [Printed first in his son, J. P. Collier's "Old Man's Diary." Copied from the original, Aug. 7, 1884.]

[2] [Mr. J. Collier has added in the corner—"About 1812 or 13. J. C." But 1812 is the more probable date, as Hazlitt removed from the country, and took the house in York Street, Westminster, in that year.]

only were new. The following letters are chiefly expressive of Lamb's feelings respecting these remarkable works, and the treatment which his own review of the latter received from Mr. Gifford, then the editor of the "Quarterly Review," for which it was written. The first is in acknowledgment of an early copy of "The Excursion," and also refers to the devastation of the parks—Hyde Park especially—on the occasion of the visit of the allied sovereigns to London in the summer of 1814. No one but an eye-witness can form any adequate idea of their condition:—

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

"August 9th, 1814.

"Dear Wordsworth,—I cannot tell you how pleased I was at the receipt of the great armful of poetry which you have sent me; and to get it before the rest of the world, too! I have gone quite through with it, and was thinking to have accomplished that pleasure a second time before I wrote to thank you; but Martin Burney came in the night (while we were out) and made holy theft of it,[1] but we expect restitution in a day or two. It is the noblest conversational poem I ever read—a day in Heaven. The part (or rather main body) which has left the sweetest odour on my memory (a bad term for the remains of an impression so recent) is the "Tales of the Churchyard;"—the only girl among seven brethren, born out of due time, and not duly taken away again; the deaf man and the blind man; the Jacobite and the Hanoverian, whom antipathies reconcile; the Scarron-entry of the rusticating parson upon his solitude;—these were all new to me too. My having known the story of Margaret (at the beginning), a very old acquaintance, even as long back as when I saw you first at Stowey, did not make her reappearance less fresh. I don't know what to pick out of this best of books upon the best subjects for partial naming. That gorgeous sunset is famous;[2] I think it must have been the identical

[1] [It appears from the next letter that Burney borrowed it for Hazlitt, who wished an early copy for the purpose of his review in the "Examiner."]

[2] The passage to which the allusion applies does not picture a sunset,

one we saw on Salisbury Plain five years ago, that drew Phillips from the card-table, where he had sat from rise of that luminary to its unequalled setting; but neither he nor I had gifted eyes to see those symbols of common things glorified, such as the prophets saw them in that sunset—the wheel, the potter's clay, the washpot, the wine-press, the almond-tree rod, the baskets of figs, the four-fold-visaged head, the throne, and Him that sat thereon.[1]

"One feeling I was particularly struck with, as what I recognized so very lately at Harrow Church on entering in it after a hot and secular day's pleasure—the instantaneous coolness and calming, almost transforming properties of a country church just entered; a certain fragrance which it has, either from its holiness, or being kept shut all the week, or the air that is let in being pure country, exactly what you have reduced into words—but I am feeling that which I cannot express. The reading your lines about it fixed me for a time a monument in Harrow Church; do you know it? with its fine long spire, white as washed marble, to be seen by vantage of its high site as far as Salisbury spire itself almost.[2]

"I shall select a day or two very shortly, when I am coolest in brain, to have a steady second reading, which I feel will lead to many more, for it will be a stock book with me while eyes or spectacles shall be lent me. There is a great deal of noble matter about mountain scenery, yet not so much as to overpower and discountenance a poor Londoner or south-countryman entirely, though Mary seems to have felt it occasionally a little too powerfully, for it was her remark during reading it, that by your system it was doubtful whether a liver in towns had a soul to be saved. She almost trembled for that invisible part of us in her.

but the effect of sunlight on a receding mist among the mountains, in the second book of "The Excursion."

[1] "Fix'd resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest powers,
For admiration and mysterious awe."

[2] [Hence Harrow Church is proverbially called the *Visible* Church.]

"Save for a late excursion to Harrow, and a day or two on the banks of the Thames this summer, rural images were fast fading from my mind, and by the wise provision of the Regent all that was countryfied in the parks is all but obliterated. The very colour of green is vanished; the whole surface of Hyde Park is dry, crumbling sand (Arabia Arenosa), not a vestige or hint of grass ever having grown there; booths and drinking-places go all round it, for a mile and a half, I am confident—I might say two miles, in circuit—the stench of liquors, *bad* tobacco, dirty people and provisions, conquers the air, and we are all stifled and suffocated in Hyde Park. Order after order has been issued by Lord Sidmouth in the name of the Regent (acting in behalf of his Royal father) for the dispersion of the varlets, but in vain. The *vis unita* of all the publicans in London, Westminster, Marylebone, and miles round, is too powerful a force to put down. The Regent has raised a phantom which he cannot lay. There they'll stay probably for ever. The whole beauty of the place is gone—that lake-look of the Serpentine—it has got foolish ships upon it—but something whispers to have confidence in nature and its revival—

> 'At the coming of the *milder day*,
> These monuments shall all be overgrown.'

Meantime I confess to have smoked one delicious pipe in one of the cleanliest and goodliest of the booths; a tent rather—

> 'Oh call it not a booth!'

erected by the public spirit of Watson, who keeps the 'Adam and Eve' at Pancras (the ale-houses have all emigrated, with their train of bottles, mugs, cork-screws, waiters, into Hyde Park—whole ale-houses with all their ale!) in company with some of the Guards that had been in France, and a fine French girl, habited like a princess of banditti, which one of the dogs had [was] transported from the Garonne to the Serpentine. The unusual scene in Hyde Park, by candle-light, in open air,—good tobacco, bottled stout,—made it look like an interval in a campaign, a repose after battle. I almost fancied scars smarting,

and was ready to club a story with my comrades of some of my lying deeds. After all, the fireworks were splendid; the rockets in clusters, in trees, and all shapes, spreading about like young stars in the making, floundering about in space (like unbroke horses), till some of Newton's calculations should fix them; but then they went out. Any one who could see 'em, and the still finer showers of gloomy rain-fire that fell sulkily and angrily from 'em, and could go to bed without dreaming of the last day, must be as hardened an atheist as ——.

"The conclusion of this epistle getting gloomy, I have chosen this part to desire *our* kindest loves to Mrs. Wordsworth and to Dorothea. Will none of you ever be in London again?

"Again let me thank you for your present, and assure you that fireworks and triumphs have not distracted me from receiving a calm and noble enjoyment from it, (which I trust I shall often,) and I sincerely congratulate you on its appearance.

"With kindest remembrances to you and household, we remain, yours sincerely,

"C. Lamb and Sister."

The following letter to Coleridge is in answer to a solicitation for a supply of German books:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"13th Aug. 1814.

"Dear Resuscitate,—There comes to you by the vehicle from Lad Lane this day a volume of German; what it is I cannot justly say, the characters of those northern nations having been always singularly harsh and unpleasant to me. It is a contribution of Dr. Southey's towards your wants, and you would have had it sooner but for an odd accident. I wrote for it three days ago, and the Doctor,[1] as he thought, sent it me. A book of like exterior he did send, but being disclosed, how far unlike! It was the 'Well-bred Scholar,'

[1] [Not Southey, but probably Dr. Anderson, of Isleworth, the gentleman introduced to Lamb by Dyer, as we have seen in former Letters.]

—a book with which it seems the Doctor laudably fills up those hours which he can steal from his medical avocations. Chesterfield, Blair, Beattie, portions from 'The Life of Savage,' make up a prettyish system of morality and the belles lettres, which Mr. Mylius, a schoolmaster,[1] has properly brought together, and calls the collection by the denomination above mentioned. The Doctor had no sooner discovered his error than he despatched man and horse to rectify the mistake, and with a pretty kind of ingenuous modesty in his note seemeth to deny any knowledge of the 'Well-bred Scholar;' false modesty surely and a blush misplaced; for, what more pleasing than the consideration of professional austerity thus relaxing, thus improving? But so, when a child I remember blushing, being caught on my knees to my Maker, or doing otherwise some pious and praiseworthy action; *now* I rather love such things to be seen. Henry Crabb Robinson is out upon his circuit, and his books are inaccessible without his leave and key. He is attending the Norfolk Circuit,—a short term, but to him, as to many young lawyers, a long vacation sufficiently dreary.[2] I thought I could do no better than transmit to him, not extracts, but your very letter itself, than which I think I never read any thing more moving, more pathetic, or more conducive to the purpose of persuasion. The Crab is a sour Crab if it does not sweeten him. I think it would draw another third volume of Dodsley out of me; but you say you don't want any English books? Perhaps, after all, that's as well; one's romantic credulity is for ever misleading one into misplaced acts of foolery. Crab might have answered by this time: his juices take a long time supplying, but they'll run at last,—I know they will,—pure golden pippin. A fearful rumour has since reached me that the Crab is on the eve of setting out for France. If he is in England, your letter will reach him, and I flatter myself a touch of the persuasive of my own, which accompanies it, will not be thrown away; if it be, he is a sloe,

[1] [Mylius was one of the masters at Christ's Hospital, and produced other books of an educational character. Talfourd and his followers give the name as *Mylne*.]

[2] [A mistake on the part of Lamb; Robinson had gone abroad. See just below, and the letter to Coleridge of August 26, *infrâ*.]

and no true-hearted crab, and there's an end. For that life of the German conjuror which you speak of, 'Colerus de Vitâ Doctoris vix-Intelligibilis,' I perfectly remember the last evening we spent with Mrs. Morgan and Miss Brent, in London-street,—(by that token we had raw rabbits for supper, and Miss B. prevailed upon me to take a glass of brandy and water after supper, which is not my habit,)—I perfectly remember reading portions of that life in their parlour, and I think it must be among their packages. It was the very last evening we were at that house. What is gone of that frank-hearted circle, Morgan, and his cos-lettuces? He ate walnuts better than any man I ever knew. Friendships in these parts stagnate.

"I am going to eat turbot, turtle, venison, marrow pudding—cold punch, claret, Madeira,—at our annual feast[1] at half-past four this day. They keep bothering me, (I'm at office,) and my ideas are confused. Let me know if I can be of any service as to books, God forbid the Architectonican should be sacrificed to a foolish scruple of some book-proprietor, as if books did not belong with the highest propriety to those that understand 'em best.

"C. LAMB."

[A letter of a fortnight later lets the light in on the slow sale of Coleridge's "Remorse," and gives us the result of further studies of foreign literature by Lamb. Crabb Robinson is mentioned as having gone to Paris, and the death of the head-master at Christ's affords the writer an opportunity of playfully twitting Coleridge with the fine opening which the vacancy might have been for him if he had played his cards more cleverly!]

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

"26th August, 1814.

"Let the hungry soul rejoice: there is corn in Egypt. Whatever thou hast been told to the contrary by designing friends, who perhaps inquired carelessly, or did not inquire

[1] [The yearly dinner of the Old Blues at the London Tavern. See the letter to Coleridge of October 23rd, 1802.]

at all, in hope of saving their money, there is a stock of 'Remorse' on hand, enough, as Pople conjectures, for seven years' consumption; judging from experience of the last two years. Methinks it makes for the benefit of sound literature, that the best books do not always go off best. Inquire in seven years' time for the 'Rokebys' and the 'Laras,' and where shall they be found?—fluttering fragmentally in some thread-paper—whereas thy 'Wallenstein' and thy 'Remorse' are safe on Longman's or Pople's shelves, as in some Bodleian; there they shall remain; no need of a chain to hold them fast—perhaps for ages—tall copies—and people shan't run about hunting for them as in old Ezra's shrievalty they did for a Bible, almost without effect till the great-great-grand-niece (by the mother's side) of Jeremiah or Ezekiel (which was it?) remembered something of a book, with odd reading in it, that used to lie in the green closet in her aunt Judith's bedchamber.

"Thy caterer Price was at Hamburgh when last Pople heard of him, laying up for thee, like some miserly old father for his generous-hearted son to squander.

"Mr. Charles Aders, whose books also pant for that free circulation which thy custody is sure to give them, is to be heard of at his kinsmen, Messrs. Jameson and Aders, No. 7, Laurence-Pountney-lane, London, according to the information which Crabius with his parting breath left me. Crabius is gone to Paris. I prophesy he and the Parisians will part with mutual contempt. His head has a twist Allemagne, like thine, dear mystic.

"I have been reading Madame Stael on Germany. An impudent clever woman. But if 'Faust' be no better than in her abstract of it, I counsel thee to let it alone. How canst thou translate the language of cat-monkeys? Fie on such fantasies! But I will not forget to look for Proclus. It is a kind of book which when one meets with it one shuts the lid faster than one opened it. Yet I have some bastard kind of recollection that somewhere, some time ago, upon some stall or other, I saw it. It was either that or Plotinus, or Saint Augustine's 'City of God.' So little do some folks value, what to others, *sc.* to you, 'well used,' had been the 'Pledge of Immortality.' Bishop Bruno I never touched upon. Stuffing too good for the brains of

such 'a Hare' as thou describest. May it burst his pericranium, as the gobbets of fat and turpentine (a nasty thought of the seer) did that old dragon in the Apocrypha! May he go mad in trying to understand his author! May he lend the third volume of him before he has quite translated the second, to a friend who shall lose it, and so spoil the publication; and may his friend find it and send it him just as thou or some such less dilatory spirit shall have announced the whole for the press; lastly, may he be hunted by Reviewers, and the devil jug him! So I think I have answered all the questions except about Morgan's coslettuces. The first personal peculiarity I ever observed of him (all worthy souls are subject to 'em) was a particular kind of rabbit-like delight in munching salads with oil without vinegar after dinner—a steady contemplative browsing on them—didst never take note of it? Canst think of any other queries in the solution of which I can give thee satisfaction? Do you want any books that I can procure for you? Old Jimmy Boyer is dead at last.[1] Trollope has got his living, worth £1000 a-year net. See, thou sluggard, thou heretic-sluggard, what mightest thou not have arrived at! Lay thy animosity against Jimmy in the grave. Do not *entail* it on thy posterity.

"CHARLES LAMB."

Lamb was delighted with the proposition, made through Southey, that he should review "The Excursion" in the "Quarterly"—though he had never before attempted contemporaneous criticism, and cherished a dislike to it, which the event did not diminish. The ensuing letter was addressed while meditating on his office, and uneasy lest he should lose it for want of leisure.

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

"Monday, September 19th, 1814.

"My dear W.,—I have scarce time or quiet to explain my present situation, how unquiet and distracted it is,

[1] [The old Master of Christ's.]

owing to the absence of some of my compeers and to the deficient state of payments at E. I. H., owing to bad peace speculations in the calico market. (I write this to W. W., Esq., Collector of Stamp Duties for the conjoint Northern Counties, not to W. W., Poet.) I go back, and have for these many days past, to evening work, generally at the rate of nine hours a day. The nature of my work, too, puzzling and hurrying, has so shaken my spirits, that my dreams are nothing but a succession of business I cannot do, of assistants that give me no assistance, of terrible responsibilities. I reclaimed your book, which Hazlitt has uncivilly kept, only two days ago, and have made shift to read it again with shattered brain. It does not lose—rather some parts of it have come out with a prominence I did not perceive before—but such was my aching head yesterday (Sunday), that the book was like a mountain landscape to one that should walk on the edge of a precipice; I perceive beauty dizzily. Now, what I would say is, that I see no prospect of a quiet half-day, or hour even, till this week and the next are past. I then hope to get four weeks' absence, and if *then* is time enough to begin, I will most gladly do what is required, though I feel my inability, for my brain is always desultory, and snatches off hints from things, but can seldom follow a 'work' methodically. But that shall be no excuse. What I beg you to do is, to let me know from Southey if that will be time enough for the 'Quarterly,' *i.e.*, suppose it done in three weeks from this date (19th Sept.): if not, it is my bounden duty to express my regret, and decline it. Mary thanks you, and feels highly grateful for your 'Patent of Nobility,' and acknowledges the author of 'The Excursion' as the legitimate Fountain of Honour. We both agree that, to our feeling, Ellen is best as she is. To us there would have been something repugnant in her challenging her Penance as a Dowry; the fact is explicable, but how few are those to whom it would have been rendered explicit! The unlucky reason of the detention of 'The Excursion' was Hazlitt and we having a misunderstanding. He blowed us up about six months ago, since which the union has snapt; but M. Burney borrowed it for him, and, after reiterated messages, I only got it on Friday. His remarks

had some vigour in them;[1] particularly something about an old ruin being *too modern for your Primeval Nature, and about a lichen.* I forget the passage, but the whole wore an air of despatch. That objection which M. Burney had imbibed from him about Voltaire, I explained to M. B. (or tried) exactly on your principle of its being a characteristic speech.[2] That it was no settled comparative estimate of Voltaire with any of his own tribe of buffoons—no injustice, even if *you* spoke it, for I dared say you never could relish 'Candide.' I know I tried to get through it about a twelvemonth since, and couldn't for the dulness. Now I think I have a wider range in buffoonery than you. Too much toleration perhaps.

"I finish this after a raw ill-baked dinner fast gobbled up to set me off to office again, after working there till near four. Oh, how I wish I were a rich man, even though I were squeezed camel-fashion at getting through that needle's eye that is spoken of in the *Written Word!* Apropos, is the Poet of 'The Excursion' a Christian? or is it the Pedlar and the Priest that are?

"I find I miscalled that celestial splendour of the mist going off a *sunset.* That only shows my inaccuracy of head.

"Do, pray, indulge me by writing an answer to the point of time mentioned above, or *let Southey.* I am ashamed to go bargaining in this way; but indeed I have no time I can reckon on till the first week in October. God send I may not be disappointed in that! Coleridge swore in a letter to me he would review 'The Excursion' in the 'Quarterly.' Therefore, though *that* shall not stop me, yet if I can do anything, *when* done, I must know of him if he has anything ready, or I shall fill the world with loud exclaims.

[1] This refers to an article of Hazlitt on "The Excursion" in the "Examiner," very fine in passages, but more characteristic of the critic than descriptive of the poem.

[2] The passage in which the copy of "Candide," found in the apartment of the Recluse, is described as "the dull production of a scoffer's brain," which had excited Hazlitt to energetic vindication of Voltaire from the charge of dulness. Whether the work, written in mockery of human hopes, be dull, I will not venture to determine; but I do not hesitate, at any risk, to avow a conviction that no book in the world is more adapted to make a good man wretched.

"I keep writing on, knowing the postage is no more for much writing, else so fagged and dispirited I am with cursed India House work, I scarce know what I do. My left arm reposes on 'The Excursion.' I feel what it would be in quiet. It is now a sealed book."

The next letter was written after the fatal critique was despatched to the Editor, and before its appearance.

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

"[October,] 1814.

"Dear W.,—Your experience about tailors seems to be in point blank opposition to Burton, as much as the author of 'The Excursion' does *toto cœlo* differ in his notion of a country life from the picture which W. H. has exhibited of the same.[1] But, with a little explanation, you and B. may be reconciled. It is evident that he confined his observations to the genuine native London Tailor. What freaks tailor-nature may take in the country is not for him to give account of. And certainly some of the freaks recorded do give an idea of the persons in question being beside themselves, rather than in harmony with the common, moderate, self-enjoyment of the rest of mankind. A flying-tailor, I venture to say, is no more *in rerum naturâ* than a flying-horse or a Gryphon. His wheeling his airy-flight from the precipice you mention had a parallel in the melancholy Jew who toppled from the Monument. Were his limbs ever found? Then, the man who cures diseases by words is evidently an inspired tailor. Burton never affirmed that the art of sewing disqualified the practiser of it from being a fit organ for supernatural revelation. He never enters into such subjects. 'Tis the common, uninspired tailor which he speaks of. Again, the person who makes his smiles to be *heard*, is evidently a man under possession; a demoniac tailor. A greater hell than his own must have a hand in this. I am not certain that the

[1] [Hazlitt's Review of the "Excursion" appeared in the "Examiner" for August 21, 28th, and Oct. 2nd, 1814, and is partly reprinted in the "Round Table," 1817. The last portion the author did not choose to reprint.]

cause which you advocate has much reason for triumph. You seem to me to substitute light-headedness for light-heartedness by a trick, or not to know the difference. I confess, a grinning tailor would shock me. Enough of tailors!

"The ''scapes' of the Great God Pan, who appeared among your mountains some dozen years since, and his narrow chance of being submerged by the swains, afforded me much pleasure. I can conceive the water-nymphs pulling for him. He would have been another Hylas—W. Hylas.[1] In a mad letter which Capel Lofft wrote to M. M.[2] Phillips (now Sir Richard) I remember his noticing a metaphysical article of Pan, signed H., and adding, 'I take your correspondent to be the same with Hylas.' Hylas had put forth a pastoral just before. How near the unfounded conjecture of the certainly inspired Lofft (unfounded as we thought it) was to being realised! I can conceive him being 'good to all that wander in that perilous flood.' One J. Scott[3] (I know no more) is editor of 'The Champion.' Where is Coleridge?

"That Review you speak of, I am only sorry it did not appear last month. The circumstances of haste and peculiar bad spirits under which it was written, would have excused its slightness and inadequacy, the full load of which I shall suffer from its lying by so long, as it will seem to have done from its postponement. I write with great difficulty, and can scarce command my own resolution to sit at writing an hour together. I am a poor creature, but I am leaving off gin. I hope you will see good-will in the thing. I had a difficulty to perform not to make it all panegyric; I have attempted to personate a mere stranger to you—perhaps with too much strangeness. But you must bear that in mind when you read it, and not think that I am in mind distant from you or your poem, but that both are close to me, among the nearest of per-

[1] [See "Memoirs of Hazlitt," 1867, i. 105-6.]

[2] "Monthly Magazine."

[3] Afterwards the distinguished and unfortunate editor of the "London Magazine." [He perished, as is well known, at Chalk Farm on the 16th February, 1821, in a duel with Christie, one of Blackwood's staff. He left behind him several works now little remembered.]

sons and things. I do but act the stranger in the Review. Then, I was puzzled about extracts and determined upon not giving one that had been in the 'Examiner;' for extracts repeated give an idea that there is a meagre allowance of good things. By this way, I deprived myself of 'Sir Alfred Irthing' and the reflections that conclude his story, which are the flower of the poem. Hazlitt had given the reflections before me. *Then it is the first review* I ever did, and I did not know how long I might make it. But it must speak for itself, if Gifford and his crew do not put words in its mouth, which I expect. Farewell. Love to all. Mary keeps very bad.

"C. LAMB."

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS TO WORDSWORTH CONTINUED—LETTERS TO HIM AND SOUTHEY—FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH MR. TALFOURD.

[1814-15.]

The apprehension expressed at the close of the last letter was dismally verified. The following contains Lamb's first burst of an indignation which lasted amidst all his gentleness and tolerance unquenched through life:—

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

"[December,] 1814.

"Dear Wordsworth,—I told you my Review was a very imperfect one. But what you will see in the 'Quarterly' is a spurious one, which Mr. Baviad Gifford has palmed upon it for mine. I never felt more vexed in my life than when I read it. I cannot give you an idea of what he has done to it, out of spite at me, because he once suffered me to be called a lunatic in his Review.[1] The *language* he has altered throughout. Whatever inadequateness it had to its subject, it was, in point of composition, the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ; and so my sister (to whom alone I read the MS.) said. That charm, if it had any, is all gone: more than a third of the substance is cut away, and that not all from one place, but *passim*, so as to make utter nonsense. Every warm expression is changed for a nasty cold one.

"I have not the cursed alteration by me; I shall never look at it again; but, for a specimen, I remember I had said the poet of 'The Excursion' 'walks through common forests as through some Dodona or enchanted wood, and every casual bird that sits upon the boughs, like that

[1] [In the number for December, 1811, as has been already explained.]

miraculous one in Tasso, but in language more piercing than any articulate sounds, reveals him far higher love-lays.' It is now (besides half-a-dozen alterations in the same half-dozen lines) 'but in language more *intelligent* reveals to him;'—that is one I remember.

"But that would have been little, putting his shoemaker phraseology (for he was a shoemaker) instead of mine, which has been tinctured with better authors than his ignorance can comprehend;—for I reckon myself a dab at *prose*;—verse I leave to my betters: God help them, if they are to be so reviewed by friend and foe as you have been this quarter! I have read 'It won't do.'[1] But, worse than altering words, he has kept a few members only of the part I had done best, which was to explain all I could of your 'Scheme of Harmonies,' as I had ventured to call it, between the external universe and what within us answers to it. To do this I had accumulated a good many short passages, rising in length to the end, weaving in the extracts as if they came in as a part of the text naturally, not obtruding them as specimens. Of this part a little is left, but so as, without conjuration, no man could tell what I was driving at. A proof of it you may see (though not judge of the whole of the injustice) by these words. I had spoken something about 'natural methodism;' and after follows, 'and *therefore* the tale of Margaret should have been postponed' (I forget my words or his words); now the reasons for postponing it are as deducible from what goes before, as they are from the 104th Psalm. The passage whence I deduced it has vanished, but clapping a colon before a *therefore* is always reason enough for Mr. Baviad Gifford to allow to a reviewer that is not himself. I assure you my complaints are well founded. I know how sore a word altered makes one; but indeed of this review the whole complexion is gone. I regret only that I did not keep a copy. I am sure you would have been pleased with it, because I have been feeding my fancy for some months with the notion of pleasing you. Its imperfection or in-

[1] Though the article on "The Excursion," in the "Edinburgh Review," commenced "This will never do!" it contained ample illustrations of the author's genius, and helped the world to disprove its oracular beginning.

adequateness in size and method I knew; but for the *writing-part* of it I was fully satisfied; I hoped it would make more than atonement. Ten or twelve distinct passages come to my mind, which are gone, and what is left is, of course, the worse for their having been there; the eyes are pulled out, and the bleeding sockets are left.

"I read it at Arch's shop with my face burning with vexation secretly, with just such a feeling as if it had been a review written against myself, making false quotations from me. But I am ashamed to say so much about a short piece. How are *you* served! and the labours of years turned into contempt by scoundrels!

"But I could not but protest against your taking that thing as mine. Every *pretty* expression (I know there were many); every warm expression (there was nothing else) is vulgarized and frozen. 'But if they catch me in their camps again, let them spitchcock me! They had a right to do it, as no name appears to it, and Mr. Shoemaker Gifford, I suppose, never waived a right he had, since he commenced author. Heaven confound him and all caitiffs! "C. L."

It was at the beginning of the year 1815 that I had first the happiness of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Lamb. With his scattered essays and poems I had become familiar a few weeks before, through the instrumentality of Mr. Barron Field, who had been brought into close intimacy with Lamb by the association of his own family with Christ's Hospital, of which his father was the surgeon, and by his own participation in "The Reflector." Living then in chambers in Inner Temple-lane, and attending those of Mr. Chitty the special pleader, which were on the next staircase to Mr. Lamb's, I had been possessed some time by a desire to become acquainted with the writings of my gifted neighbour, which my friend was able only partially to gratify. "John Woodvil," and the number of the "Reflector" enriched with Lamb's article, he indeed lent me; but he had no copy of "Rosamund Gray," which I was most anxious to read, and which, after earnest search through all the bookstalls within the scope of my walks, I found, exhibiting proper marks of due appreciation, in the store of a little circulating

library near Holborn. There was something in this little romance so entirely new, yet breathing the air of old acquaintance; a sense of beauty so delicate and so intense, and a morality, so benignant and so profound, that, as I read it, my curiosity to see its author rose almost to the height of pain. The commencement of the new year brought me that gratification; I was invited to meet Lamb at dinner, at the house of Mr. William Evans, a gentleman holding an office in the India House, who then lived in Weymouth-street, and who was a proprietor of the "Pamphleteer," to which I had contributed some idle scribblings. My duties at the office did not allow me to avail myself of this invitation to dinner, but I went up at ten o'clock, through a deep snow, palpably congealing into ice, and was amply repaid when I reached the hospitable abode of my friend. There was Lamb, preparing to depart; but he staid half an hour in kindness to me, and then accompanied me to our common home—the Temple.

Methinks I see him before me now, as he appeared then, and as he continued, with scarcely any perceptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of intimacy which followed, and were closed by his death. A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance, and even dignity, to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his countenance—catch its quivering sweetness—and fix it for ever in words? There are none, alas! to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought, striving with humour: the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind it can as little describe as lose. His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterised by what he himself says in one of his letters to Manning of Braham—"a compound of the Jew, the gentle-

man, and the angel." He took my arm, and we walked to the Temple, Lamb stammering out fine remarks as we walked; and when we reached his staircase, he detained me with an urgency which would not be denied, and we mounted to the top story, where an old petted servant, called Becky, was ready to receive us. We were soon seated beside a cheerful fire; hot water and its better adjuncts were before us; and Lamb insisted on my sitting with him while he smoked "one pipe"—for, alas! for poor human nature—he had resumed his acquaintance with his "fair traitress." How often the pipe and the glasses were replenished, I will not undertake to disclose; but I can never forget the conversation: though the first, it was more solemn and in higher mood, than any I ever after had with Lamb through the whole of our friendship. How it took such a turn between two strangers, one of them a lad of not quite twenty, I cannot tell; but so it happened. We discoursed then of life and death, and our anticipation of a world beyond the grave. Lamb spoke of these awful themes with the simplest piety, but expressed his own fond cleavings to life—to all well-known accustomed things—and a shivering (not shuddering) sense of that which is to come, which he so finely indicated in his "New Year's Eve," years afterwards. It was two o'clock before we parted, when Lamb gave me a hearty invitation to renew my visit at pleasure; but two or three months elapsed before I saw him again. In the meantime, a number of the "Pamphleteer" contained an "Essay on the Chief Living Poets," among whom on the title appeared the name of Lamb, and some page or two were expressly devoted to his praises. It was a poor tissue of tawdry eulogies—a shallow outpouring of young enthusiasm in fine words, which it mistakes for thoughts; yet it gave Lamb, who had hitherto received scarcely civil notice from reviewers, great pleasure to find that any one recognized him as having a place among poets. The next time I saw him, he came almost breathless into the office, and proposed to give me what I should have chosen as the greatest of all possible honours and delights—an introduction to Wordsworth who, I learned with a palpitating heart, was actually at the next door. I hurried out with my kind conductor, and a minute

after was presented by Lamb to the person whom in all the world I venerated most, with this preface :—" Wordsworth, give me leave to introduce to you my only admirer."

The following was addressed to Southey in acknowledgment of his " Roderick," the most sustained and noble of his poems :—

TO MR. SOUTHEY.[1]

"May 6th, 1815.

" Dear Southey,—I have received from Longman a copy of ' Roderick,' with the author's compliments, for which I much thank you. I don't know where I shall put all the noble presents I have lately received in that way; the ' Excursion,' Wordsworth's two last vols., and now ' Roderick,' have come pouring in upon me like some irruption from Helicon. The story of the brave Maccabee was already, you may be sure, familiar to me in all its parts. I have, since the receipt of your present, read it quite through again, and with no diminished pleasure. I don't know whether I ought to say that it has given me more pleasure than any of your long poems. ' Kehama ' is doubtless more powerful, but I don't feel that firm footing in it that I do in ' Roderick ;' my imagination goes sinking and floundering in the vast spaces of unopened-before systems & faiths ; I am put out of the pale of my old sympathies ; my moral sense is almost outraged ; I can't believe, or with horror am made to believe, such desperate chances against omnipotences, such disturbances of faith to the centre. The more potent the more painful the spell. Jove and his brotherhood of gods, tottering with the giant assailings, I can bear, for the soul's hopes are not struck at in such contests ; but your Oriental almightes are too much types of the intangible prototype to be meddled with without shuddering. One never connects what are called the attributes with Jupiter. I mention only what diminishes my delight at the wonder-workings of ' Kehama,' not what impeaches its power, which I confess with trembling.

" But ' Roderick ' is a comfortable poem. It reminds

[1] [F. W. Cosens Orig.]

me of the delight I took in the first reading of the 'Joan of Arc.' It is maturer & better than *that*, though not better to me now than that was then. It suits me better than 'Madoc.' I am at home in Spain and Christendom. I have a timid imagination, I am afraid. I do not willingly admit of strange beliefs or out-of-the-way creeds or places. I never read books of travel, at least not farther than Paris or Rome. I can just endure Moors, because of their connection as foes with Christians; but Abyssinians, Ethiops, Esquimaux, Dervises, & all that tribe, I hate. I believe I fear them in some manner. A Mahometan turban on the stage, though enveloping some well known face (Mr. Cook or Mr. Maddox, whom I see another day good Christian & English waiters, innkeepers, &c.), does not give me pleasure unalloyed. I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, *Templar*. God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, & to get abroad into the world to come! I shall be like *the crow on the sand*, as Wordsworth has it; but I won't think on it—no need, I hope, yet.

"The parts I have been most pleased with, both on 1st & 2nd readings, perhaps, are Florinda's palliation of Roderick's crime, confessed to him in his disguise—the retreat of Palayos family first discovered,—his being made king—'For acclamation one form must serve, *more solemn for* the *breach* of *old observances*.' Roderick's vow is extremely fine, and his blessing on the vow of Alphonso:

> 'Towards the troop he spread his arms,
> As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
> And carried to all spirits *with the act*
> Its affluent inspiration.'

"It struck me forcibly that the feeling of these last lines might have been suggested to you by the Cartoon of Paul at Athens. Certain it is that a better motto or guide to that famous attitude can no where be found. I shall adopt it as explanatory of that violent, but dignified motion.

"I must read again Landor's 'Julian.' I have not read it some time. I think he must have failed in Roderick, for I remember nothing of him, nor of any distinct character as a character—only fine sounding passages. I remember thinking also he had chosen a point of time after

the event, as it were, for Roderick survives to no use; but my memory is weak, and I will not wrong a fine Poem by trusting to it.

"The notes to your poem I have not read again; but it will be a take-downable book on my shelf, and they will serve sometimes at breakfast, or times too light for the text to be duly appreciated. Though some of 'em, one of the serpent Penance, is serious enough, now I think on't.

"Of Coleridge I hear nothing, nor of the Morgans. I hope to have him like a re-appearing star, standing up before me some time when least expected in London, as has been the case whylear.

"I am *doing* nothing (as the phrase is) but reading presents, and walk away what of the day-hours I can get from hard occupation. Pray accept once more my hearty thanks, & expression of pleasure for your remembr^ce^ of me. My sister desires her kind respects to Mrs. S. and to all at Keswick. "Yours truly,

"C. LAMB."

"The next Present I look for is the 'White Doe.' Have you seen Mat. Betham's 'Lay of Marie?' I think it very delicately pretty as to sentiment, &c."

The letters which succeed in chronological order were addressed to Wordsworth on his return from the visit to London, and to Southey. They are rich in significance and painful personal interest. Nowhere has he spoken out so plainly or so pathetically of his distressing taskwork at the India House. This and next year's letters are particularly full of that subject. On the other hand, how kind and playful is the allusion to the "juvenile Talfourd" and his presentation-basket of fruit, and how amusing and true to life the graphic sketch of the happy temperament of Alsager![1]

[1] [Thomas Alsager, writer of the Money Market article for the "Times." His acquaintance with the Lambs extended over many years. He is noticed elsewhere.]

TO MR. WORDSWORTH.

"Aug. 9th, 1815.

"Dear Wordsworth,—We acknowledge with pride the receipt of both your handwritings, and desire to be ever held in kindly remembrance by you both and by Dorothy. Alsager, whom you call Alsinger (and indeed he is rather *singer* than *sager*, no reflection on his naturals neither) is well, and in harmony with himself and the world. I don't know how he and those of his constitution keep their nerves so nicely balanced as they do. Or have they any? Or are they made of packthread? He is proof against weather, ingratitude, meat underdone, every weapon of fate. I have just now a jagged end of a tooth pricking against my tongue, which meets it half-way in a wantonness of provocation; and there they go at it, the tongue pricking itself, like the viper the file, and the tooth galling all the gum inside and out to torture—tongue and tooth, tooth and tongue hard at it; and I to pay the reckoning, till all my mouth is as hot as brimstone; and I'll venture the roof of my mouth, that at this very moment, at which my full-happiness'd friend is picking his crackers, that not one of the double rows of ivory in his privileged mouth has as much as a flaw in it, but all perform their functions, and having performed them, expect to be picked (luxurious steeds!) and rubbed down. I don't think he could be robbed, or have the house set on fire, or ever want money. I have heard him express a similar opinion of his own impassibility. I keep acting here Heautontimoreumenos.

"Mr. Burney has been to Calais, and has come [back] a travelled Monsieur. He speaks nothing but the Gallic idiom. Field is on circuit. So now I believe that I have given account of most that you saw at our Cabin.

"Have you seen a curious letter in the 'Morning Chronicle' by C[apel] L[offt], the genius of absurdity, respecting Bonaparte suing out his Habeas Corpus? That man is his own moon. He has no need of ascending into that gentle planet for mild influences.

"Mary and I felt quite queer after your taking leave (you W. W.) of us in St. Giles's. We wished we had

seen more of you, but felt we had scarce been sufficiently acknowledging for the share we had enjoyed of your company. We felt as if we had been not enough *expressive* of our pleasure. But our manners *both* are a little too much on this side of too-much-cordiality. We want presence of mind and presence of heart. What we feel comes too late, like an after-thought impromptu. But perhaps you observed nothing of that which we have been painfully conscious of, and are every day in our intercourse with those we stand affected to through all the degrees of love. Robinson[1] is on the circuit. Our panegyrist[2] I thought had forgotten one of the objects of his youthful admiration; but I was agreeably removed from that scruple by the laundress knocking at my door this morning, almost before I was up, with a present of fruit from my young friend, &c. There is something inexpressibly pleasant to me in these *presents*, be it fruit, or fowl, or brawn, or *what not*. Books are a legitimate cause of acceptance. If presents be not the soul of friendship, undoubtedly they are the most spiritual part of the body of that intercourse. There is too much narrowness of thinking in this point. The punctilio of acceptance, methinks, is too confined and strait-laced. I could be content to receive money, or clothes, or a joint of meat from a friend. Why should he not send me a dinner as well as a dessert? I would taste him in the beasts of the field and through all creation. Therefore did the basket of fruit of the juvenile Talfourd not displease me; not that I have any thoughts of bartering or reciprocating these things. To send him anything in return, would be to reflect suspicion of mercenariness upon what I know he meant a free-will offering. Let him overcome me in bounty. In this strife a generous nature loves to be overcome. You wish me some of your leisure. I have a glimmering aspect, a chink-light of liberty before me, which I pray God prove not fallacious. My remonstrances have stirred up others to remonstrate, and, altogether, there is a plan for separating certain parts of

[1] [H. C. Robinson. A mistake on the part of Lamb, and the second one of the kind in respect to the same gentleman. Compare the letter to Coleridge of August 13th, 1814.]

[2] [Talfourd.]

business from our department; which, if it take place, will produce me more time, *i.e.* my evenings free. It may be a means of placing me in a more conspicuous situation, which will knock at my nerves another way; but I wait the issue in submission. If I can but begin my own day at four o'clock in the afternoon, I shall think myself to have Eden days of peace and liberty to what I have had. As you say, how a man can fill three volumes up with an essay on the drama, is wonderful; I am sure a very few sheets would hold all I had to say on the subject.

"Did you ever read Charron on Wisdom? or Patrick's Pilgrim? If neither, you have two great pleasures to come. I mean some day to attack Caryl on Job, six folios. What any man can write, surely I may read. If I do but get rid of auditing warehousekeepers' accounts and get no worse-harassing task in the place of it, what a lord of liberty I shall be! I shall dance, and skip, and make mouths at the invisible event, and pick the thorns out of my pillow, and throw 'em at rich men's night-caps, and talk blank verse, hoity, toity, and sing—'A clerk I was in London gay,' 'Ban, ban, Ca-Caliban,' like the emancipated monster, and go where I like, up this street or down that alley. Adieu, and pray that it may be my luck.

"Good bye to you all. "C. LAMB."

The following letter was inclosed in the same parcel with the last:—

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"Aug. 9th, 1815.

"Dear Southey,—Robinson is not on the circuit, as I erroneously stated in a letter to W. W., which travels with this, but is gone to Brussels, Ostend, Ghent, &c.[1] But his friends the Colliers, whom I consulted respecting your friend's fate, remember to have heard him say, that Father Pardo had effected his escape (the cunning greasy rogue), and to the best of their belief is at present in Paris. To my thinking, it is a small matter whether there be one fat

[1] [Lamb fell into the same mistake in 1814, when Robinson spent his vacation in Paris.]

friar more or less in the world. I have rather a taste for clerical executions, imbibed from early recollections of the fate of the excellent Dodd. I hear Buonaparte has sued his habeas corpus, and the twelve judges are now sitting upon it at the Rolls.[1]

"Your boute-feu (bonfire) must be excellent of its kind. Poet Settle presided at the last great thing of the kind in London, when the pope was burnt in form. Do you provide any verses on this occasion? Your fear for Hartley's intellectuals is just and rational. Could not the Chancellor be petitioned to remove him? His lordship took Mr. Betty from under the paternal wing. I think at least he should go through a course of matter-of-fact with some sober man after the mysteries. Could not he spend a week at Poole's[2] before he goes back to Oxford? Tobin[3] is dead. But there is a man in my office, a Mr. Hedges, who proses it away from morning to night, and never gets beyond corporal and material verities. He'd get these crack-brain metaphysics out of the young gentleman's head as soon as any one I know. When I can't sleep o'nights, I imagine a dialogue with Mr. H. upon any given subject, and go prosing on in fancy with him, till I either laugh or fall asleep. I have literally found it answer. I am going to stand godfather; I don't like the business; I cannot muster up decorum for these occasions; I shall certainly disgrace the font. I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Any thing awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral. Yet I can read about these ceremonies with pious and proper feelings. The realities of life only seem the mockeries. I fear I must get cured along with Hartley, if not too inveterate. Don't you think Louis the Desirable is in a sort of quandary?

[1] [How could Lamb believe such a thing? But it was probably a joke; for only in the previous letter to Wordsworth he laughs at Capel Lofft for having ventilated such a notion in the "Morning Chronicle."]

[2] [Thomas Poole, of Nether-Stowey, the friend of Coleridge and the Wedgwoods.]

[3] [A friend of Godwin. "I used to be much amused with Tobin and Godwin. Tobin would pester me with stories of Godwin's dulness; and upon his departure Godwin would drop in, just to say that Tobin was more dull than ever."—*Coleridge* (Allsop, 1864, p. 194).]

"After all, Bonaparte is a fine fellow, as my barber says, and I should not mind standing bareheaded at his table to do him service in his fall. They should have given him Hampton Court or Kensington, with a tether extending forty miles round London. Qu. Would not the people have ejected the Brunswicks some day in his favour? Well, we shall see. "C. LAMB."

END OF VOL. I.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

A

CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

OF

SELECTED WORKS

INCLUDING AN ALPHABETICAL LIST

OF BOHN'S LIBRARIES

PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE BELL & SONS

LONDON: YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN

NEW YORK: 66 FIFTH AVENUE; & BOMBAY

CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.

1898.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POETRY	3
THE ALDINE POETS	7
BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY	8
STANDARD BOOKS	12
DICTIONARIES AND BOOKS OF REFERENCE	15
ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY	16
THEOLOGY	20
NAVAL AND MILITARY	23
TECHNOLOGY	24
SCIENCE	26
PHILOSOPHY	27
ECONOMICS AND FINANCE	28
SPORTS AND GAMES	28
ALL-ENGLAND SERIES	30
CLUB SERIES	30
FICTION	31
BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG	32
ROYAL NAVY HANDBOOKS	34
BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES	35
ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BOHN'S LIBRARIES	39

London, January 1898.

MESSRS. BELL'S

CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE

OF

SELECTED WORKS.

*** *Messrs. Bell will be glad to send their Complete Catalogue, Catalogue of Bohn's Libraries, or Educational Catalogue, to any address, post free.*

POETRY.

Aidé (Hamilton). Songs without Music. 3rd edition. With additional Pieces. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s*.

Aldine Edition of the Poets. *See List, page* 7.

Barry Cornwall. English Songs and Lyrics. 2nd edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6*s*.

Bridges (R.) Shorter Poems. 4th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s*. net.

——— Eros and Psyche: A Poem in Twelve Measures. The Story done into English from the Latin of Apuleius. 2nd edition revised. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s*. net.

——— Prometheus the Firegiver. [*Out of print.*

——— A Series of Plays. Fcap. 4to. printed on hand-made paper, double columns, paper wrappers, each 2*s*. 6*d*. net (except No. 8). The eight Plays are paged consecutively, and are intended to form a Volume:—

1. NERO. The First Part. History of the first five years of Nero's reign with the Murder of Britannicus to the Death of Agrippina. [*Out of print at present.*

2. PALICIO. A Romantic Drama in Five Acts, in the Elizabethan manner.

3. THE RETURN OF ULYSSES. A Drama in Five Acts, in a mixed manner.

4. THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES. A Tragedy in Five Acts, in a mixed manner, without change of scene.

5. ACHILLES IN SCYROS. A Drama in Five Acts, in a mixed manner without change of scene.

6. THE HUMOURS OF THE COURT. A Comedy in Three Acts, in the Spanish manner.

7. THE FEAST OF BACCHUS. A Comedy in Five Acts, in the Latin manner, without change of scene.

8. NERO. The Second Part. In Five Acts: comprising the Conspiracy of Piso to the Death of Seneca, in the Elizabethan manner. 3*s*. net, with general title-page, &c., for the volume.

——— Achilles in Scyros. New Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

——— Eden. A Cantata in Three Acts, set to music by C. Villiers Stanford. Words only, by Robert Bridges. 2*s*. net.

Browning's Strafford. With Notes by E. H. Hickey, and an Introduction by S. R. Gardiner, LL.D. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Handbook to Robert Browning's Works. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. 7th edition, with bibliography. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Stories from Robert Browning. By Frederic M. Holland. With an Introduction by Mrs. Sutherland Orr. Wide fcap. 4s. 6d.

Calverley (C. S.) Works by the late C. S. Calverley, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

New and Cheaper uniform Edition in 4 vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each.

Vol. I. LITERARY REMAINS, with Portrait and Memoir. Edited by Sir Walter J. Sendall, K.C.M.G.

Vol. II. VERSES AND FLY LEAVES.

Vol. III. TRANSLATIONS into English and Latin.

Vol. IV. THEOCRITUS, in English Verse.

Original Editions.

FLY LEAVES. 17th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS. 15th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

De Vere (Sir Aubrey). Mary Tudor: an Historical Drama, in Two Parts. By the late Sir Aubrey De Vere. New edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

De Vere (Sir Stephen). Translations from Horace. By Sir Stephen E. De Vere, Bart. 3rd edition enlarged. Imperial 16mo. 7s. 6d. net.

Endymion Series (The).

Poems by John Keats. Illustrated and decorated by Robert Anning Bell. With an Introduction by Professor Walter Raleigh, M.A. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Poems by Robert Browning. Illustrated and decorated by Byam Shaw. With an Introduction by Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Fanshawe (R.) Two Lives. A Poem. By Reginald Fanshawe, M.A. 4s. 6d. net.

Ferguson (Sir S.) Congal: A Poem in Five Books. By the late Sir Samuel Ferguson, Knt., Q.C., LL.D., P.R.I.A. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

——— **Poems.** Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Field (Michael). Underneath the Bough. A Book of Verses. 2nd edition. Royal 16mo. 4s. 6d. net.

——— **Callirrhoë, Fair Rosamund.** 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. parchment cover, 6s.

——— **Canute the Great; a Cup of Water.** Two Plays. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

——— **The Father's Tragedy; William Rufus; Loyalty or Love?** Crown 8vo. parchment cover, 7s. 6d.

——— **The Tragic Mary.** On hand-made paper, bound in brown boards, with Design by Selwyn Image, imperial 16mo. 7s. 6d. net.

Large-paper Edition, on Whatman's paper, bound in vellum, with design in gold, 60 copies only (numbered), fcap. 4to. 21s. net.

Lang (Andrew). Helen of Troy. A Poem. 5th edition. Wide fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Patmore (Coventry). Poems. Collective Edition in 2 vols. 5th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 9s.

——— **The Unknown Eros,** and other Poems. 3rd edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

——— **The Angel in the House.** 7th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Procter (A. A.) Legends and Lyrics. By Adelaide Anne Procter. With Introduction by Charles Dickens. New edition, printed on hand-made paper. 2 vols. pott 8vo., extra binding, 10s.

ORIGINAL EDITION. First Series. 69th thousand. 2s. 6d. Second Series. 61st thousand. 2s. 6d.

CROWN 8VO EDITION. New Issue, with additional Poems, and 10 Illustrations by Ida Lovering. 19th thousand. Post 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

CHEAP EDITION, with 18 Illustrations, double columns. 2 Series. 30th thousand. Fcap. 4to. paper cover, 1s. each; or in 1 vol. cloth, 3s.

The Procter Birthday Book. Demy 16mo. 1s. 6d.

Rickards (M. S. C.) Lyrics and Elegiacs. By Marcus S. C. Rickards. Crown 8vo. 4s. net.

——— Poems of Life and Death. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

——— **The Exiles:** A Romance of Life. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Sweetman (E.) The Footsteps of the Gods, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Tennyson (Lord). A Key to Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' By Alfred Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield and Sub-Dean of York. Fourth edition, with Portrait of Arthur Hallam, 3s. 6d.

Handbook to Lord Tennyson's Works. By Morton Luce. With Bibliography. 2nd edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Trevelyan (Sir G. O.) The Ladies in Parliament, and other Pieces. Republished, with Additions and Annotations. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Waddington (S.) A Century of Sonnets. Fcap. 4to. 4s. 6d.

——— Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 4s.

Beaumont and Fletcher, their finest Scenes, Lyrics, and other Beauties (selected), with Notes and Introduction by Leigh Hunt. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Butler's Hudibras, with Variorum Notes, a Biography, and a General Index, a Portrait of Butler, and 28 Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Chaucer's Poetical Works. With Poems formerly printed with his or attributed to him. Edited, with a Memoir, Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary, by Robert Bell. Revised, with a Preliminary Essay by Rev. Prof. Skeat, M.A. With Portrait. 4 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Greene, Marlowe, and Ben Jonson, Poems of. Edited, with Critical and Historical Notes and Memoirs, by Robert Bell. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Milton's Poetical Works. With a Memoir and Critical Remarks by James Montgomery, an Index to Paradise Lost, Todd's Verbal Index to all the Poems, and a Selection of Explanatory Notes by Henry G. Bohn. Illustrated with 120 Wood Engravings by Thompson, Williams, O. Smith, and Linton, from Drawings by W. Harvey. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Pope's Poetical Works. Edited, with copious Notes, by Robert Carruthers. 2 vols. with numerous Illustrations, small post 8vo. 10s.

——— **Homer's Iliad and Odyssey.** With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A. Illustrated by the entire Series of Flaxman's Designs. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Sheridan's Dramatic Works. Complete. With Life by G. G. S., and Portrait, after Reynolds. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Shakespeare. Dramatic Works. Edited by S. W. Singer. With a Life of Shakespeare by W. W. Lloyd. Uniform with the Aldine Edition of the Poets. In 10 vols. fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

——— Plays and Poems. With Notes and Life by Charles Knight. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

——— Pocket Volume Edition. Comprising all his Plays and Poems. Edited from the First Folio Edition by T. Keightley. 13 vols. royal 32mo. in a cloth box, price 21s.

Critical Essays on the Plays. By W. W. Lloyd. Uniform with Singer's Edition of Shakespeare, 2s. 6d.

Lectures on Shakespeare. By Bernhard ten Brink. Translated by Julia Franklin. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Shakespeare's Dramatic Art. The History and Character of Shakespeare's Plays. By Dr. Hermann Ulrici. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. 2 vols. sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Shakespeare: A Literary Biography by Karl Elze, Ph.D., LL.D. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare, &c. Edited by T. Ashe. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hazlitt's Lectures on the Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. Sm. post 8vo. 1s.

Shakespeare's Heroines. Characteristics of Women. By Mrs. Jameson. Illustrated with 24 Collotype Reproductions of Portraits of celebrated Actresses in the various characters, and Photogravure Frontispiece, Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, by John Sargent, R.A. (by kind permission of Sir Henry Irving). 6s.

Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets of the Time of Elizabeth. With Notes, together with the Extracts from the Garrick Plays. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, taken down from oral recitation, and transcribed from private manuscripts, rare broadsides, and scarce publications. Edited by Robert Bell. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Collected by Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. With an Essay on Ancient Minstrels, and a Glossary. A new edition by J. V. Prichard, A.M. 2 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 7s.

English Sonnets by Living Writers. Selected and arranged, with a Note on the History of the Sonnet, by S. Waddington. 2nd edition, enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

English Sonnets by Poets of the Past. Selected and arranged by S. Waddington. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Who Wrote It? A Dictionary of Common Poetical Quotations in the English Language. 4th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Bohn's Dictionary of Quotations from the English Poets, arranged according to subjects. 4th edition. Post 8vo. 6s.

New Editions, fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* each net.

THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE
BRITISH POETS.

'This excellent edition of the English classics, with their complete texts and scholarly introductions, are something very different from the cheap volumes of extracts which are just now so much too common.'—*St. James's Gazette.*

'An excellent series. Small, handy, and complete.'—*Saturday Review.*

Akenside. Edited by Rev. A. Dyce.

Beattie. Edited by Rev. A. Dyce.

*Blake. Edited by W. M. Rossetti.

*Burns. Edited by G. A. Aitken. 3 vols.

Butler. Edited by R. B. Johnson. 2 vols.

Campbell. Edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. A. W. Hill. With Memoir by W. Allingham.

Chatterton. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 2 vols.

Chaucer. Edited by Dr. R. Morris, with Memoir by Sir H. Nicolas. 6 vols.

Churchill. Edited by Jas. Hannay. 2 vols.

*Coleridge. Edited by T. Ashe, B.A. 2 vols.

Collins. Edited by W. Moy Thomas.

Cowper. Edited by John Bruce, F.S.A. 3 vols.

Dryden. Edited by the Rev. R. Hooper, M.A. 5 vols.

Falconer. Edited by the Rev. J. Mitford.

Goldsmith. Edited by Austin Dobson.

*Gray. Edited by J. Bradshaw, LL.D.

Herbert. Edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

*Herrick. Edited by George Saintsbury. 2 vols.

*Keats. Edited by the late Lord Houghton.

Kirke White. Edited by Sir H. Nicolas.

Milton. Edited by Dr. Bradshaw. 3 vols.

Parnell. Edited by G. A. Aitken.

Pope. Edited by G. R. Dennis. With Memoir by John Dennis. 3 vols.

Prior. Edited by R. B. Johnson. 2 vols.

Raleigh and Wotton. With Selections from the Writings of other COURTLY POETS from 1540 to 1650. Edited by Ven. Archdeacon Hannah, D.C.L.

Rogers. Edited by Edward Bell, M.A.

Scott. Edited by John Dennis. 5 vols.

Shakespeare's Poems. Edited by Rev. A. Dyce.

Shelley. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. 5 vols.

Spenser. Edited by J. Payne Collier, 5 vols.

Surrey. Edited by J. Yeowell.

Swift. Edited by the Rev. J. Mitford. 3 vols.

Thomson. Edited by the Rev. D. C. Tovey. 2 vols.

Vaughan. Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations. Edited by the Rev. H. Lyte.

Wordsworth. Edited by Prof. Dowden. 7 vols.

Wyatt. Edited by J. Yeowell.

Young. Edited by the Rev. J. Mitford. 2 vols.

* These volumes may also be had bound in Irish linen, with design in gold on side and back by Gleeson White, and gilt top, 3*s.* 6*d* each net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D., Headmaster, and afterwards Provost, of Eton. By F. St. John Thackeray, M.A. With Portrait and 3 Coloured Illustrations. Small crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Memoir of Edward Steere, Third Missionary Bishop in Central Africa. By the Rev. R. M. Heanley, M.A. With Portrait, Four Illustrations, and Map. 2nd edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 5s.

François Severin Marceau. A Biography. By Captain T. G. Johnson. With Portraits and Maps. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Robert Schumann. His Life and Works. By August Reissmann. Translated by A. L. Alger. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Schumann's Early Letters. Translated by May Herbert. With a Preface by Sir George Grove, D.C.L. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

William Shakespeare. A Literary Biography by Karl Elze, Ph.D., LL.D. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, with the Tour in the Hebrides, and Johnsoniana. New edition, with Notes and Appendices by the late Rev. Alexander Napier, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Holkham, Editor of the Cambridge Edition of the 'Theological Works of Barrow.' With Steel Engravings. 5 vols. Demy 8vo. 3l.; or in 6 vols. sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Edited, with Notes, by Mrs. Alexander Napier, and an Introduction by Professor J. W. Hales, M.A. 3 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

North's Lives of the Norths: Right Hon. Francis North, Baron Guildford, the Hon. Sir Dudley North, and the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North. Edited by A. Jessopp, D.D. With 3 Portraits. 3 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Vasari's Lives of the most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. Translated by Mrs. J. Foster, with Notes. 6 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Walton's Lives of Donne, Hooker, &c. New edition, revised by A. H. Bullen. With numerous illustrations. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Helps (Sir Arthur). The Life and Labours of the late Thomas Brassey. 7th edition. Sm. post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

——— The Life of Hernando Cortes, and the Conquest of Mexico, Dedicated to Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— The Life of Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer of America. 10th edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— The Life of Pizarro. With some Account of his Associates in the Conquest of Peru. 3rd edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— The Life of Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indies. 5th edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Irving (Washington). Life of Oliver Goldsmith. 1*s.*

——— Life and Voyages of Columbus and his Companions. 2 vols. With Portraits. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

——— Life of Mahomet and His Successors. With Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— Life of George Washington. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his nephew, Pierre E. Irving. With Portrait. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Lockhart's Life of Burns. Revised and corrected with Notes and Appendices, by William Scott Douglas. With Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Southey's Life of Nelson. With Additional Notes, Index, Portraits, Plans, and upwards of 50 Engravings. Sm. post 8vo. 5*s.*

——— Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism. With Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 5*s.*

Life of Wellington. By 'An Old Soldier.' From the materials of Maxwell. With 18 Steel Engravings. Sm. post. 8vo. 5*s.*

Life of Burke. By Sir James Prior. Sm. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Life and Letters of Locke. By Lord King. Sm. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Life of Pope. By Robert Carruthers. Illustrated. Sm. post. 8vo. 5*s.*

Cellini's Memoirs. Translated by T. Roscoe. With Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson. By his Widow. With Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Memorials and Letters of Charles Lamb. Talfourd's edition, revised. By W. Carew Hazlitt. 2 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Robert Southey: The Story of his Life Written in his Letters. With an Introduction. Edited by John Dennis. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited, with Memoir, by W. Moy Thomas. Revised edition, with 5 Portraits. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 5*s.* each.

Memoirs of Philip de Commines. Translated by A. R. Scoble. With Portraits. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Transcribed from the Shorthand MS. by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A. With Lord Braybrooke's Notes. Edited, with Additions, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. 9 vols. demy 8vo. with Portraits and other Illustrations, 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

*** The only complete edition.

Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence, with the Private Correspondence of Charles I. and Sir Edward Nicholas, and between Sir Edward Hyde (Earl of Clarendon) and Sir Richard Browne. Edited from the Original MSS. by W. Bray, F.A.S. With 45 Engravings. 4 vols. small post 8vo. 20*s.*

Pepys' Diary and Correspondence. With Life and Notes by Lord Braybrooke, and 31 Engravings. 4 vols. small post 8vo. 20s.

The Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1768-1778. With a Selection from her Correspondence and from the Journals of her Sisters, Susan and Charlotte Burney. Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 32s.

The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. As edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. With Portraits. 4 vols. demy 8vo. 30s.

Handbooks of English Literature. Edited by J. W. Hales, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

The Age of Milton. By J. Bass Mullinger, M.A., and the Rev. J. H. B. Masterman.

The Age of Dryden. 2nd edition. By R. Garnett, LL.D.

The Age of Pope. 2nd edition. By John Dennis.

The Age of Wordsworth. 2nd edition. By Prof. C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

The Age of Tennyson. 2nd edition. By Professor Hugh Walker.

PREPARING.

The Age of Alfred. By H. Frank Heath, Ph.D.

The Age of Chaucer. By Professor Hales.

The Age of Shakespeare. By Professor Hales.

The Age of Johnson. By Thomas Seccombe.

Ten Brink's History of Early English Literature. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each. Vol. I.—(To Wiclif). Translated by Horace M. Kennedy. Vol. II. — (Wiclif, Chaucer, Earliest Drama, Renaissance). Translated by W. Clarke Robinson, Ph.D. Vol. III.—(To the Death of Surrey). Edited by Professor Alois Brandl. Translated by L. Dora Schmitz.

Reviews and Essays in English Literature. By the Rev. D. C. Tovey, M.A., Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

History of Germany in the Middle Ages. By E. F. Henderson, Ph.D. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

England in the Fifteenth Century. By the late Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. 12s.

History of Modern Europe, from the Taking of Constantinople to the Establishment of the German Empire, A.D. 1453-1871. By the late Dr. T. H. Dyer. A new edition. 5 vols. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Lives of the Queens of England. From the Norman Conquest to the reign of Queen Anne. By Agnes Strickland. Library edition. With Portraits, Autographs, and Vignettes. 8 vols. demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. each. Also a Cheaper Edition in 6 vols. with 6 Portraits, small post 8vo. 30s.

Life of Mary Queen of Scots. By Agnes Strickland. With Index and 2 Portraits of Mary. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 10s.

Lives of the Tudor and Stuart Princesses. By Agnes Strickland. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 5s.

The Works of Flavius Josephus. Whiston's Translation. Thoroughly revised by Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A. With Topographical and Geographical Notes by Sir C. W. Wilson, K.C.B. 5 vols. small post 8vo. 17s. 6d.

Coxe's Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough. 3 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

*** Atlas of the Plans of Marlborough's Campaigns. 4to. 10s. 6d.

——— **History of the House of Austria.** 4 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Complete and Unabridged, with Variorum Notes. With Index, Maps, and Portrait. 7 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Gregorovius's History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages. Translated by Annie Hamilton. Crown 8vo. Vols. I., II., and III., each 6s. net. Vol. IV., in 2 parts, 9s. net. Vol. V., in 2 parts, 9s. net.

Guizot's History of Civilisation. Translated by W. Hazlitt. 3 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Lamartine's History of the Girondists. 3 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Machiavelli's History of Florence, the Prince, and other Works. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Martineau's (Harriet) History of England, from 1800–1815. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **History of the Thirty Years' Peace,** A.D. 1815–46. 4 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Menzel's History of Germany. With Portraits. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Michelet's Luther's Autobiography. Translated by William Hazl Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **History of the French Revolution** from its earliest indications to the flight of the King in 1791. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Mignet's History of the French Revolution, from 1789 to 1814. With Portrait of Napoleon as First Consul. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. A new Edition, with Introduction by Moncure D. Conway. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Ranke's History of the Popes. Translated by E. Foster. 3 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

STANDARD BOOKS.

(See also 'Biography and History,' 'Poetry,' 'Fiction,' &c.)

Addison's Works. With the Notes of Bishop Hurd. Edited by H. G. Bohn. 6 vols. With Portrait and Plates. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Bacon's Essays, and Moral and Historical Works. Edited by J. Devey. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Browne's (Sir Thomas) Works. 3 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Burke's Works and Speeches. 8 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A., and an Introduction by A. H. Bullen. 3 vols. Demy 8vo. with binding designed by Gleeson White, 31s. 6d. net. Also a Cheap Edition, in 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Coleridge's Prose Works. Edited by T. Ashe. 6 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Defoe's Novels and Miscellaneous Works. 7 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Dunlop's History of Prose Fiction. Revised by Henry Wilson. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Emerson's Works. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Goldsmith's (O.) Works. Edited by J. W. M. Gibbs. 5 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Gray's Letters. New Edition, by the Rev. D. C. Tovey, M.A. [*In the press.*

Hazlitt (William). Lectures and Essays. 7 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Irving (Washington). Complete Works. 15 vols. With Portraits, &c. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Lamb's Essays of Elia and Eliana. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Locke (John). Philosophical Works. Edited by J. A. St. John. 2 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Mill (John Stuart). *Essays. Collected from various sources by* J. W. M. Gibbs. *Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Milton's Prose Works. Edited by J. A. St. John. 5 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Prout's (Father) Reliques. By Rev. F. Mahony. Copyright edition. With Etchings by Maclise. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Swift (Jonathan). Prose Works. Edited by Temple Scott. With Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. In 10 volumes. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Vol. I.—'A Tale of a Tub,' 'The Battle of the Books,' and other early works. Edited by Temple Scott. With Biographical Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. With Portrait and Facsimile.

Vol. II.—'The Journal to Stella.' Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. With a Facsimile Letter and two Portraits of Stella.

Vol. III.—Writings on Religion and the Church. Edited by Temple Scott. With a portrait in photogravure after Jervas. [*In the press.*

Walton's (Izaak) Angler. Edited by Edward Jesse. With 229 Engravings on Wood and Steel. Small post 8vo. 5s.

White's Natural History of Selborne. Edited by Edward Jesse. With 40 Portraits and Coloured Plates. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Young (Arthur). Travels in France during the Years 1787-89. Edited by M. Betham-Edwards. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Tour in Ireland during the years 1776-9.** Edited by A. W. Hutton, Librarian, National Liberal Club. With Bibliography by J. P. Anderson. Index and Map. 2 vols. Small post 8vo., 3s. 6d. each.

Hugo (Victor). Dramatic Works. Hernani—Ruy Blas—The King's Diversion. Translated by Mrs. Newton Crosland and F. L. Slous. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Poems, chiefly Lyrical.** Translated by various Writers, collected by J. H. L. Williams. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Molière's Dramatic Works. Translated by C. H. Wall. 3 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Montaigne's Essays. Cotton's Translation. Edited by W. C. Hazlitt. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws. Translated by Dr. Nugent. Revised by J. V. Prichard. 2 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Pascal's Thoughts. Translated by C. Kegan Paul. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Racine's Tragedies. Translated by R. Bruce Boswell. 2 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Goethe's Works. Including his Autobiography and Annals, Dramatic Works, Poems and Ballads, Novels and Tales, Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels, Tour in Italy, Miscellaneous Travels, Early and Miscellaneous Letters, Correspondence with Schiller and Zelter, and Conversations with Eckermann and Soret. Translated by J. Oxenford, Anna Swanwick, R. D. Boylan, E. A. Bowring, Sir Walter Scott, Edward Bell, L. Dora Schmitz, A. D. Coleridge, and A. Rogers. 16 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— **Faust.** German Text with Hayward's Prose Translation and Notes. Revised with Introduction by Dr. C. A. Buchheim. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Heine's Poems. Translated by E. A. Bowring. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Travel-Pictures.** Translated by Francis Storr. With Map. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Lessing's Dramatic Works. Edited by Ernest Bell. 2 vols. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— **Laokoon, Dramatic Notes, &c.** Translated by E. C. Beesley and Helen Zimmern. Edited by Edward Bell. With Frontispiece. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Richter (Jean Paul). Levana. Translated. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces (Siebenkäs).** Translated by Lieut.-Col. A. Ewing. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Schiller's Works. Including the History of the Seven Years' War, Revolt in the Netherlands, &c., Dramatic and Poetical Works, and Aesthetical and Philosophical Essays. Translated by Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, A. Lodge, E. A. Bowring, J. Churchill, S. T. Coleridge, Sir Theodore Martin, and others. 7 vols. With Portraits. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

F. Schlegel's Lectures, and other Works. 5 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

A. W. Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. Translated by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Alfieri's Tragedies. Translated by E. A. Bowring. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, &c. Translated by W. S. Rose. 2 vols. With Portrait and 24 Steel Engravings. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Dante. Translated by Rev. H. F. Cary. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Translated by I. C. Wright. With Flaxman's Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— The Italian Text, with English Translation. The Inferno. By Dr. Carlyle. The Purgatorio. By W. S. Dugdale. Sm. post 8vo. 5s. each.

Petrarch's Sonnets, and other Poems. Translated by various hands. With Life by Thomas Campbell, and Portrait and 15 Steel Engravings. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Translated into English Spenserian Verse by J. H. Wiffen. With Woodcuts and 8 Steel Engravings. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Camoëns' Lusiad. Mickle's Translation revised by E. R. Hodges. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Antoninus (Marcus Aurelius). The Thoughts of. Translated literally, with Notes. Biographical Sketch, Introductory Essay on the Philosophy, and Index. By George Long, M.A. New edition. Printed at the Chiswick Press, on hand-made paper, and bound in buckram. Pott 8vo. 6s. (Or in *Bohn's Classical Library*, 3s. 6d.)

Epictetus. The Discourses of, with the Encheiridion and Fragments. Translated, with Notes and Introduction, by George Long, M.A. New edition, printed at the Chiswick Press, on hand-made paper, and bound in buckram. 2 vols. Pott 8vo. 10s. 6d. (Or in *Bohn's Classical Library*, 1 vol., 5s.)

Plato's Dialogues, referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates, Enthyphro, The Apology, Crito and Phædo. Translated by the late William Whewell, D.D. Printed at the Chiswick Press on hand-made paper, and bound in buckram. Pott 8vo., 4s. 6d.

Horace. The Odes and Carmen Saeculare. Translated into English Verse by the late John Conington, M.A. 11th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **The Satires and Epistles.** Translated into English Verse by John Conington, M.A. 8th edition. 3s. 6d.

Dictionaries and Books of Reference.

Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language, being the authentic edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, comprising the issues of 1847, 1864, and 1880, now thoroughly revised and enlarged under the supervision of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., of Yale University, with Valuable Literary Appendices. Medium 4to. 2118 pages, 3500 Woodcuts. Cloth, 1l. 11s. 6d.; half calf, 2l. 2s.; half russia, 2l. 5s.; full calf, 2l. 8s. Also in 2 vols. cloth, 1l. 14s.

The Standard in the Postal Telegraph Department of the British Isles.

The Standard in the United States Government Printing Office.

Prospectuses with specimen pages sent free on application.

Webster's Brief International Dictionary. A Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Abridged from Webster's International Dictionary. With 800 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 3s.

A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant. By A. Barrère and C. G. Leland. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. With a List of Ciphers, Monograms, and Marks. By Michael Bryan. Imperial 8vo. New edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged by R. E. Graves (of the British Museum) and Walter Armstrong. 2 vols. Imperial 8vo. buckram, 3l. 3s.

A Biographical Dictionary. Containing Concise Notices (upwards of 15,000) of Eminent Persons of all Ages and Countries, and more particularly of Distinguished Natives of Great Britain and Ireland. By Thompson Cooper, F.S.A. With a new Supplement, bringing the work down to 1883. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 5s. each.

Kluge's Etymological Dictionary of the German Language. Translated by J. F. Davis, D.Lit., M.A. Cheap Edition. Crown 4to. 7s. 6d.

Grimm's Teutonic Mythology. Translated from the 4th edition, with Notes and Appendix, by James Stephen Stallybrass. Demy 8vo. 4 Vols. 3l. 3s.; Vols. I. to III. 15s. each; Vol. IV. (containing Additional Notes and References, and completing the Work), 18s.

French and English Dictionary. By F. E. A. Gasc. 8th edition, reset and considerably enlarged. Large 8vo. half-buckram, 12s. 6d.

A Pocket Dictionary. 16mo. 57th Thousand. 2s. 6d.

Synonyms and Antonyms of the English Language. Collected and Contrasted. By the late Ven. C. J. Smith, M.A. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Synonyms Discriminated. A Dictionary of Synonymous Words in the English Language, showing the accurate signification of words of similar meaning. Illustrated with Quotations from Standard Writers. By Ven. C. J. Smith, M.A. Edited by the Rev. H. Percy Smith, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. 14s.

A History of Roman Literature. By Professor W. S. Teuffel. 5th edition, revised, with considerable Additions, by Professor L. Schwabe. Translated by G. C. W. Warr, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 15s. each.

Corpus Poëtarum Latinorum, a se aliisque denuo recognitorum et brevi lectionum varietate instructorum, edidit Johannes Percival Postgate. Vol. I. Large post 4to. 21s. net. Or in 2 parts, paper wrappers, 9s. each net. [*Vol. II. preparing.*

Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature. Enlarged edition, by H. G. Bohn. 6 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each; or 4 vols., half morocco, 2l. 2s.

A Dictionary of Roman Coins, Republican and Imperial. Commenced by the late Seth W. Stevenson, F.S.A., revised in part by C. Roach Smith, F.S.A., and completed by F. W. Madden, M.R.A.S. With upwards of 700 engravings on wood, chiefly executed by the late F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. 8vo. 21. 2s.

Henfrey's Guide to English Coins, from the Conquest to the present time. New and revised edition. By C. F. Keary, M.A., F.S.A. With an Historical Introduction by the Editor. Small post 8vo. 6s.

Humphreys' Coin Collector's Manual, or Guide to the Numismatic Student in the Formation of a Cabinet of Coins. By H. N. Humphreys. With Index and upwards of 140 Illustrations on Wood and Steel. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Clark's Introduction to Heraldry. 18th edition. Revised and Enlarged by J. R. Planché, Rouge Croix. With nearly 1000 Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 5s.; or with the Illustrations Coloured, half-morocco, roxburgh, 15s.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. A Record and Review. By Malcolm Bell. Illustrated with over 100 Reproductions of the most popular paintings, drawings, and designs by the Artist. 3rd edition, with binding designed by Gleeson White. Small Colombier 8vo. 21s. net.

Albert Moore: his Life and Works. By A. Lys Baldry. Illustrated with 10 Photogravures and about 70 other Reproductions. Small Colombier 8vo. with binding by Gleeson White, 21s. net.

Frederic, Lord Leighton, P.R.A. An Illustrated Chronicle. By Ernest Rhys. With Introduction by F. G. Stephens. Illustrated with 15 Photogravures and 100 other Reproductions. Super royal 4to. 3l. 3s.

William Morris: his Art, his Writings, and his Public Life. By Aymer Vallance, M.A., F.S.A. With 40 Reproductions in half-tone of designs by William Morris, and a Coloured Frontispiece and Portrait. Imperial 8vo. 25s. net.

Thomas Gainsborough: his Life and Works. By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers). With numerous Illustrations in photogravure and half-tone. Small Colombier 8vo. 25s. net.

The Art of Velasquez. A Critical Study. By R. A. M. Stevenson. With 20 Photogravures and 50 other Illustrations. Small royal 4to. 2l. 5s. net.

Raphael's Madonnas, and other Great Pictures. Reproduced from the Original Paintings. With a Life of Raphael, and an Account of his Chief Works. By Karl Károly. With 54 Illustrations, including 9 Photogravures. Small Colombier 8vo. 21s. net.

The Glasgow School of Painting. By David Martin. With Introduction by Francis Newbury. With Reproductions of paintings by W. Y. Macgregor, James Guthrie, James Lavery, E. A. Walton, E. A. Hornel, and many others. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Masterpieces of the Great Artists A.D. 1400–1700. By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers). With 43 full-page Illustrations, including 8 Photogravures. Small Colombier 8vo. 21s. net.

Bell (Sir C.) The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression as Connected with the Fine Arts. By Sir Charles Bell, K.H. 7th edition, revised. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Bell's Cathedral Series. A new Series of Handbooks on the great Cathedrals. Edited by Gleeson White and E. F. Strange. Well illustrated. Cloth, 1s. 6d. each. *See Page* 35.

Blomfield (R.) A History of Renaissance Architecture in England. A.D. 1500–1800. By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. With 150 Illustrations drawn by the Author, and 90 Plates from Photographs and Old Prints and Drawings. Imperial 8vo. 2 vols. 50s. net.

Bloxam (M. H.) The Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture. By M. H. Bloxam. With numerous Woodcuts by Jewitt. 11th edition. Crown 8vo. 2 vols. 15s. Companion Volume on CHURCH VESTMENTS. 7s. 6d.

Bryan's Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. With a List of Cyphers, Monograms, and Marks. By Michael Bryan. New edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged by R. E. Graves, of the British Museum, and Walter Armstrong, R.A. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. buckram, 3l. 3s.

Burn (R.) Ancient Rome and its Neighbourhood. An Illustrated Handbook to the Ruins in the City and the Campagna. By Robert Burn, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of 'Rome and the Campagna,' &c. With numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

*** This volume is also issued in limp red cloth, with Map Pocket, for the convenience of Travellers.

Connoisseur Series. Edited by Gleeson White.

Hiatt (C. T. J.) Picture Posters. A Handbook on the History of the Illustrated Placard. With numerous Reproductions of the most artistic examples of all countries. By C. T. J. Hiatt. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Strange (E. F.) Japanese Illustration. A History of the Arts of Woodcutting and Colour Printing in Japan. By Edward F. Strange, M.J.S. With 8 Coloured Plates and 88 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Watson (R. M.) The Art of the House. By Rosamund Marriott Watson. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

Connoisseur Series—*Continued.*

Wheatley (H. B.) British Historical Portraits. Some Notes on the Painted Portraits of Celebrated Characters. By H. B. Wheatley. With 71 Illustrations taken direct from the Originals at the National Portrait Gallery and elsewhere. 10s. 6d. net.

Williamson (G. C.) Portrait Miniatures, from the time of Holbein (1631) to that of Sir William Ross (1860). A Handbook for Collectors. By G. C. Williamson, Litt. D. With 194 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

Crane (W.). The Bases of Design. By Walter Crane. With 200 Illustrations. Medium 8vo.

——— Decorative Illustration of Books. *See* Ex-Libris Series.

Cunningham's Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters. A new edition, with Notes and Sixteen fresh Lives. By Mrs. Heaton. 3 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Delamotte (P. H.) The Art of Sketching from Nature. By P. H. Delamotte. Illustrated by 24 Woodcuts and 20 Coloured Plates, arranged progressively, from Water-colour Drawings by Prout, E. W. Cooke, R.A., Girtin, Varley, De Wint, and the Author. New edition. Royal 4to. 21s.

Demmin's Illustrated History of Arms and Armour, from the Earliest Period. By Auguste Demmin. Translated by C. C. Black, M.A. With nearly 2000 Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Didron's Christian Iconography. A History of Christian Art in the Middle Ages. Translated from the French, with additions, &c., by Margaret Stokes. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Endymion Series of Poets. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell and Byam Shaw. *See* page 2.

Ex-Libris Series. Edited by Gleeson White.

English Book-Plates (Ancient and Modern). By Egerton Castle, M.A., F.S.A. With more than 200 Illustrations. 3rd edition. 10s. 6d. net.

French Book-Plates. By Walter Hamilton. With nearly 200 Illustrations. 2nd edition, revised and enlarged. 8s. 6d. net.

German Book-Plates. By Dr. Heinrich Pallmann and G. Ravenscroft Dennis. With numerous Illustrations. [*Preparing.*

American Book-Plates. By Charles Dexter Allen. With Bibliography by Eben Newell Hewins, and numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

Ladies' Book-Plates. By Norna Labouchere. With numerous Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net.

Decorative Heraldry. By G. W. Eve. With 188 Illustrations, including 4 in colour and 1 copperplate. 10s. 6d. net.

The Decorative Illustration of Books. By Walter Crane. With more than 150 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

Modern Book Illustration. By Joseph Pennell. With 172 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

Bookbindings, Old and New. By Brander Matthews. With numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

Durer's Little Passion. Printed from stereotypes taken from the original wood-blocks. With Introduction by Austin Dobson. 5s. net.

Fairholt's Costume in England. A History of Dress to the end of the Eighteenth Century. 3rd edition. Revised by Viscount Dillon, P.S.A. Illustrated with above 700 Engravings. 2 vols. sm. post 8vo. 5s. each.

Flaxman. Lectures on Sculpture, as delivered before the Presiden and Members of the Royal Academy. By J. Flaxman, R.A. With 53 Plates. New edition. Small post 8vo. 6s.

Gatty (Mrs.) The Book of Sun-dials. Collected by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Edited by Horatio K. F. Eden and Eleanor Lloyd. With numerous Illustrations. 3rd edition. Fcap. 4to. 15s.

Heaton (Mrs.) A Concise History of Painting. By Mrs. Charles Heaton. New edition, revised, by Cosmo Monkhouse. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Law (E.) A Short History of Hampton Court. By Ernest Law, B.A. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Leonardo da Vinci's Treatise on Painting. With a Life of Leonardo. New edition, revised, with numerous Plates. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Moody (F. W.) Lectures and Lessons on Art. By the late F. W. Moody, Instructor in Decorative Art at South Kensington Museum. With Diagrams to illustrate Composition and other matters. 5th edition. Demy 8vo. sewed, 4s. 6d.

Patmore (C.) Principle in Art. By Coventry Patmore. 2nd edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Petit (J. T.) Architectural Studies in France. By the late Rev. J. T. Petit, F.S.A. New edition, revised by Edward Bell, M.A., F.S.A. Fcap. 4to. with 260 Illustrations, 15s. net.

Planché's History of British Costume, from the Earliest Time to the close of the Eighteenth Century. By J. R. Planché, Somerset Herald. With Index and upwards of 400 Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Prior (E. S.) History of Gothic Art in England. By E. S. Prior. Illustrated by G. C. Horsley and others. Imperial 8vo. [*In the Press.*

Renton (E.) Intaglio Engraving, Past and Present. By Edward Renton. With numerous Illustrations from Gems and Seals. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Roberts (W.) Memorials of Christie's. By W. Roberts. With 64 Collotype Reproductions and Coloured Frontispiece. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. net.

Stokes (Margaret). Three Months in the Forests of France. A Pilgrimage in Search of Vestiges of the Irish Saints in France. With numerous Illustrations. By Margaret Stokes, Hon. M.R.I.A. Fcap. 4to. 12s. net.

Strange (E. F.) Alphabets. A Handbook of Lettering for the use of Artists, Architects, and Students. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Vasari's Lives. A Selection of Seventy of the Lives. Edited and annotated in the light of modern discoveries by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. Illustrated. 4 vols. pott 4to. 36s. net.

Way (T. R.) Reliques of Old London. Drawn in lithography by T. R. Way. With Introduction and Explanatory Letterpress by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Demy 4to. 21s. net.

——— Later Reliques of Old London. By the same artist and editor. Demy 4to. 21s. net.

Wedmore (F.) Etching in England. By Frederick Wedmore. With numerous Illustrations. Small 4to. 8s. 6d. net.

White (Gleeson). Practical Designing. A Handbook on the Preparation of Working Drawings, showing the Technical Methods employed in preparing them for the Manufacture, and the Limits imposed on the Design by the Mechanism of Reproduction and the materials employed. Freely Illustrated Edited by Gleeson White. 3rd edition. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

À Kempis. On the Imitation of Christ. A New Translation. By the Rt. Rev. H. Goodwin, D.D. 3rd edition. With fine Steel Engraving after Guido, 3s. 6d.; without the Engraving, 2s. 6d. Cheap edition, 1s. cloth; 6d. sewed.

Alford (Dean). The Greek Testament. With a critically revised Text; a Digest of various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the Use of Theological Students and Ministers. By the late Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. 4 vols. 8vo. 5l. 2s. Sold separately.

——— The New Testament for English Readers. Containing the Authorised Version, with additional Corrections of Readings and Renderings, Marginal References, and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary. In 4 Parts, 2l. 14s. 6d. Sold separately.

Augustine (St.): De Civitate Dei. Books XI. and XII. By the Rev. Henry Gee, B.D., F.S.A. I. Text only, 2s. II. Introduction, Literal Translation, and Notes, 3s.

——— In Joannis Evangelium Tractatus. XXIV.-XXVII. Edited by the Rev. Henry Gee, B.D., F.S.A., 1s. 6d. Also the Translation by the late Rev. Canon H. Brown, 1s. 6d.

Barrett (A. C.) Companion to the Greek Testament. For the Use of Theological Students and the Upper Forms in Schools. By A. C. Barrett, M.A., Caius College. 5th edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

Barry (Dr.) Notes on the Catechism. For the Use of Schools. By the Rev. Canon Barry, D.D., Principal of King's College, London. 10th edition. Fcap. 2s.

Bede's Ecclesiastical History, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Edited by Rev. Dr. Giles. With Map. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Birks (T. R.) Horæ Evangelicæ, or the Internal Evidence of the Gospel History. By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A., late Hon. Canon of Ely. Edited by the Rev. H. A. Birks, M.A., late Scholar of Trin. Coll., Camb. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Bleek (F.) An Introduction to the Old Testament. By Friedrich Bleek. Edited by Johann Bleek and Adolf Kamphausen. Translated from the Second Edition of the German by G. H. Venables, under the supervision of the Rev. E. Venables, Residentiary Canon of Lincoln. 2nd edition, with Corrections. With Index. 2 vols. 10s.

Burbidge (Rev. E.) Liturgies and Offices of the Church for the use of English Readers, in illustration of the Growth and Devotional value of the Book of Common Prayer, with a Catalogue of the remains of the Library of Archbishop Cranmer. By Edward Burbidge, M.A., Prebendary of Wells. Cr. 8vo. 9s.

——— The Parish Priest's Book of Offices and Instructions for the Sick: with Appendix of Readings and Occasional Offices. 4th edition, thoroughly revised, with much additional matter. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Burgon (Dean). The Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels Vindicated and Established. By the late John William Burgon, B.D., Dean of Chichester. Arranged, Completed, and Edited by Edward Miller, M.A., Wykehamical Prebendary of Chichester. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

——— The Causes of the Corruption of the Traditional Text of the Holy Gospels. Edited by the Rev. Edward Miller, M.A. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Denton (W.) A Commentary on the Gospels and Epistles for the Sundays and other Holy Days of the Christian Year, and on the Acts of the Apostles. By the Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate. In 7 vols. each 9s.

Eusebius. Ecclesiastical History. Translated by Rev. C. F. Cruse. 5s.

Garnier (T. P.) Church or Dissent? An Appeal to Holy Scripture, addressed to Dissenters. By T. P. Garnier, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 2s.; in stiff paper cover for distribution, 1s.

Hardwick (C.) History of the Articles of Religion. By Charles Hardwick. 3rd edition revised. 5s.

Hawkins (Canon). Family Prayers:—Containing Psalms, Lessons, and Prayers, for every Morning and Evening in the Week. By the late Rev. Ernest Hawkins, B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's. 20th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

Hook (W. F.) Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year. Edited by the late Very Rev W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Revised edition. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. Large type. 14s. Also 2 vols. 32mo. Cloth, 5s.; calf, gilt edges, 9s.

——— The Christian Taught by the Church's Services. Revised edition. Fcap. 8vo. Large type, 6s. 6d. Royal 32mo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. calf, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

——— Holy Thoughts and Prayers, arranged for Daily Use on each Day of the Week, according to the stated Hours of Prayer. 8th edition. 16mo. Cloth, red edges, 2s; calf, gilt edges, 3s. Cheap edition, 3d.

Humphry (W. G.) An Historical and Explanatory Treatise on the Book of Common Prayer. By W. G. Humphry, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. 6th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

Latham (H.) Pastor Pastorum; or, the Schooling of the Apostles by our Lord. By the Rev. Henry Latham, M.A., Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. 3rd edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

——— The Risen Master. A Sequel to Pastor Pastorum.

——— A Service of Angels. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. [*In the Press.*

Lewin (T.) The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By Thomas Lewin, M.A., F.S.A., Trinity College, Oxford, Barrister-at-Law. 5th edition. Illustrated with numerous fine Engravings on Wood, Maps, and Plans. 2 vols. Demy 4to. 2l. 2s.

Miller (E.) Guide to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. By Rev. E. Millar, M.A. Oxon, Rector of Bucknell, Bicester. Crown 8vo. 4s.

Monsell (Dr.) Watches by the Cross. Short Meditations, Hymns, and Litanies on the Last Seven Words of our Lord. 4th edition. Cloth, red edges, 1s.

——— Near Home at Last. A Poem. 10th thousand. Cloth, red edges. Imp. 32mo. 2s. 6d.

——— Our New Vicar; or, Plain Words about Ritual and Parish Work. Fcap. 8vo. 11th edition, 2s. 6d.

——— The Winton Church Catechism. Questions and Answers on the Teaching of the Church Catechism. 4th edition. 32mo. cloth, 3s.

Pascal. The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal. Translated from the Text of M. Augusto Molinier by C. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

Perowne (Bp.) The Book of Psalms: a New Translation, with Introductions and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Right Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne, D.D., Bishop of Worcester. 8vo. Vol. I. 8th edition, revised, 18s. Vol. II. 8th edition, revised, 16s.

Perowne (Bp.) The Book of Psalms. An abridged Edition for Schools and Private Students. Crown 8vo. 9th edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Pearson (Bp.) Exposition of the Creed. Edited by E. Walford, M.A. 5*s.*

Prudentius. Selected Passages, with Verse Translations on the opposite pages. By the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray, late Assistant Master, Eton College. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sadler (M. F.) The Gospel of St. Matthew. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Rector of Honiton and Prebendary of Wells. With Notes, Critical and Practical, and Two Maps. 6th edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— The Gospel of St. Mark. 4th edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— The Gospel of St. Luke. 4th edition. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

——— The Gospel of St. John. 6th edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— The Acts of the Apostles. 4th edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. 3rd edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Philippians. 3rd edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— St. Paul's Epistles to the Colossians, Thessalonians, and Timothy. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— St. Paul's Epistles to Titus, Philemon, and the Hebrews. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— The Epistles of SS. James, Peter, John, and Jude. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— The Revelation of St. John the Divine. With Notes Critical and Practical, and Introduction. 2nd edition. 6*s.*

——— Sermon Outlines for the Clergy and Lay Preachers, arranged to accord with the Church's Year. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

——— Church Divine—Bible Truth. 49th thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

'The objective nature of the faith, the Athanasian Creed, the Baptismal Services, the Holy Eucharist, Absolution and the Priesthood, Church Government and Confirmation, are some of the more prominent subjects treated. And Mr. Sadler handles each with a marked degree of sound sense, and with a thorough mastery of his subject.'—*Guardian.*

——— The Church Teacher's Manual of Christian Instruction. Being the Church Catechism expanded and explained in Question and Answer, for the use of Clergymen, Parents, and Teachers. 46th thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— Confirmation. An Extract from the Church Teacher's Manual. 70th thousand. 1*d.*

——— The One Offering. A Treatise on the Sacrificial Nature of the Eucharist. Fcap. 8vo. 11th thousand, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— The Second Adam and the New Birth; or, the Doctrine of Baptism as contained in Holy Scripture. 12th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

——— Justification of Life: its Nature, Antecedents, and Results. 2nd edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Sadler (M. F.) The Sacrament of Responsibility; or, Testimony of the Scripture to the Teaching of the Church on Holy Baptism, with especial reference to the Cases of Infants; and Answers to Objections. 9th thousand, 6d. With an Introduction and an Appendix. On fine paper, bound in cloth, 7th edition, 2s. 6d.

——— **Scripture Truths. A Series of Ten Tracts on Holy Baptism,** The Holy Communion, Ordination, &c. 9d. per set. Sold separately.

——— **The Communicant's Manual**; being a Book of Self-examination, Prayer, Praise, and Thanksgiving. Royal 32mo. 114th thousand. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; roan, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.; padded calf, 5s. A Cheap edition in limp cloth, 8d.

——— ——— **A Larger Edition on fine paper, red rubics. Fcap.** 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Scrivener (Dr.) Novum Testamentum Græce Textus Stephanici, A.D. 1550. Accedunt variæ lectiones editionum Bezæ, Elzeviri, Lachmanni, Tischendorfii, Tregellesii, curante F. H. Scrivener, A.M., D.C.L., LL.D. 16mo. 4s. 6d.—EDITIO MAJOR. Small post 8vo. 2nd edition. 7s. 6d.—An Edition with wide Margin for Notes. 4to. half bound, 12s.

——— **A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New** Testament. For the Use of Biblical Students. 4th edition, revised and enlarged by the Rev. E. Miller, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. With Portrait and numerous Lithographed Facsimiles of MSS. Demy 8vo. 2 vols. 32s.

Socrates' and Sozomen's Ecclesiastical Histories. Translated from the Greek. 2 vols. 5s. each.

Steere (E.) Notes of Sermons, arranged in Accordance with the Church's Year. Edited by Rev. R. M. Heanley, M.A. Oxon. With Introduction by the Bishop of Lincoln. Crown 8vo. 3rd Series, 7s. 6d.

Theodoret and Evagrius. Histories of the Church. Translated from the Greek. 5s.

Young (Rev. P.) Daily Readings for a Year on the Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Peter Young, M.A. 6th edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The British Fleet: the Growth, Achievements, and Duties of the Navy of the Empire. By Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N. With 150 Illustrations. Cheaper edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Royal Navy Handbooks. Edited by Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N. Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 5s. each. *For List see page 34.*

Allen's Battles of the British Navy. Revised edition, with Indexes of Names and Events, and 57 Steel Engravings, including Portraits of Earl Ch. Howard, Drake, Raleigh, Earl Th. Howard, Blake, G. Monk, Earl Montagu, Prince Rupert, Sir E. Hawke, Sir G. Collier, Sir R. Pearson, Visct. Rodney, R. Kempenfelt, Lord Hood, Earl Howe, Visct. Bridport, Earl St. Vincent, William IV., Sir J. Saumarez, Sir K. Keats, Adm. Rainier, Nelson, Collingwood, Sir S. Smith, Sir T. H. Hardy, Capt. E. P. Brenton, Capt. Willoughby, Sir W. Hoste, Sir G. Cockburn, Lord Exmouth, Adm. Codrington, Sir R. Stopford, and Plans of all the Chief Battles. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 10s.

Achievements of Cavalry. By General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Crown 8vo. with Maps and Plans. 7s. 6d. net.

The Campaign of Sedan: The Downfall of the Second Empire, August-September 1870. By George Hooper. With General Map and Six Plans of Battles. New edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon. A History of the Campaign of 1815. By George Hooper. With Maps and Plans. New edition, revised. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798. By W. H. Maxwell. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 13th edition. 7s. 6d.

The War of the Succession in Spain during the Reign of Queen Anne, 1702-1711. Based on Original Manuscripts and Contemporary Records. By Col. the Hon. Arthur Parnell, R.E. Demy 8vo. 14s. With Map, &c.

The Revolutionary Movements of 1848-9 in Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Germany. With some Examination of the previous Thirty-three Years. By C. Edmund Maurice. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s.

TECHNOLOGY.

TECHNOLOGICAL HANDBOOKS.

Edited by Sir H. Trueman Wood.

Illustrated and uniformly printed in small post 8vo.

A Series of Technical Manuals for the use of Workmen and others practically interested in the Industrial Arts, and specially adapted for Candidates in the Examinations of the City Guilds Institute.

'The excellent series of technical handbooks.'—*Textile Manufacturer.*
'The admirable series of technological handbooks.'
British Journal of Commerce.
'Messrs. Bell's excellent technical series.'—*Manchester Guardian.*
'Of inestimable value to manufacturers as well as teachers and students.'
Manchester Courier.

Cotton Weaving: Its Development, Principles, and Practice. By R. Marsden, Honorary Examiner to the City and Guilds of London Institute, and Editor of the *Textile Mercury*. With numerous Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

Cotton Spinning: Its Development, Principles, and Practice. With an Appendix on Steam Engines and Boilers. By R. Marsden. 4th edition. 6s. 6d.

Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture. By Professor Roberts Beaumont, Textile Industries Department of the Yorkshire College, Leeds. 2nd edition, revised. 7s. 6d.

Silk Dyeing. By G. H. Hurst, F.C.S., Lecturer at the Manchester Technical School, Member of the Society of Chemical Industry, Silver Medallist, City and Guilds of London Institute. With numerous Coloured Patterns. 7s. 6d.

Coal-Tar Colours, The Chemistry of. With special reference to their application to Dyeing, &c. By Dr. R. Benedikt, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Vienna. Translated from the German by E. Knecht, Ph.D., Head Master of the Chemistry and Dyeing Department in the Techical College, Bradford. 2nd edition, revised and enlarged. 6s. 6d.
[New edition preparing.

Dyeing and Tissue-Printing. By William Crookes, F.R.S., V.P.C.S., 5s. *[Out of print.*

Plumbing: Its Theory and Practice. By S. Stevens Hellyer, Author of 'The Plumber and Sanitary Houses,' 'Lectures on the Science and Art of Sanitary Plumbing,' &c. With Illustrations. 5s.

Bookbinding. A Practical Treatise on the Art. By J. W. Zaehnsdorf. With 8 Coloured Plates and numerous Diagrams. 2nd edition revised. 5s.

Printing. A Practical Treatise on the Art of Typography as applied more particularly to the Printing of Books. By C. T. Jacobi, Manager of the Chiswick Press; Examiner in Typography to the City and Guilds of London Institute. With upwards of 150 Illustrations, many useful Tables, and Glossarial Index of Technical Terms and Phrases. 5s.

Glass Manufacture. Introductory Essay by H. J. Powell, B.A. (Whitefriars Glass Works); Crown and Sheet Glass, by Henry Chance, M.A. (Chance Bros., Birmingham); Plate Glass, by H. G. Harris, Assoc. Memb. Inst. C.E. 3s. 6d.

Soap Manufacture. A Practical Treatise on the Fabrication of Hard and Soft Soaps, and Analytical Methods for the determination of their Chemical Composition; together with a short account of the materials employed. By W. Lawrence Gadd, F.I.C., F.C.S., Registered Lecturer on Soap Making, and the Technology of Oils and Fats; also on Bleaching, Dyeing, and Calico Printing, to the City and Guilds of London Institute. 5s.

Gas Manufacture. By John Hornby, F.I.C., Honours Medallist in Gas Manufactures; Lecturer under the City and Guilds of London Institute; Author of 'The Gas Engineer's Laboratory Handbook.' 5s.

The Art and Craft of Coach Building. By John Philipson, M.Inst.M.E., Past President of the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers; Member of the Coachmakers' and Coach Harness Makers' Co., London; the Society of Arts, and the Carriage Builders' National Association; U.S.A., &c. 6s.

BELL'S AGRICULTURAL SERIES.

Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 2s. 6d. each.

'The most popular, the most practical, the handiest, and the cheapest collection of works of the kind ever published.'—*Westmoreland Gazette.*

'We cannot speak too highly of Bell's Series of Agricultural Handbooks, which are standard works by eminent authors; and go-ahead agriculturists should procure copies of the handbooks noticed without delay.'—*South African Agriculturist.*

The Farm and the Dairy. By Professor J. P. Sheldon, formerly of the Royal Agricultural College, and of the Downton College of Agriculture; late Special Commissioner of the Canadian Government.

Manures and their Uses. By Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R S.E., F.C.S., late Principal of the School of Science, Lincoln.

The Diseases of Crops and their Remedies. By Dr. A. B. Griffiths.

Soils and their Properties. By Dr. W. Fream, B.Sc., London, F.L.S., F.G.S., F.S.S. With a Geological Map of Great Britain.

Tillage and Implements. By Walter J. Malden, Professor of Agriculture in the College of Agriculture, Downton; late Resident Superintendent of the Royal Agricultural Society's Experimental Farm at Woburn.

Practical Fruit Culture. A Treatise on Planting, Growing, and Storage of Hardy Fruits for Market and Private Growers. By J. Cheal, F.R.H.S., Member of Fruit Committee, Royal Horticultural Society, &c. &c.

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR AGRICULTURAL CLASSES.

Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 1s. each.

Practical Dairy Farming. By Professor Sheldon. Reprinted from the Author's larger work entitled 'The Farm and the Dairy.'

Practical Fruit Growing. By J. Cheal, F.R.H.S. Reprinted from the Author's larger work entitled 'Fruit Culture.

SCIENCE.

Chevreul on Colour. Containing the Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours, and their Application to the Arts; including Painting, Decoration, Tapestries, Carpets, Mosaics, Glazing, Staining, Calico Printing, Letterpress Printing, Map Colouring, Dress, Landscape and Flower Gardening, &c. Translated from the French by Charles Martel. 3rd and only complete edition, with Introduction by the Translator. Index and several Plates. Small post 8vo. 5*s*.

——— With an additional series of 16 Plates in Colours, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Humboldt's Cosmos; or, Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. Translated by E. C. Otté, B. H. Paul, and W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. With Portrait. 5 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*. each, excepting Vol. V., 5*s*.

——— **Views of Nature; or, Contemplations of the Sublime Phenomena of Creation.** With Scientific Illustrations. Translated by E. C. Otté and H. G. Bohn. With a Facsimile Letter from the Author, Translations of the Quotations, and a very complete Index. Small post 8vo. 5*s*.

Jukes-Browne (A. J.) The Student's Handbook of Physical Geology. With numerous Diagrams and Illustrations. 2nd edition, much enlarged. Small post 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

——— **The Student's Handbook of Historical Geology.** With numerous Diagrams and Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 6*s*.

——— **The Building of the British Isles. A Study in Geographical Evolution.** Illustrated by numerous Maps and Woodcuts. Second edition, revised. Small post 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Stockhardt. Experimental Chemistry. A Handbook for the Study of the Science by Simple Experiments. Edited by C. W. Heaton, F.C.S. With Index and numerous Woodcuts. New edition, revised throughout. Small post 8vo. 5*s*.

Baker (J. G.) A Flora of the English Lake District. By J. G. Baker, F.R.S., F.L.S., Keeper of the Herbarium of the Royal Gardens, Kew. Demy 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

——— **Handbook of the Fern Allies.** A Synopsis of the Genera and Species of the Natural Orders, Equisetaceae, Lycopodiaceae, Selaginellaceae, Rhizocarpeae. Demy 8vo. 5*s*.

——— **Handbook of the Amaryllideae, including the Alstroemerieae** and Agaveae. Demy 8vo. 5*s*.

——— **Handbook of the Bromeliaceae.** Demy 8vo. 5*s*.

——— **Handbook of the Irideae.** Demy 8vo. 5*s*.

English Botany. Containing a Description and Life-size Drawing of every British Plant. Edited by T. Boswell (formerly Syme), LL.D., F.L.S., &c. The Figures by J. C. Sowerby, F.L.S., J. De C. Sowerby F.L.S., J. W. Salter, A.L.S., F.G.S., and J. E. Sowerby. 3rd edition, entirely revised, with descriptions of all the species by the Editor, and 1937 full-page Coloured Plates. In 12 vols. 24*l*. 3*s*. cloth; 27*l*. 15*s*. half morocco; and 31*l*. 13*s*. whole morocco. Also in 89 parts, 5*s*. each, except part 89, containing an Index to the whole work, 7*s*. 6*d*. Volumes sold separately.

*** A Supplement to the third edition is now in preparation. Vol. I. (Vol. XIII. of the complete work) containing orders I. to XL., by N. E. Brown, of the Royal Herbarium, Kew, now ready, 17*s*. Or in three parts, 5*s*. each.

Elementary Botany. By Percy Groom, M.A. (Cantab. et Oxon.). F.L.S., Examiner in Botany to the University of Oxford. With 275 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Johnson's Gardener's Dictionary. Describing the Plants, Fruits, and Vegetables desirable for the Garden, and explaining the Terms and Operations employed in their cultivation. New edition (1893–4), revised by C. H. Wright, F.R.M.S., and D. Dewar, Curator of the Botanic Gardens, Glasgow. Demy 8vo. 9s. net.

British Fungus-Flora. A Classified Text-book of Mycology. By George Massee. With numerous Illustrations. 4 vols. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

Botanist's Pocket-Book. By W. R. Hayward. Containing the botanical name, common name, soil or situation, colour, growth, and time of flowering of all plants, arranged in a tabulated form. 8th edition, revised, with a new Appendix. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Index of British Plants, according to the London Catalogue (8th edition), including the Synonyms used by the principal authors, an alphabetical list of English names; also references to the illustrations of Syme's 'English Botany' and Bentham's 'British Flora.' By Robert Turnbull. Paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s.

The London Catalogue of British Plants. Part I., containing the British Phaenogamia, Filices, Equisetaceae, Lycopodiaceae, Selaginellaceae, Marsileaceae, and Characeae. 9th edition. Demy 8vo. 6d.; interleaved, in limp cloth, 1s.

PHILOSOPHY.

Bacon's Novum Organum and Advancement of Learning. Edited, with Notes, by J. Devey, M.A. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Bax's Manual of the History of Philosophy, for the use of Students. By E. Belfort Bax, Editor of Kant's 'Prolegomena.' Small post 8vo. 5s.

Berkeley's (George) Works. Edited by George Sampson. With a Biographical Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Comte's Positive Philosophy. Translated and Condensed by Harriet Martineau. With Introduction by Frederic Harrison. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

——— **Philosophy of the Sciences,** being an Exposition of the Principles of the 'Cours de Philosophie Positive.' By G. H. Lewes. With Index. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Draper's (J. W.) A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. A new edition, thoroughly revised by the Author, with Index. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

Falckenberg's History of Modern Philosophy. Translated by Professor A. C. Armstrong. Demy 8vo. 16s.

Hegel's Philosophy of Right (Grundlinien der Philosophie des Rechts). Translated by Samuel W. Dyde, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Mental Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Translated by J. M. D. Meiklejohn. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— **Prolegomena and Metaphysical Foundations of Natural Science.** Translated, with Biography and Introduction, by E. Belfort Bax. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Plotinus, Select Works of. Translated from the Greek by Thomas Taylor. With an Introduction containing the substance of Porphyry's Plotinus. Edited by G. R. S. Mead, B.A., M.R.A.S. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Ryland (F.) Psychology; an Introductory Manual. Designed chiefly for the London B.A. and B.Sc. By F. Ryland, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cloth. 7th edition, rewritten and reset. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

——— **Ethics: An Introductory Manual for the use of University Students.** Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Logic: An Introductory Manual.** Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Schopenhauer. On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason, and on the Will in Nature. Translated by Madame Hillebrand. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— **Essays. Selected and Translated, with a Biographical Introduction and Sketch of his Philosophy, by E. Belfort Bax.** Small post 8vo. 5s.

Spinoza's Chief Works. Translated, with Introduction, by R. H. M. Elwes. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 5s. each.

ECONOMICS AND FINANCE.

The Case against Bimetallism. By Sir Robert Giffen, C.B., LL.D. 5th edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Growth of Capital. By the same author. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Ricardo on the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation, Edited by E. C. K. Gonner, M.A., Lecturer, University College, Liverpool. Sm. post 8vo. 5s.

Smith (Adam). The Wealth of Nations. Edited by E. Belfort Bax. 2 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 7s.

The History, Principles, and Practice of Banking. By the late J. W. Gilbart, F.R.S., formerly Director and General Manager of the London and Westminster Bank. New edition, revised by A. S. Michie, of the Royal Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 10s.

SPORTS AND GAMES.

Bohn's Handbooks of Athletic Sports. In 8 vols. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Vol. I.—Cricket, by Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton. Lawn Tennis, by H. W. W. Wilberforce. Tennis, Rackets, and Fives, by Julian Marshall, Major Spens, and Rev. J. A. Tait. Golf, by W. T. Linskill. Hockey, by F. S. Creswell.

Vol. II.—Rowing and Sculling, by W. B. Woodgate. Sailing, by E. F. Knight. Swimming, by M. and J. R. Cobbett.

Vol. III.—Boxing, by R. G. Allanson-Winn. Broadsword and Single Stick, with chapters on Quarterstaff, Bayonet, Cudgel, Shillalah, Walking-Stick, and Umbrella, by R. G. Allanson-Winn and C. Phillipps-Wolley. Wrestling, by Walter Armstrong. Fencing, by H. A. Colmore Dunn.

Vol. IV.—Rugby Football, by Harry Vassall. Association Football, by C. W. Alcock. Baseball, by Newton Crane. Rounders, Bowls, Quoits, Curling, Skittles, &c., by C. C. Mott and J. M. Walker.

Vol. V.—Cycling and Athletics, by H. H. Griffin. Skating, by Douglas Adams.

Vol. VI.—Practical Horsemanship, including Riding for Ladies, by W. A. Kerr, V.C.

Vol. VII.—Camping Out, by A. A. Macdonald. Canoeing, by Dr. J. D. Hayward.

Vol. VIII.—Gymnastics, by A. F. Jenkin. Clubs, by G. T. B. Cobbett and A. F. Jenkin.

Bohn's Handbooks of Games. New edition. In 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Vol. I.—TABLE GAMES: Billiards, with Pool, Pyramids, and Snooker, by Major-General A. W. Drayson, F.R.A.S., with a preface by W. J. Peall. Bagatelle, by 'Berkeley.' Chess, by R. F. Green. Draughts, Backgammon, Dominoes, Solitaire, Reversi, Go-Bang, Rouge et Noir, Roulette, E.O., Hazard, Faro, by 'Berkeley.'

Vol. II.—CARD GAMES: Whist, by Dr. William Pole, F.R.S., Author of 'The Philosophy of Whist,' &c. Solo Whist, by R. F. Green. Piquet, Ecarté, Euchre, Bézique, and Cribbage, by 'Berkeley.' Poker, Loo, Vingt-et-un, Napoleon, Newmarket, Pope Joan, Speculation, &c. &c., by Baxter-Wray.

Morphy's Games of Chess, being the Matches and best Games played by the American Champion, with explanatory and analytical Notes by J. Löwenthal. With short Memoir and Portrait of Morphy. 8m. post 8vo. 5s.

Staunton's Chess-Player's Handbook. A Popular and Scientific Introduction to the Game. With numerous diagrams. 5s.

——— **Chess Praxis.** A Supplement to the Chess-player's Handbook. Containing the most important modern improvements in the Openings; Code of Chess Laws; and a Selection of Morphy's Games. Small post 8vo. 5s.

——— **Chess-Player's Companion.** Comprising a Treatise on Odds, Collection of Match Games, and a Selection of Original Problems. With coloured Frontispiece. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Chess Studies and End-Games. In Two Parts. Part I. Chess Studies. Part II. Miscellaneous End-Games. By B. Horwitz and J. Kling. 2nd edition, revised by the Rev. W. Wayte, M.A. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Hints on Billiards. By J. P. Buchanan. Illustrated with 36 Diagrams. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Sturges's Guide to the Game of Draughts. With Critical Situations. Revised, with Additional Play on the Modern Openings, by J. A. Kear, Editor of 'The International Draught Magazine.' 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hints on Driving. By Captain C. Morley Knight, R.A. Illustrated by G. H. A. White, Royal Artillery. 2nd edition, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Golf, in Theory and Practice. Hints to beginners. By H. S. C. Everard, St. Andrew's. With 22 Illustrations. 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Half-Hours with an Old Golfer; a Pot-pourri for Golfers. By Calamo Currente. With 40 Illustrations and 4 Coloured Plates by G. A. Laundy. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Schools and Masters of Fence, from the Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century. With a Sketch of the Development of the Art of Fencing with the Rapier and the Small Sword, and a Bibliography of the Fencing Art during that Period. By Egerton Castle, M.A. With numerous Illustrations. 2nd edition. Small post 8vo. 6s.

Oars and Sculls, and How to Use them. By W. B. Woodgate, M.A. Brasenose College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Dancing as an Art and Pastime. With 40 full-page illustrations from life. By Edward Scott. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE ALL-ENGLAND SERIES.

HANDBOOKS OF ATHLETIC GAMES.

The only Series issued at a moderate price, by Writers who are in the first rank in their respective departments.

'The best instruction on games and sports by the best authorities, at the lowest prices.'—*Oxford Magazine.*

Small 8vo. cloth, Illustrated. Price 1s. each.

Cricket. By the Hon. and Rev. E. LYTTELTON.

Lawn Tennis. By H. W. W. WILBERFORCE. With a Chapter for Ladies, by Mrs. HILLYARD.

Tennis and Rackets and Fives. By JULIAN MARSHALL, Major J. SPENS, and Rev. J. A. ARNAN TAIT.

Golf. By W. T. LINSKILL.

Rowing and Sculling. By W. B. WOODGATE.

Sailing. By E. F. KNIGHT, dbl. vol. 2s.

Swimming. By MARTIN and J. RACSTER COBBETT.

Camping out. By A. A. MACDONELL. Double vol. 2s.

Canoeing. By Dr. J. D. HAYWARD. Double vol. 2s.

Mountaineering. By Dr. CLAUDE WILSON. Double vol. 2s.

Athletics. By H. H. GRIFFIN.

Riding. By W. A. KERR, V.C. Double vol. 2s.

Ladies' Riding. By W. A. KERR, V.C.

Boxing. By R. G. ALLANSON-WINN. With Prefatory Note by Bat Mullins.

Cycling. By H. H. GRIFFIN, L.A.C., N.C.U., C.T.C. With a Chapter for Ladies, by Miss AGNES WOOD.

Fencing. By H. A. COLMORE DUNN.

Wrestling. By WALTER ARMSTRONG ('Cross-buttocker').

Broadsword and Singlestick. By R. G. ALLANSON-WINN and C. PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

Gymnastics. By A. F. JENKIN. Double vol. 2s.

Gymnastic Competition and Display Exercises. Compiled by F. GRAF.

Indian Clubs. By G. T. B. COBBETT and A. F. JENKIN.

Dumb-bells. By F. GRAF.

Football — Rugby Game. By HARRY VASSALL.

Football—Association Game. By C. W. ALCOCK. Revised Edition.

Hockey. By F. S. CRESWELL. (In Paper Cover, 6d.)

Skating. By DOUGLAS ADAMS. With a Chapter for Ladies, by Miss L. CHEETHAM, and a Chapter on Speed Skating, by a Fen Skater. Dbl. vol. 2s.

Baseball. By NEWTON CRANE.

Rounders, Fieldball, Bowls, Quoits, Curling, Skittles, &c. By J. M. WALKER and C. C. MOTT.

Dancing. By EDWARD SCOTT. Double vol. 2s.

THE CLUB SERIES OF CARD AND TABLE GAMES.

No well-regulated club or country house should be without this useful series of books.

Small 8vo. cloth, Illustrated. Price 1s. each. *Globe.*

Whist. By Dr. WM. POLE, F.R.S.

Solo Whist. By ROBERT F. GREEN.

Billiards. With Chapters on Pool, Pyramids, and Snooker. By Major-Gen. A. W. DRAYSON, F.R.A.S. With a Preface by W. J. Peall.

Chess. By ROBERT F. GREEN.

The Two-Move Chess Problem. By B. G. LAWS.

Chess Openings. By I. GUNSBERG.

Draughts and Backgammon. By 'BERKELEY.'

Reversi and Go Bang. By 'BERKELEY'

Dominoes and Solitaire. By 'BERKELEY.'

Bézique and Cribbage. By 'BERKELEY.'

Écarté and Euchre. By 'BERKELEY.'

Piquet and Rubicon Piquet By 'BERKELEY.'

Skat. By LOUIS DIEHL.

*** A Skat Scoring-book. 1s.

Round Games, including Poker, Napoleon, Loo, Vingt-et-un, &c. By BAXTER-WRAY.

School and Parlour Games. By Mrs. LAURENCE GOMME.

FICTION.

(*See also 'Standard Books.'*)

Björnson's Arne and the Fisher Lassie. Translated from the Norse with an Introduction by W. H. Low, M.A. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Burney's Evelina; or, The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Frances Burney (Mme. D'Arblay). With an Introduction and Notes by A. R. Ellis. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Cecilia. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Cervantes' Galatea. A Pastoral Romance. Translated from the Spanish by G. W. J. Gyll. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Exemplary Novels. Translated from the Spanish by Walter K. Kelly. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Don Quixote de la Mancha. Motteux's Translation, revised. With Lockhart's Life and Notes. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Classic Tales, containing Rasselas, Vicar of Wakefield, Gulliver's Travels, and The Sentimental Journey. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

De Staël's Corinne or Italy. By Madame de Staël. Translated by Emily Baldwin and Paulina Driver. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ebers' Egyptian Princess. An Historical Novel. By George Ebers. Translated by E. S. Buchheim. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Edmonds (Mrs.) Amygdala. A Story of the French Revolution. 2s. 6d. net.

Fielding's Adventures of Joseph Andrews and His Friend Mr. Abraham Adams. With Cruikshank's Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

——— History of Tom Jones, a Foundling. Roscoe's Edition, with George Cruikshank's Illustrations. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— Amelia. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 5s.

Gift (Theo.) Dishonoured. 6s.

Gil Blas, the Adventures of. Translated by Smollett. Illustrated by Smirke and Cruikshank. Small post 8vo. 6s.

Hauff's Tales. The Caravan—The Sheik of Alexandria—The Inn in the Spessart. Translated by S. Mendel. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hawthorne's Tales. 4 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Hoffmann's Tales. The Serapion Brethren. Translated by Lieut.-Col. Ewing. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Holnut (W. S.) Olympia's Journal. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Manzoni. The Betrothed. By Alessandro Manzoni. With numerous Woodcut Illustrations Small post 8vo. 5s.

Poushkin's Prose Tales. Translated from the Russian by T. Keane. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Smollett's Roderick Random. With Cruikshank's Illustrations and Bibliography. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— Peregrine Pickle. With Cruikshank's Illustrations. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

——— Humphry Clinker. With Cruikshank's Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Steele (Mrs. A. C.) Lesbia. A Study in one volume. 6s.

Stinde (J.) The Buchholz Family. Sketches of Berlin Life. By Julius Stinde. Translated from the 49th edition of the German by L. Dora Schmitz. Popular edition, picture boards, 2s.

Stinde (J.) The Buchholz Family. Second Part. Popular edition. Picture boards, 2s.

——— **The Buchholzes in Italy.** Translated from the 37th edition of the original by Harriet F. Powell. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s.

——— **Frau Wilhelmine.** Being the Conclusion of 'The Buchholz Family.' Translated by Harriet F. Powell. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Andersen (Hans Christian). Fairy Tales and Sketches. Translated by C. C. Peachey, H. Ward, A. Plesner, &c. With numerous Illustrations by Otto Speckter and others. 7th thousand. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Tales for Children.** With 48 full-page Illustrations by Wehnert, and 57 small Engravings on Wood by W. Thomas. 13th thousand. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

——— **Danish Legends and Fairy Tales.** Translated from the Original by Caroline Peachey. With a Short Life of the Author, and 120 Wood Engravings, chiefly by Foreign Artists. Small post 8vo. 5s.

Edgeworth's Stories for Children. With 8 Illustrations by L. Speed. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ford (Mrs. Gerard). Master Rex. By Mrs. Gerard Ford. Illustrated by James Cadenhead, Florence M. Cooper, and Louise S. Sweet. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 3s.

——— **Pixie: and the Hill-House Farm.** Illustrated by James Cadenhead and Florence M. Cooper. 2nd edition. Crown 8vo. 3s.

Gatty's Parables from Nature. With Notes on the Natural History, and numerous full-page Illustrations by W. Holman Hunt, E. Burne Jones, J. Tenniel, J. Wolf, and other eminent artists. Complete edition with short Memoir by J. H. Ewing. Crown 8vo. 5s.

POCKET VOLUME EDITION. 2 vols. Imp. 32mo. 5s.

CHEAP EDITION. Illustrated. 2 vols. Fcap. 4to. paper covers, 1s. each; or bound in 1 vol. cloth, 3s.

Grimm's Gammer Grethel; or, German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, containing 42 Fairy Tales. Translated by Edgar Taylor. With numerous Woodcuts after George Cruikshank and Ludwig Grimm. 3s. 6d.

——— **Tales.** With the Notes of the Original. Translated by Mrs. A. Hunt. With Introduction by Andrew Lang, M.A. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Harald the Viking. A Book for Boys. By Capt. Charles Young. With Illustrations by J. Williamson. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. With Introductory Remarks by Rev. J. Sherman. With 8 full-page Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Wide, Wide World. A Story. By Elizabeth Wetherell. Sm. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Uncle Peter's Riddle. By Ella K. Sanders. Illustrated by Florence M. Cooper. 2s.

CAPT. MARRYAT'S BOOKS FOR BOYS.

Uniform Illustrated Edition. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

Poor Jack.
The Mission; or, Scenes in Africa.
The Pirate, and Three Cutters.
Peter Simple.
The Settlers in Canada.
The Privateersman.
Masterman Ready.
Midshipman Easy.

MRS. EWING'S BOOKS.

Uniform Edition, in 9 vols.

We and The World. A Story for Boys. By the late Juliana Horatio Ewing. With 7 Illustrations by W. L. Jones. 5th edition. 3s.

A Flat Iron for a Farthing; or, Some Passages in the Life of an Only Son. With 12 Illustrations by H. Allingham. 16th edition. 3s.

Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances. Illustrated with 9 fine full-page Engravings by Pasquier, and Frontispiece by Wolf. 6th edition. 3s.

Six to Sixteen: A Story for Girls. With 10 Illustrations by Mrs. Allingham. 8th edition. 3s.

Jan of the Windmill: a Story of the Plains. With 11 Illustrations by Mrs. Allingham. 5th edition. 3s.

A Great Emergency. A very Ill-tempered Family—Our Field—Madame Liberality. With 4 Illustrations. 3rd edition. 3s.

Melchior's Dream. The Blackbird's Nest—Friedrich's Ballad—A Bit of Green—Monsieur the Viscount's Friend—The Yew Lane Ghosts—A Bad Habit—A Happy Family. With 8 Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 7th edition. 3s.

Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire, or the Luck of Lingborough; and other Tales. With 3 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 4th edition. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

The Brownies. The Land of Lost Toys—Three Christmas-trees—An Idyl of the Wood—Christmas Crackers—Amelia and the Dwarfs—Timothy's Shoes—Benjy in Beastland. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 8th edition. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

THE SHILLING SERIES.

Fcap. 4to. double columns, Illustrated, 1s. each.

Mrs. Ewing's Melchior's Dream, and other Tales.

——— **A Flat Iron for a Farthing.**

——— **Six to Sixteen.**

——— **We and the World.**

——— **Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances.**

——— **Jan of the Windmill.**

——— **A Great Emergency, and other Tales.**

——— **The Brownies, and other Tales.**

Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature. Two Series, each 1s.

Miss Procter's Legends and Lyrics. Two Series, each 1s

Hector. A Story for Young People. With 12 Illustrations by W. J. Hennessey. By Flora Shaw, Author of 'Castle Blair.'

Andersen's Tales. Translated by Caroline Peachey.

ROYAL NAVY HANDBOOKS.

EDITED BY

COMMANDER C. N. ROBINSON, R.N.

Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* each.

Now Ready.

1. NAVAL ADMINISTRATION. By Admiral Sir R. VESEY HAMILTON, G.C.B. With Portraits and other Illustrations.
2. THE MECHANISM OF MEN-OF-WAR. By Fleet-Engineer REGINALD C. OLDKNOW, R.N. With 61 Illustrations.
3. TORPEDOES AND TORPEDO-VESSELS. By Lieutenant G. E. ARMSTRONG, late R.N. With 53 Illustrations.
4. NAVAL GUNNERY, a Description and History of the Fighting Equipment of a Man-of-War. By Captain H. GARBETT, R.N. With 125 Illustrations.

The following Volumes are in preparation.

5. THE ENTRY AND TRAINING OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAY NAVY AND THE ROYAL MARINES. By Lieutenant J. N. ALLEN, late R.N.
6. NAVAL STRATEGY AND THE PROTECTION OF COMMERCE. By Professor J. K. LAUGHTON, R.N.
7. THE INTERNAL ECONOMY OF A MAN-OF-WAR.
8. NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.
9. DOCKYARDS AND COALING STATIONS.
10. NAVAL TACTICS.
11. NAVAL HYGIENE.
12. THE LAWS OF THE SEA.

PRESS OPINIONS.

'Commander Robinson, whose able work, "The British Fleet," was reviewed in these columns in November, 1894, has now undertaken the editing of a series of handbooks, each of which will deal with one particular subject connected with that great creation, the Royal Navy. Our national literature has certainly lacked much in this respect. Such books as have heretofore been produced have almost invariably been of a character too scientific and technical to be of much use to the general public. The series now being issued is intended to obviate this defect, and when completed will form a description, both historical and actual, of the Royal Navy, which will not only be of use to the professional student, but also be of interest to all who are concerned in the maintenance and efficiency of the Navy.'—*Broad Arrow.*

'The series of naval handbooks edited by Commander Robinson has made a most hopeful beginning, and may be counted upon to supply the growing popular demand for information in regard to the Navy, on which the national existence depends.'—*Times.*

'Messrs. Bell's series of "Royal Navy Handbooks" promises to be a very successful enterprise. They are practical and definitely informative, and, though meant for the use of persons closely acquainted with their subjects, they are not so discouragingly technical as to be useless to the lay seeker after knowledge.'—*Bookman*

BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES.

Illustrated Monographs in Handy Size.

EDITED BY

GLEESON WHITE AND E. F. STRANGE.

In specially designed cloth cover, crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. *each.*

Already Published.

CANTERBURY. By HARTLEY WITHERS. 2nd Edition, revised. 36 Illustrations.
SALISBURY. By GLEESON WHITE. 2nd Edition, revised. 50 Illustrations.
CHESTER. By CHARLES HIATT. 24 Illustrations.
ROCHESTER. By G. H. PALMER, B.A. 38 Illustrations.
OXFORD. By Rev. PERCY DEARMER, M.A. 34 Illustrations.
EXETER. By PERCY ADDLESHAW, B.A. 35 Illustrations.
WINCHESTER. By P. W. SERGEANT. 50 Illustrations.
NORWICH. By C. H. B. QUENNELL. 38 Illustrations.
LICHFIELD. By A. B. CLIFTON. 42 Illustrations.
PETERBOROUGH. By Rev. W. D. SWEETING. 51 Illustrations.
HEREFORD. By A. HUGH FISHER. 34 Illustrations.

In the Press.

LINCOLN. By A. B. KENDRICK, B.A.
DURHAM. By J. E. BYGATE.
GLOUCESTER. By H. J. L. MASSÉ.
YORK. By A. CLUTTON BROCK, B.A.

Preparing.

WELLS. By Rev. PERCY DEARMER, M.A. ELY. By T. D. ATKINSON.
ST. DAVID'S. By PHILIP ROBSON. WORCESTER. By E. F. STRANGE.
SOUTHWELL. By Rev. ARTHUR DIMOCK.

CHICHESTER. CARLISLE. ST. PAUL'S. BRISTOL.
ST. ALBANS. RIPON.

Uniform with above Series.

BEVERLEY MINSTER. By CHARLES HIATT. [*Preparing.*

'The volumes are handy in size, moderate in price, well illustrated, and written in a scholarly spirit, The history of cathedral and city is intelligently set forth and accompanied by a descriptive survey of the building in all its detail. The illustrations are copious and well selected, and the series bids fair to become an indispensable companion to the cathedral tourist in England.'—*Times.*

'We have so frequently in these columns urged the want of cheap, well-illustrated and well-written handbooks to our cathedrals, to take the place of the out-of-date publications of local booksellers, that we are glad to hear that they have been taken in hand by Messrs. George Bell & Sons.'—*St. James's Gazette.*

'For the purpose at which they aim they are admirably done, and there are few visitants to any of our noble shrines who will not enjoy their visit the better for being furnished with one of these delightful books, which can be slipped into the pocket and carried with ease, and yet is distinct and legible.'—*Notes and Queries.*

NEW AND FORTHCOMING VOLUMES OF

BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT. A New Edition, edited by Temple Scott, with an Introduction by the Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P. In about ten volumes. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

'An adequate edition of Swift—the whole of Swift, and nothing but Swift—has long been one of the pressing needs of students of English literature. . . . . Mr. Temple Scott may well be congratulated on his skill and judgment as a commentator.'—*Athenæum.*

'From the specimen now before us we may safely predict that Mr. Temple Scott will easily distance both Roscoe and Swift. He deserves the gratitude of all lovers of literature for enabling Swift again to make his bow to the world in so satisfactory and complete a garb.'—*Manchester Guardian.*

'The re-issue is a worthy addition to Bohn's Libraries, and promises to be by far the most valuable edition of Swift's works yet published.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Vol. I.—A Tale of a Tub, The Battle of the Books, and other early works. Edited by Temple Scott. With Biographical Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. With Portrait and Facsimile.

Vol. II.—The Journal to Stella. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. With a Facsimile Letter and two Portraits of Stella.

Vol. III.—Writings on Religion and the Church. Edited by Temple Scott. With a portrait in photogravure after Jervas. [*In the press.*

THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY, Bishop of Cloyne. Edited by GEORGE SAMPSON. With a Biographical Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. 3 vols. 5*s.* each. [*Vol.* 1 *ready.*

THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNGS. Metrically translated from the Old German Text by Alice Horton, and Edited by Edward Bell, M.A. To which is prefixed the Essay on the Nibelungen Lied, by Thomas Carlyle. 5*s.*

LELAND'S ITINERARY. Edited by LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A. In several volumes. [*Preparing.*

GASPARY'S HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. Translated by Hermann Oelsner, Ph.D. Vol. I. [*Preparing.*

MOTLEY'S HISTORY of the RISE of the DUTCH REPUBLIC. With Introduction by Moncure D. Conway, and Portrait of Motley. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

THE CAMPAIGN OF SEDAN; The Downfall of the Second Empire, August–September, 1870. By George Hooper, Author of 'Waterloo; the Downfall of the First Napoleon: a History of the Campaign of 1815.' With General Map and Six Plans of Battle. New Edition. 3*s.* 6*d.*

COLLIER'S ANNALS OF THE STAGE TO THE RESTORATION. By J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. 2 vols. *In the press.*

COLLIER'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETRY TO THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE. 3 vols. [*Preparing.*

BOHN'S LIBRARIES

1847—1897.

Fiftieth Anniversary of Publication.

THE inauguration of this series of copyright works was the first attempt on the part of English publishers to provide good literature at a low price. It was commenced in 1847 by Mr. H. G. Bohn with the issue of his STANDARD LIBRARY, which consisted of reprints and translations of the classical literature of England, Germany, France, and Italy. The success which attended this was so great that Mr. Bohn was encouraged to extend the field, and he started the various 'Libraries' known as THE SCIENTIFIC, THE ILLUSTRATED, THE CLASSICAL, THE ANTIQUARIAN, &c. In every case the works were admirably printed on good paper, and furnished with illustrations, portraits, and maps of the highest quality. So important an influence has this series obtained in the advancement of English education, that there is hardly a library, public or private, the nucleus of which is not founded in 'Bohn.'

THOMAS CARLYLE said of it: '*I may say, in regard to all manner of books,* BOHN'S PUBLICATION SERIES *is the usefullest thing I know;*' and his friend EMERSON recognised its admirable purpose when he said: '*The translations of* BOHN'S LIBRARY *have done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse.*'

In 1864 Messrs. Bell & Sons acquired the series, and from time to time added new works, until to-day it includes over 770 volumes in all departments of literature, art, and science. With the progress of scholarship and research, Messrs. Bell & Sons have found that new editions and new translations were necessary, and these they have initiated, with the result that Bohn's Libraries are unrivalled for accuracy of text. As for the editorial work, the chief literary organ of America—the New York CRITIC—considers '*the Imprint of* BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY *is a guaranty of good editing.*'

Within late years the publishers have so far improved the paper, printing, and binding, that the volumes form handsome as well as essential additions to every library.

'An important body of cheap literature, for which every living worker in this country who draws strength from the past has reason to be grateful.'

Professor HENRY MORLEY.

'Messrs. Bell & Sons are still energetically pursuing their task of adding to and improving the famous series of Bohn's Libraries, which Thomas Carlyle pronounced to be "the usefullest thing I know," and are . . . constantly adding to the Libraries, in the new and certainly pleasanter form, reprints of Standard Works which no gentleman's library should be without.'—Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in the *Daily Chronicle.*

BOHN'S LIBRARIES

STANDARD LIBRARY	361 VOLUMES.
HISTORICAL LIBRARY	23 VOLUMES.
PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY	21 VOLUMES.
ECCLESIASTICAL LIBRARY	15 VOLUMES.
ANTIQUARIAN LIBRARY	36 VOLUMES.
ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY	76 VOLUMES.
SPORTS AND GAMES	16 VOLUMES.
CLASSICAL LIBRARY	107 VOLUMES.
COLLEGIATE SERIES	10 VOLUMES.
SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY	44 VOLUMES.
ECONOMICS AND FINANCE	5 VOLUMES.
REFERENCE LIBRARY	30 VOLUMES.
NOVELISTS' LIBRARY	17 VOLUMES.
ARTISTS' LIBRARY	10 VOLUMES.
CHEAP SERIES	55 VOLUMES.
SELECT LIBRARY OF STANDARD WORKS	31 VOLUMES.

'Messrs. Bell are determined to do more than maintain the reputation of "Bohn's Libraries."'—*Guardian.*

'The imprint of Bohn's Standard Library is a guaranty of good editing.'

Critic (N.Y.)

'This new and attractive form in which the volumes of Bohn's Standard Library are being issued is not meant to hide either indifference in the selection of books included in this well-known series, or carelessness in the editing.'

St. James's Gazette.

'Messrs. Bell & Sons are making constant additions of an eminently acceptable character to "Bohn's Libraries."'—*Athenæum.*

'The seven hundred and forty-eight volumes of which the set consists form a collection of literature which, for general usefulness and convenience, is quite unequalled; and in their new form this convenience is decidedly increased.'

National Observer.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE BOOKS CONTAINED IN BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

771 Volumes, Small Post 8vo. cloth. Price £164 6s.

Complete Detailed Catalogue will be sent on application.

Addison's Works. 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Aeschylus. Verse Trans. by Anna Swanwick. 5*s.*

—— Prose Trans. by T. A. Buckley. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Agassiz & Gould's Comparative Physiology. 5*s.*

Alfieri's Tragedies. Trans. by Bowring. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Alford's Queen's English. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Allen's Battles of the British Navy. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Ammianus Marcellinus. Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Andersen's Danish Tales. Trans. by Caroline Peachey. 5*s.*

Antoninus (Marcus Aurelius). Trans. by George Long. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Apollonius Rhodius. The Argonautica. Trans. by E. P. Coleridge. 5*s.*

Apuleius, The Works of. 5*s.*

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. Trans. by W. S. Rose. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Aristophanes. Trans. by W. J. Hickie. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Aristotle's Works. 5 vols. 5*s.* each; 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Arrian. Trans. by E. J. Chinnock. 5*s.*

Ascham's Scholemaster. (J. E. B. Mayor.) 1*s.*

Bacon's Essays and Historical Works, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Essays, 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*; Novum Organum, and Advancement of Learning, 5*s.*

Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry. By Robert Bell. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bass's Lexicon to the Greek Test. 2*s.*

Bax's Manual of the History of Philosophy. 5*s.*

Beaumont and Fletcher. Leigh Hunt's Selections. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bechstein's Cage and Chamber Birds. 5*s.*

Beckmann's History of Inventions. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Bede's Ecclesiastical History and the A.S. Chronicle. 5*s.*

Bell (Sir C.) On the Hand. 5*s.*

—— Anatomy of Expression. 5*s.*

Bentley's Phalaris. 5*s.*

Berkeley's Works. (Sampson.) With Introduction by Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. 3 vols. [*Vol.* 1 *ready.*

Björnson's Arne and The Fisher Lassie. Trans. by W. H. Low. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Blair's Chronological Tables. 10*s.* Index of Dates. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Bleek's Introduction to the Old Testament. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy, &c. 5*s.*

Bohn's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. 6*s.*

Bond's Handy Book for Verifying Dates, &c. 5*s.*

Bonomi's Nineveh. 5*s.*

Boswell's Life of Johnson. (Napier. 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— (Croker.) 5 vols. 20*s.*

Brand's Popular Antiquities. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Bremer's Works. Trans. by Mary Howitt. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Bridgewater Treatises. 9 vols. Various prices.

Brink (B. Ten). Early English Literature. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Five Lectures on Shakespeare. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Browne's (Sir Thomas) Works. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Buchanan's Dictionary of Scientific Terms. 6*s.*

Buckland's Geology and Mineralogy. 2 vols. 15*s.*

Burke's Works and Speeches. 8 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. The Sublime and Beautiful. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* Reflections on the French Revolution. 1*s.*

—— Life, by Sir James Prior. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Burney's Evelina. 3*s.* 6*d.* Cecilia. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Burns' Life by Lockhart. Revised by W. Scott Douglas. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Burn's Ancient Rome. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. (A. R. Shilleto.) 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Butler's Analogy of Religion, and Sermons. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Butler's Hudibras. 5*s.*; or 2 vols., 5*s.* each.

Caesar. Trans. by W. A. M'Devitte. 5*s.*

Camoens' Lusiad. Mickle's Translation, revised. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Carafas (The) of Maddaloni. By Alfred de Reumont. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Carpenter's Mechanical Philosophy, 5*s.* Vegetable Physiology, 6*s.* Animal Physiology, 6*s.*

Carrel's Counter Revolution under Charles II. and James II. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cattermole's Evenings at Haddon Hall. 5*s.*

Catullus and Tibullus. Trans. by W. K. Kelly. 5*s.*

Cellini's Memoirs. (Roscoe.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cervantes' Exemplary Novels. Trans. by W. K. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Don Quixote. Motteux's Trans. revised. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Galatea. Trans. by G. W. J. Gyll. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Chalmers On Man. 5*s.*

Channing's The Perfect Life. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Chaucer's Works. Bell's Edition, revised by Skeat. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Chess Congress of 1862. By J. Löwenthal. 5*s.*

Chevreul on Colour. 5*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.*

Chillingworth's The Religion of Protestants. 3*s.* 6*d.*

China: Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. 5*s.*

Chronicles of the Crusades. 5*s.*

Cicero's Works. Trans. by Prof. C. D. Yonge and others. 7 vols. 5*s.* each. 1 vol., 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Friendship and Old Age. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Clark's Heraldry. (Planché.) 5*s.* and 15*s.*

Classic Tales. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge's Prose Works. (Ashe.) 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences. (G. H. Lewes.) 5*s.*

—— Positive Philosophy. (Harriet Martineau.) 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Condé's History of the Arabs in Spain. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Cooper's Biographical Dictionary. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Cowper's Works. (Southey.) 8 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Coxe's House of Austria. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Memoirs of Marlborough. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Atlas to Marlborough's Campaigns. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Craik's Pursuit of Knowledge. 5*s.*

Craven's Young Sportsman's Manual. 5*s.*

Cruikshank's Punch and Judy. 5*s.* Three Courses and a Desert. 5*s.*

Cunningham's Lives of British Painters. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Dante. Trans. by Rev. H. F. Cary. 3*s.* 6*d.* Inferno. Separate, 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* Purgatorio. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* Paradiso. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— Trans. by I. C. Wright. (Flaxman's Illustrations.) 5*s.*

—— Inferno. Italian Text and Trans. by Dr. Carlyle. 5*s.*

—— Purgatorio. Italian Text and Trans. by W. S. Dugdale. 5*s.*

De Commines' Memoirs. Trans. by A. R. Scoble. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Defoe's Novels and Miscel. Works. 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Robinson Crusoe (Vol. VII.) 3*s.* 6*d.* or 5*s.* The Plague in London. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Delolme on the Constitution of England. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Demmin's Arms and Armour. Trans. by C. C. Black. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Demosthenes' Orations. Trans. by C. Rann Kennedy. 4 vols. 5*s.*, and 1 vol. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Orations On the Crown. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

De Stael's Corinne. Trans. by Emily Baldwin and Paulina Driver. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Devey's Logic. 5*s.*

Dictionary of Greek and Latin Quotations. 5*s.*

—— of Poetical Quotations (Bohn). 6*s.*

—— of Scientific Terms. (Buchanan.) 6*s.*

—— of Biography. (Cooper.) 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— of Noted Names of Fiction. (Wheeler.) 5*s.*

—— Of Obsolete and Provincial English. (Wright.) 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Didron's Christian Iconography. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Diogenes Laertius. Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 5*s.*

Dobree's Adversaria. (Wagner.) (2 vols.) 5*s.* each.

Dodd's Epigrammatists. 6*s.*

Donaldson's Theatre of the Greeks. 5*s.*

Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Dunlop's History of Fiction. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Dyer's History of Pompeii. 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— The City of Rome. 5*s.*

Dyer's British Popular Customs. 5*s.*

Early Travels in Palestine. (Wright.) 5*s.*

Eaton's Waterloo Days. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Ebers' Egyptian Princess. Trans. by E. S. Buchheim. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Edgeworth's Stories for Children. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ellis' Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances. (Halliwell.) 5*s.*

Elze's Life of Shakespeare. Trans. by L. Dora Schmitz. 5*s.*

Emerson's Works. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each, or 5 vols. 1*s.* each.

Ennemoser's History of Magic. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Epictetus. Trans. by George Long. 5*s.*

Euripides. Trans. by E. P. Coleridge. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Eusebius' Eccl. History. Trans. by C. F. Cruse. 5*s.*

Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence. (Bray.) 4 vols. 5*s.* each.

Fairholt's Costume in England. (Dillon.) 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Fielding's Joseph Andrews. 3*s.* 6*d.* Tom Jones. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Amelia. 5*s.*

Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture. 6*s.*

Florence of Worcester's Chronicle. Trans. by T. Forester. 5*s.*

Foster's Works. 10 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Franklin's Autobiography. 1*s.*

Gesta Romanorum. Trans. by Swan and Hooper. 5*s.*

Gibbon's Decline and Fall. 7 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Gilbart's Banking. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Gil Blas. Trans. by Smollett. 6*s.*

Giraldus Cambrensis. 5*s.*

Goethe's Works and Correspondence, including Autobiography and Annals, Faust, Elective Affinities, Werther, Wilhelm Meister, Poems and Ballads, Dramas, Reinecke Fox, Tour in Italy and Miscellaneous Travels, Early and Miscellaneous Letters, Correspondence with Eckermann and Soret, Zelter and Schiller, &c., &c. By various Translators. 16 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Faust. Text with Hayward's Translation. (Buchheim.) 5*s.*

—— Faust. Part I. Trans. by Anna Swanwick. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— Boyhood. (Part I. of the Autobiography.) Trans. by J. Oxenford. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— Reinecke Fox. Trans. by A. Rogers. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Goldsmith's Works. (Gibbs.) 5 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Plays. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* Vicar of Wakefield. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Grammont's Memoirs and Boscobel Tracts. 5*s.*

Gray's Letters. (D. C. Tovey.) [*In the press.*

Greek Anthology. Trans. by E. Burges. 5*s.*

Greek Romances. (Theagenes and Chariclea, Daphnis and Chloe, Clitopho and Leucippe.) Trans. by Rev. R. Smith. 5*s.*

Greek Testament. 5*s.*

Greene, Marlowe, and Ben Jonson's Poems. (Robert Bell.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

Gregory's Evidences of the Christian Religion. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Grimm's Gammer Grethel. Trans. by E. Taylor. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— German Tales. Trans. by Mrs. Hunt. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Grossi's Marco Visconti. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Guizot's Origin of Representative Government in Europe. Trans. by A. R. Scoble. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— The English Revolution of 1640. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— History of Civilisation. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Hall (Robert). Miscellaneous Works. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Handbooks of Athletic Sports. 8 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Handbook of Card and Table Games. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— of Proverbs. By H. G. Bohn. 5*s.*

—— of Foreign Proverbs. 5*s.*

Hardwick's History of the Thirty-nine Articles. 5*s.*

Harvey's Circulation of the Blood. (Bowie.) 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Hauff's Tales. Trans. by S. Mendel. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— The Caravan and Sheik of Alexandria. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Hawthorne's Novels and Tales. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Hazlitt's Lectures and Essays. 7 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Heaton's History of Painting. (Cosmo Monkhouse.) 5*s.*

Hegel's Philosophy of History. Trans. by J. Sibree. 5*s.*

Heine's Poems. Trans. by E. A. Bowring. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Travel Pictures. Trans. by Francis Storr. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Helps (Sir Arthur). Life of Columbus. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Life of Pizarro. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Life of Cortes. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Life of Las Casas. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Life of Thomas Brassey. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Henderson's Historical Documents of the Middle Ages. 5*s.*

Henfrey's English Coins. (Keary.) 6*s.*

Henry (Matthew) On the Psalms. 5*s.*

Henry of Huntingdon's History. Trans. by T. Forester. 5*s.*

Herodotus. Trans. by H. F. Cary. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Wheeler's Analysis and Summary of. 5*s.* Turner's Notes on. 5*s.*

Hesiod, Callimachus and Theognis. Trans. by Rev. J. Banks. 5*s.*

Hoffmann's Tales. The Serapion Brethren. Trans. by Lieut.-Colonel Ewing. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hogg's Experimental and Natural Philosophy. 5*s.*

Holbein's Dance of Death and Bible Cuts. 5*s.*

Homer. Trans. by T. A. Buckley. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Hooper's Waterloo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Sedan. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Horace. Smart's Translation, revised, by Buckley. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— A New Literal Prose Translation. By A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hugo's Dramatic Works. Trans. by Mrs. Crosland and F. L. Slous. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Hernani. Trans. by Mrs. Crosland. 1*s.*

—— Poems. Trans. by various writers. Collected by J. H. L. Williams. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Humboldt's Cosmos. Trans. by Otté, Paul, and Dallas. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each, and 1 vol. 5*s.*

—— Personal Narrative of his Travels. Trans. by T. Ross. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Views of Nature. Trans. by Otté and Bohn. 5*s.*

Humphreys' Coin Collector's Manual. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Hungary, History of. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hunt's Poetry of Science. 5*s.*

Hutchinson's Memoirs. 3*s.* 6*d.*

India before the Sepoy Mutiny. 5*s.*

Ingulph's Chronicles. 5*s.*

Irving (Washington). Complete Works. 15 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each; or in 18 vols. 1*s.* each, and 2 vols. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Life and Letters. By Pierre E. Irving. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Isocrates. Trans. by J. H. Freese. Vol. I. 5*s.*

James' Life of Richard Cœur de Lion. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Life and Times of Louis XIV. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Jameson (Mrs.) Shakespeare's Heroines. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jesse (E.) Anecdotes of Dogs. 5*s.*

Jesse (J. H.) Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Memoirs of the Pretenders. 5*s.*

Johnson's Lives of the Poets. (Napier.) 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Josephus. Whiston's Translation, revised by Rev. A. R. Shilleto. 5 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Joyce's Scientific Dialogues. 5*s.*

Jukes-Browne's Handbook of Physical Geology. 7*s.* 6*d.* Handbook of Historical Geology. 6*s.* The Building of the British Isles 7*s.* 6*d.*

Julian the Emperor. Trans. by Rev. C. W. King. 5*s.*

Junius's Letters. Woodfall's Edition, revised. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Justin, Cornelius Nepos, and Eutropius. Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson. 5*s.*

Juvenal, Persius, Sulpicia, and Lucilius. Trans. by L. Evans. 5*s.*

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Trans. by J. M. D. Meiklejohn. 5*s.*

—— Prolegomena, &c. Trans. by E. Belfort Bax. 5*s.*

Keightley's Fairy Mythology. 5*s.* Classical Mythology. Revised by Dr. L. Schmitz. 5*s.*

Kidd On Man. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Kirby On Animals. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Knight's Knowledge is Power. 5*s.*

La Fontaine's Fables. Trans by E. Wright. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lamartine's History of the Girondists. Trans. by H. T. Ryde. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Restoration of the Monarchy in France. Trans. by Capt. Rafter. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— French Revolution of 1848. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lamb's Essays of Elia and Eliana. 3*s.* 6*d.*, or in 3 vols. 1*s.* each.

—— Memorials and Letters. Talfourd's Edition, revised by W. C. Hazlitt. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets of the Time of Elizabeth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy. Trans. by T. Roscoe. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Lappenberg's England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings. Trans. by B. Thorpe. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Lectures on Painting. By Barry, Opie, and Fuseli. 5*s.*

Leonardo da Vinci's Treatise on Painting. Trans. by J. F. Rigaud. 5*s.*

Lepsius' Letters from Egypt, &c. Trans. by L. and J. B. Horner. 5*s.*

Lessing's Dramatic Works. Trans. by Ernest Bell. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Nathan the Wise and Minna von Barnhelm. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* Laokoon, Dramatic Notes, &c. Trans. by E. C. Beasley and Helen Zimmern. 3*s.* 6*d.* Laokoon separate. 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.*

Lilly's Introduction to Astrology. (Zadkiel.) 5*s.*

Livy. Trans. by Dr. Spillan and others. 4 vols. 5*s.* each.

Locke's Philosophical Works. (J. A. St. John.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Life. By Lord King. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lodge's Portraits. 8 vols. 5*s.* each.

Longfellow's Poetical and Prose Works. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Loudon's Natural History. 5*s.*

Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual 6 vols. 5*s.* each.

Lucan's Pharsalia. Trans. by H. T. Riley. 5*s.*

Lucian's Dialogues. Trans. by H. Williams. 5*s.*

Lucretius Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson. 5*s.*

Luther's Table Talk. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Autobiography. (Michelet.) Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Machiavelli's History of Florence, &c. Trans. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mallet's Northern Antiquities. 5*s.*

Mantell's Geological Excursions through the Isle of Wight, &c. 5*s.* Petrifactions and their Teachings. 6*s.* Wonders of Geology. 2 vols. 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

Manzoni's The Betrothed. 5*s.*

Marco Polo's Travels. Marsden's Edition, revised by T. Wright. 5*s.*

Martial's Epigrams. Trans. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Martineau's History of England, 1800-15. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— History of the Peace, 1816-46. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Matthew Paris. Trans. by Dr. Giles. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Matthew of Westminster. Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Maxwell's Victories of Wellington. 5*s.*

Menzel's History of Germany. Trans. by Mrs. Horrocks. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* ea.

Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. By Duppa and Q. de Quincy. 5*s.*

Michelet's French Revolution. Trans. by C. Cocks. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mignet's French Revolution. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mill (John Stuart). Early Essays. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Miller's Philosophy of History. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Milton's Poetical Works. (J. Montgomery.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Prose Works. (J. A. St. John.) 5 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Mitford's Our Village. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Molière's Dramatic Works. Trans. by C. H. Wall. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— The Miser, Tartuffe, The Shopkeeper turned Gentlemen. 1*s.* & 1*s.* 6*d.*

Montagu's (Lady M. W.) Letters and Works. (Wharncliffe and Moy Thomas.) 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Montaigne's Essays. Cotton's Trans. revised by W. C. Hazlitt. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws. Nugent's Trans. revised by J. V. Prichard. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Morphy's Games of Chess. (Löwenthal.) 5*s.*

Motley's Dutch Republic. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Mudie's British Birds. (Martin.) 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Naval and Military Heroes of Great Britain. 6*s.*

Neander's History of the Christian Religion and Church. 10 vols. Life of Christ. 1 vol. Planting and Training of the Church by the Apostles. 2 vols. History of Christian Dogma. 2 vols. Memorials of Christian Life in the Early and Middle Ages. 16 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Nibelungs, Lay of the. Trans. by Alice Horton and Edward Bell, M.A. 5*s.*

Nicolini's History of the Jesuits. 5*s.*

North's Lives of the Norths. (Jessopp.) 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Nugent's Memorials of Hampden. 5*s.*

Ockley's History of the Saracens. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ordericus Vitalis. Trans. by T Forester. 4 vols. 5*s.* each.

Ovid. Trans. by H. T. Riley. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Pascal's Thoughts. Trans. by C. Kegan Paul. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Pauli's Life of Alfred the Great, &c. 5*s.*

—— Life of Cromwell. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Pausanius' Description of Greece. Trans. by Rev. A. R. Shilleto. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Pearson on the Creed. (Walford.) 5*s.*

Pepys' Diary. (Braybrooke.) 4 vols. 5*s.* each.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. (Prichard.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* ea.

Petrarch's Sonnets. 5*s.*

Pettigrew's Chronicles of the Tombs. 5*s.*

Philo-Judæus. Trans. by C. D. Yonge. 4 vols. 5*s.* each.

Pickering's Races of Man. 5*s.*

Pindar. Trans. by D. W. Turner. 5*s.*

Planché's History of British Costume. 5*s.*

Plato. Trans. by H. Cary, G. Burges, and H. Davis. 6 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Apology, Crito, Phædo, Protagoras. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— Day's Analysis and Index to the Dialogues. 5*s.*

Plautus. Trans. by H. T. Riley. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Trinummus, Menæchmi, Aulularia, Captivi. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Pliny's Natural History. Trans. by Dr. Bostock and H. T. Riley. 6 vols. 5*s.* each.

Pliny the Younger, Letters of. Melmoth's trans. revised by Rev. F. C. T. Bosanquet. 5*s.*

Plotinus: Select Works of. Tom Taylor's trans. (G. R. S. Mead.) 5*s.*

Plutarch's Lives. Trans. by Stewart and Long. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Moralia. Trans. by Rev. C. W. King and Rev. A. R. Shilleto. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Poetry of America. (W. J. Linton.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

Political Cyclopædia. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs. 5*s.*

Pope's Poetical Works. (Carruthers.) 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Homer. (J. S. Watson. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Life and Letters. (Carruthers.) 5*s.*

Pottery and Porcelain. (H. G. Bohn.) 5*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*

Poushkin's Prose Tales. Trans. by T. Keane. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Propertius. Trans. by Rev. P. J. F. Gantillon. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Prout (Father). Reliques. 5*s.*

Quintilian's Institutes of Oratory. Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Racine's Tragedies. Trans. by R. B. Boswell. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Ranke's History of the Popes. Trans. by E. Foster. 3 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Latin and Teutonic Nations. Trans. by P. A. Ashworth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— History of Servia. Trans. by Mrs. Kerr. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Rennie's Insect Architecture. (J. G. Wood.) 5*s.*

Reynold's Discourses and Essays. (Beechy.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Ricardo's Political Economy. (Gonner.) 5*s.*

Richter's Levana. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Flower Fruit and Thorn Pieces. Trans. by Lieut.-Col. Ewing. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Roger de Hovenden's Annals. Trans. by Dr. Giles. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Roger of Wendover. Trans. by Dr. Giles. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Roget's Animal and Vegetable Physiology. 2 vols. 6*s.* each.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century. (C. A. Eaton.) 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Roscoe's Leo X. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Lorenzo de' Medici. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Russia, History of. By W. K. Kelly. 2 vols. 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Sallust, Florus, and Velleius Paterculus. Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson. 5*s.*

Schiller's Works. Including History of the Thirty Years' War, Revolt of the Netherlands, Wallenstein, William Tell, Don Carlos, Mary Stuart, Maid of Orleans, Bride of Messina, Robbers, Fiesco, Love and Intrigue, Demetrius, Ghost-Seer, Sport of Divinity, Poems, Aesthetical and Philosophical Essays, &c. By various translators. 7 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Mary Stuart and The Maid of Orleans. Trans. by J. Mellish and Anna Swanwick. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Schlegel's (F.) Lectures and Miscellaneous Works. 5 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— **(A. W.)** Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Schopenhauer's Essays. Selected and trans. by E. Belfort Bax. 5*s.*

—— On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason and on the Will in Nature. Trans. by Mdme. Hillebrand. 5*s.*

Schouw's Earth, Plants, and Man. Trans. by A. Henfrey. 5*s.*

Schumann's Early Letters. Trans. by May Herbert. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Reissmann's Life of. Trans. by A. L. Alger. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Seneca on Benefits. Trans. by Aubrey Stewart. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Minor Essays and On Clemency. Trans. by Aubrey Stewart. 5*s.*

Sharpe's History of Egypt. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Sheridan's Dramatic Works. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Plays. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe. Trans. by T. Roscoe. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Six Old English Chronicles. 5*s.*

Smith (Archdeacon). Synonyms and Antonyms. 5*s.*

Smith (Adam). Wealth of Nations. (Belfort Bax.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Theory of Moral Sentiments. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Smith (Pye). Geology and Scripture. 5*s.*

Smollett's Novels. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Smyth's Lectures on Modern History. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Socrates' Ecclesiastical History. 5*s.*

Sophocles. Trans. by E. P. Coleridge, M.A. 5*s.*

Southey's Life of Nelson. 5*s.*

—— Life of Wesley. 5*s.*

—— Life, as told in his Letters. By J. Dennis. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Sozomen's Ecclesiastical History. 5*s.*

Spinoza's Chief Works. Trans. by R. H. M. Elwes. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Stanley's Dutch and Flemish Painters. 5*s.*

Starling's Noble Deeds of Women. 5*s.*

Staunton's Chess Player's Handbook. 5*s.* Chess Praxis. 5*s.* Chess Players' Companion. 5*s.* Chess Tournament of 1851. 5*s.*

Stöckhardt's Experimental Chemistry (Heaton.) 5*s.*

Strabo's Geography. Trans. by Falconer and Hamilton. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Strickland's Queens of England. 6 vols. 5*s.* each. Mary Queen of Scots. 2 vols. 5*s.* each. Tudor and Stuart Princesses. 5*s.*

Stuart & Revett's Antiquities of Athens. 5*s.*

Suetonius' Lives of the Caesars and of the Grammarians. Thomson's trans. revised by T. Forester. 5*s.*

Sully's Memoirs. Mrs. Lennox's trans. revised. 4 vols. 3*s.*

Swift's Prose Works. With Introduction by W. E. H. Lecky. 10 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Vols.* 1 & 2 *ready.*

Tacitus. The Oxford trans. revised. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Tales of the Genii. Trans. by Sir Charles Morell. 5*s.*

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Trans. by J. H. Wiffen. 5*s.*

Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Terence and Phædrus. Trans. by H. T. Riley. 5*s.*

Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Tyrtæus. Trans. by Rev. J. Banks. 5*s.*

Theodoret and Evagrius. 5*s.*

Thierry's Norman Conquest. Trans. by W. Hazlitt. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Thucydides. Trans. by Rev. H. Dale. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Wheeler's Analysis and Summary of. 5*s.*

Thudichum's Treatise on Wines. 5*s.*

Trevelyan's Ladies in Parliament. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Ulrici's Shakespeare's Dramatic Art. Trans. by L. Dora Schmitz. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ure's Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

—— Philosophy of Manufacture. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Vasari's Lives of the Painters. Trans. by Mrs. Foster. 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Virgil. Trans. by A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Voltaire's Tales. Trans. by R. B. Boswell. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Walton's Angler. 5*s.*

—— Lives. (A. H. Bullen.) 5*s.*

Waterloo Days. By C. A. Eaton. 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

Wellington, Life of. By 'An Old Soldier.' 5*s.*

Werner's Templars in Cyprus. Trans. by E. A. M. Lewis. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Westropp's Handbook of Archæology. 5*s.*

Wheatley. On the Book of Common Prayer. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wheeler's Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction. 5*s.*

White's Natural History of Selborne. 5*s.*

Wieseler's Synopsis of the Gospels. 5*s.*

William of Malmesbury's Chronicle. 5*s.*

Wright's Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English. 2 vols. 5*s.* each.

Xenophon. Trans. by Rev. J. S. Watson and Rev. H. Dale. 3 vols. 5*s.* each.

Young's Travels in France, 1787–89. (M. Betham-Edwards.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Tour in Ireland, 1776–9. (A. W. Hutton.) 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Yule-Tide Stories. (B. Thorpe. 5*s.*

THE ONLY AUTHORISED AND COMPLETE WEBSTER.'

WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

Medium 4to. 2118 *pages,* 3500 *illustrations.*

Prices: Cloth, £1 11s. 6d.; half-calf, £2 2s.; half-russia, £2 5s.; full-calf, £2 8s.; full-russia, £2 12s.; half-morocco, with Patent Marginal Index, £2 8s.

Also in 2 vols. cloth, £1 14s.; half-calf, £2 12s.; half-russia, £2 18s. full-calf, £3 3s.

In addition to the Dictionary of Words, with their pronunciation, etymology, alternative spellings, and various meanings, illustrated by quotations and numerous woodcuts, there are several valuable appendices, comprising a Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World; Vocabularies of Scripture, Greek, Latin, and English Proper Names; a Dictionary of the noted Names of Fiction; a Brief History of the English Language; a Dictionary of Foreign Quotations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c.; a Biographical Dictionary with 10,000 Names, &c.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS ON THE NEW EDITION.

'We believe that, all things considered, this will be found to be the best existing English dictionary in one volume. We do not know of any work similar in size and price which can approach it in completeness of vocabulary, variety of information, and general usefulness.'—*Guardian.*

'A magnificent edition of Webster's immortal Dictionary.'—*Daily Telegraph.*

Prospectuses, with Specimen Pages, on application.

WEBSTER'S
BRIEF INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

With 800 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.*, 3*s.*

A Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, Abridged from Webster's International Dictionary.

With a Treatise on Pronunciation, List of Prefixes and Suffixes, Rules for Spelling, a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Proper Names in History, Geography and Mythology, and Tables of English and Indian Money, Weights, and Measures.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

00190531

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018